SEPTEMBER, 1900.

# THE BOOKMAN

*A Journal of Literature and Life*

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

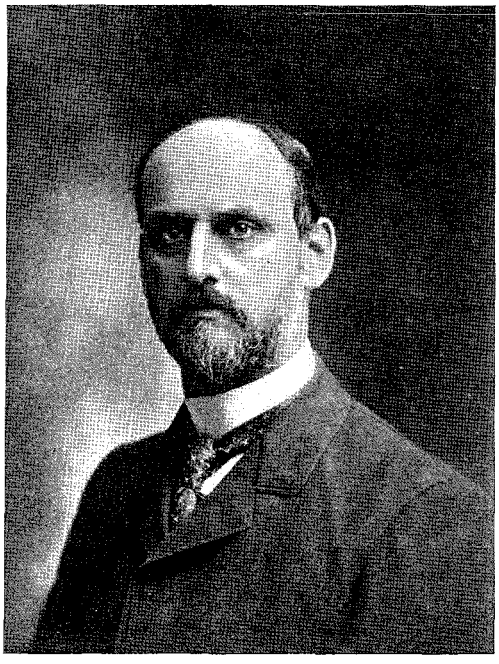
**W. J. Lampton and "The Reign of Law."**

Mr. William J. Lampton sends us the following quatrain, which we think best to insert here rather than in another part of the magazine:

TO JAMES LANE ALLEN.

The "Reign of Law"—
Well, Allen, you're lucky;
It's the first time it ever
Rained law in Kentucky.

It would be superfluous to tell any one who has ever read the New York *Sun* who Mr. Lampton is. Every good reader of that newspaper turns to the editorial page and hunts for the peculiar sort of verse in which Mr. Lampton serves up the striking topics of the day. If Mr. Bryan has said something more about sixteen to one; if New York has been struck by a blizzard or swept by a heat wave; if some Populist orator has been particularly vehement in his denunciation of the Octopus; if the young men from the Carlisle Indian Training School have trounced a great white rival nine on the foot-ball field; if a new Sea Serpent has been seen, or if it is the Fourth of July or Thanksgiving Day or New Year's Day; no matter what the subject may be, Mr. Lampton is there to earn, as he himself expresses it, his "bread by the sweat of his typewriter" and to dash off a squib that will place before the reader the whole situation with a vividness which could not be attained by four columns of heavy editorial. These squibs the author very felicitously designates as "Yawps." Many of them are soon to appear from the press of the Altemus Company of Philadelphia in book form under the title *Yawps and Other Things*—"the other things being poems that are not yawps." To this very welcome volume Mr. Henry Watterson, the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, will write an introduction which will be explanatory in his own style of what a "Yawp" really is.



WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

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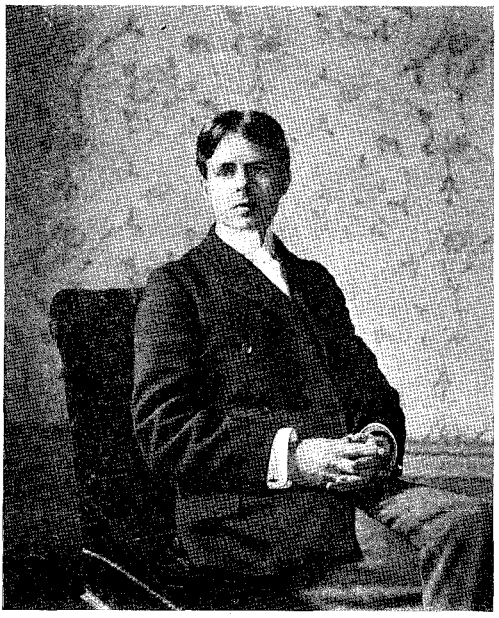

PAUL KESTER.

As an indication of heredity, it may be stated that Mr. Lampton is a first cousin, one remove, of Mark Twain, Mr. Clemens's mother having been Jane Lampton, a first cousin of Mr. W. J. Lampton's father. He began his literary career as the editor and proprietor of a Republican newspaper in his semi-native State of Kentucky. "It's hard enough," he confesses, "to edit and manage a country newspaper anywhere, but when it is a country Republican newspaper in Kentucky, the wonder is that my poetry in the *Sun* is not more peculiar than it is." After a year and two months of effort in trying to reform and Republicanise Kentucky, Mr. Lampton was so far successful as to be able to borrow money enough to reach Cincinnati, where he became a reporter on the *Times* and began writing humorous matter of a more or less diverting sort. Just what there was in his Kentucky experience to cause him to look upon the funny side of life has not yet been made public.

From Cincinnati he went to Steubenville, Ohio, to work with the *Herald,* where as City Editor he had his picture printed in a Boston periodical as a paragrapher and "rising humourist." This happened two years after he "struck the literary circle," and he thought that a Boston recognition was an earnest of his "arrival." From Steubenville he returned to Kentucky to accept a position on the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* where, as "Mary Jane," an old maid on her travels, he wrote a series of letters which gained for him several thousand proposals of marriage from as many mateless men of the South, mostly farmers, "who were looking for cheap household help without hiring it." But to all these entreaties Mr. Lampton turned a deaf ear and went to Cincinnati, where he became the editor and "Funny Man" of the *Merchant Traveller,* a journal in the interests of "drummers." The "drummers," however, conceived and carried out the joke of letting the editor and the paper go to the wall, with the result that Mr. Lampton before long travelled to Washington, where, as "Jedge Wabash Q. Waxem, the Member from Way Back," and in humorous poetry and other reading matter on the *Critic* of that city, he achieved further glory, still as a "rising humourist."

About this time he made a trip to Europe, writing "Jedge Waxem" and "Mary Jane" letters for the American Press Association of New York. From the *Critic* he went to the *Evening Star* of Washington, being its first "Funny Man" and establishing its now well-known "Shooting Stars" department, now conducted by Mr. P. C. Johnson, who had received his training under Mr. Lampton on the *Merchant Traveller.* He left the staff of the *Star* to fill the gap on the *Detroit Free Press* made by the three years' absence of "M. Quod." It was about this time that Mr. Lampton contributed his first yawp to the New York *Sun.* The subject of this first poem was the scream of the American Eagle over the objections of Italy to the treatment the Mafia murderers received in New Orleans. Two years and a half ago Mr. Lampton came to this city from Washington and has remained in New York ever since, with the exception of six months of last year, which he spent in Alaska and the Northwest, including two months on the revenue cutter *McCulloch* in the Behring Sea and North Pacific Ocean.

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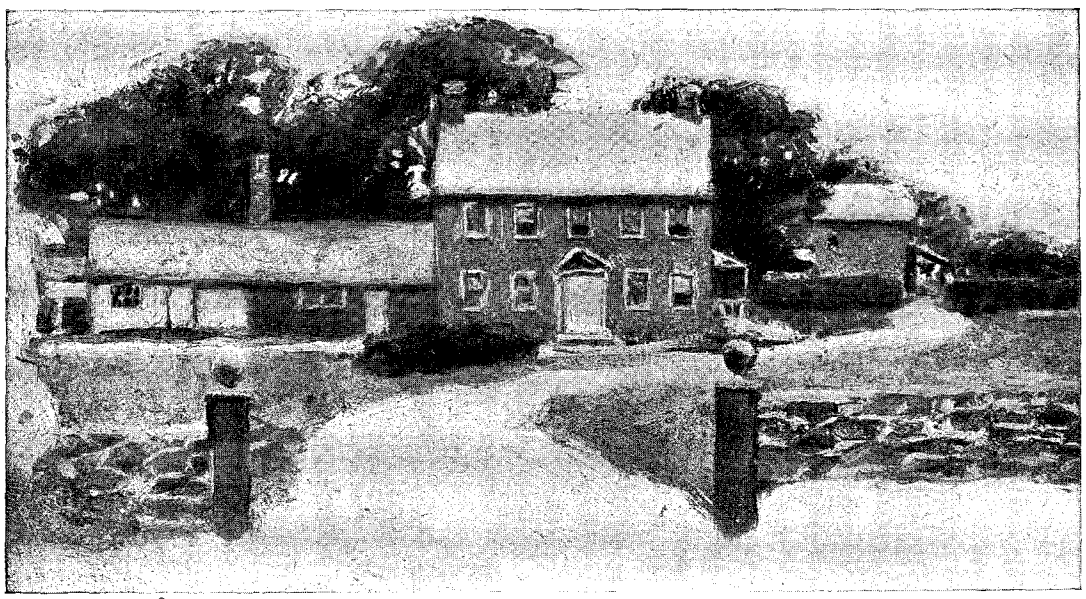
**Mr. Paul Kester.**

A rather interesting literary figure in New York is Mr. Paul Kester, who has done some excellent work in fiction, verse and the writing of plays. Mr. Kester, who, by the way, is a nephew of Mr. William Dean Howells, has, in his affiliation with the stage, been associated, despite the fact that he is still a very young man, with the older school of actors. *The Countess Roudine*, which he wrote in collaboration with Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, was produced by Madame Modjeska. *Zamar*, a play dealing with the life of the gypsies, was written for Alexander Salvini, while Madame Rhea appeared in his *Nell Gwynne*, and *What Dreams May Come* and *Meg Merriles* were played by Janauschek. *Nell Gwynne* is now being played in London with Miss Julia Neilson in the title rôle. He has also made adaptations of Bulwer Lytton's *Eugene Aram*, *The Student of Salamanca*, and was the author of one of the versions of *The Three Musketeers*, which appeared the winter before last. Three years ago he published a book of short stories, entitled *Tales of the Real Gypsy*. The subject is one which has always had for him a curious fascination. From time to time he leaves New York and visits the different encampments of this strange people, living the life which they lead and adapting himself to their customs and manner of thought.

**Country of Mr. Ford's Janice Meredith.**

One of the very few disappointing features of Miss Johnston's delightful *To Have and to Hold* is the fact that the atmosphere, the Virginia which is so graphically described, belongs so completely to the irrevocable past. Everything which might suggest the period of the tale has passed away. The little island off the Virginia coast, where Captain Ralph Percy fought Red Gil, the Spaniard and Paradise in turn, and won the command of the pirate crew, was one of a number which Miss Johnston used to visit in the summer. A few years ago it was rendered uninhabitable by the encroachments of the sea, and is now almost completely submerged. In striking contrast is the country described in the other American historical novel, which is just now at the height of popularity; and admirers of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith* may, without undue trouble or expenditure of time, go over every rod of ground trod by the little continental coquette and her various lovers.



GREENWOOD, THE HOME OF THE MEREDITHS.

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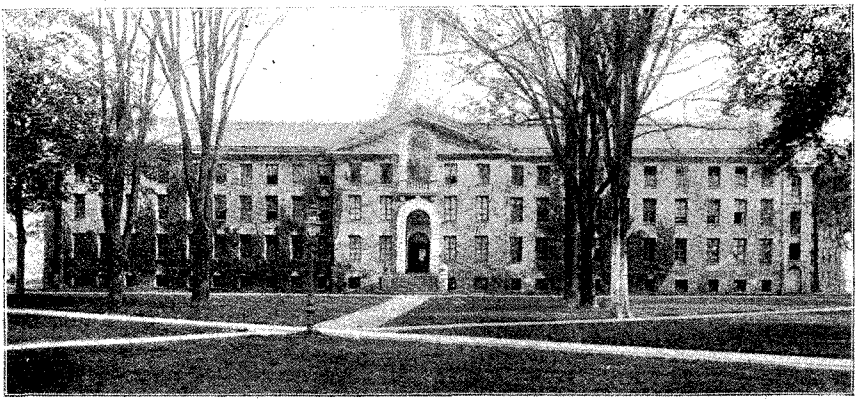
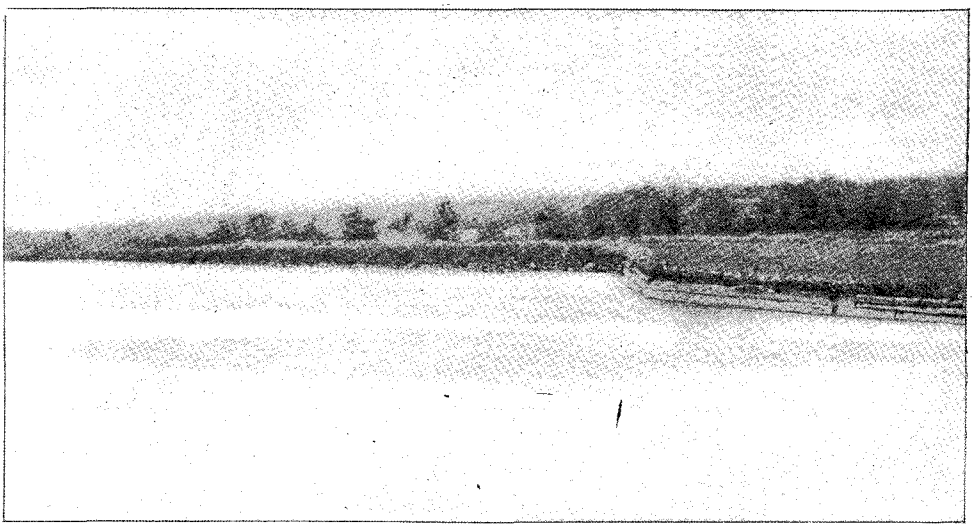


"NASSAU HALL, THEN SERVING AS BARRACKS FOR THE FORCE CENTRED THERE."—"JANICE MEREDITH," CH. XXXII.

After turning over the last page of *Janice Meredith* we took up *The History of Union and Middlesex Counties,* and as we read through the chapters devoted to the city of New Brunswick and the surrounding country during the War of the Revolution, we found it difficult to determine just where, in the romance, fact ended and fiction began. So careful and accurate was Mr. Ford in the building of his story that the very names of the book have the same ring as the names to be found in the war and court records of Middlesex County. We read in the novel of the troubles which Lambert Meredith had with his Whig neighbours, and then find in a printed fragment of a letter of a British officer that "one of our friends had got several thousand in the back country brought over to our interests; but about a month ago a mob of about one hundred dissolute fellows surrounded his house, with an intention to tar and feather him, upon which he came out armed, and while he was reasoning the case with them at the door he was knocked down with the butt end of a musket, then laid like a calf across a horse, and tied to a tree while yet insensible, and tarred and feathered." This sort of thing was going on all over the country; the Tories, on the other hand, retaliating whenever they had the opportunity.



"GLIMPSES OF THE RARITAN, OVER FIELDS OF STUBBLE AND CORNSTACKS, BROKEN BY PATCHES OF TIMBER AND ORCHARD."—"JANICE MEREDITH," CH. III.

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Greenwood, the home of the Merediths, by the river road, some four miles from the town of Brunswick, was purely an imaginary structure, and the accompanying picture of the house is as much the creation of the artist as of the author. In fact, there are a few little details, such as the relations of the house and the barn and the hedge, which fail to agree with the text. The interior of the Greenwood of the story was modelled after the old Ford home; the exterior after a house in Morris Plains. Yet, despite the fact that there was no actual original, a great many people have written to Mr. Ford claiming to have discovered the real Greenwood. In connection with the good looks of Janice and her friends, the following odd incident may be of interest. After the manuscript of the novel was in the hand of the publishers, Mr. Ford, while poring over an old volume treating of the impressions of an English traveller through the American colonies, just before the outbreak of the War of the Revolution, was amazed to read that Brunswick, above all other towns which the writer had visited, was remarkable for the beauty of its girls. The heroine's name, by the way, was not the original title of the story, the book having been first written as *Battledore and Shuttlecock: a Story of the American Revolution.*

Apropos of *Janice Meredith*, we append a letter concerning the book which Mr. Ford received last spring from our Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

CANNES, March 28, 1900.

DEAR MR. FORD: I must thank you very much for the delightful days you have given me—rainy days on the Riviera—which I have spent in reading your last book, *Janice Meredith*, a tale of the Revolution. Really, it is one of the most fascinating tales I have ever read. The life and interest are maintained from the first page to the last. I generally skip most of the conversations in a modern novel, but I have read every word of them in this. Your accurate knowledge of the details of the Revolution is manifest in every page, and makes it a true historical romance. I congratulate you on this new success and on the addition it will bring to your literary fame.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

I hope Sir William had great virtues to colour the picture you have drawn of him.

**Last Songs from Vagabondia.**

*Last Songs from Vagabondia* is soon to appear from the press of Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company. It is quite superfluous to add that it was written by the late Richard Hovey and Mr. Bliss Carman. The title of the book strikes us as being oddly pathetic, although it had been selected some time before the death of Mr. Hovey. In *Last Songs from Vagabondia* each poem is to be followed by the initials of its author. This suggests that it would be a very excellent idea to follow the same plan in forthcoming editions of *Songs from Vagabondia* and *More Songs from Vagabondia*. We know that there is a great deal of curiosity as to which poems were the work of Richard Hovey and which were written by Mr. Bliss Carman. This is especially the case with the delightful "Barney McGee." There is a very interesting story connected with this poem, which we hope some day to be at liberty to print.

**Mr. J. K. Bangs's Rank as a Humourist.**

*The Booming of Acre Hill* is the latest book which comes from the typewriter of the industrious Mr. John Kendrick Bangs. We have not found the opportunity of reading it, but we accept it on faith as containing those elements which characterise the usual productions of Mr. Bangs's humour. It is as a representative American humourist that we must first study him. His "funny copy" is as distinctively a product of American social conditions and American literary taste as was Mark Twain's "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras" or the letters of Artemus Ward or Mr. Townsend's *Chimmie Fadden* or Mr. Dunne's *Dooley*.

Now Mr. Bangs is a very genial, industrious gentleman with a pleasing little fancy. He looks upon life amiably, writes about it playfully and has won for himself a position in American literature—just about the position that is held in England by Mr. Jerome Klapka Jerome. This position is well deserved, and whatever he writes will always be found to be thoroughly manly and wholesome. He has

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learned his own individual *métier* so well that pretty much everything in life is easy copy. His facility and his intimate knowledge of all the little details of the craft enable him to make excellent use of the slightest whim. For instance, we read recently a golf story written by him in *Harper's Magazine*. Now, every one who has played the game of golf has at some time indulged in speculation as to whether a substance could not be found of greater elasticity than the gutta-percha which has replaced the feather balls of the old Scotch golfers. This is one of those commonplace ideas which in Mr. Bangs's hands are rich literary material. He imagines such a substance found; he pictures the chuckling elation of the lucky discoverer as he tees his ball for the wonderful drive—not a detail of what might have happened is overlooked, and the result is a whimsical tale which one votes frivolous and ridiculous at the outset, but is bound to read through to the very end.

**Chorus in the Shakespearian Drama.**

There is a peculiar fitness in the forthcoming representation of *King Henry V.*, to which we referred in our July number, because of the fact that the play was first produced just three hundred years ago, when the title rôle was played by the Richard Burbage who is so inseparably associated with all the Shakespeare tradition. The revival of the play also suggests the limitations of Shakespeare on the present-day stage. If the student of literature were entirely dependent upon the theatre for his acquaintance with the great master, he could know only about four comedies, four tragedies and one or two of the historical plays. In literary quality *King Henry V.* must be ranked very high in the Shakespearian list. Especially stirring are Henry's addresses to his court and to his armies; the delicious comedy of Fluellen and Williams; and the Eastcheap scenes introducing Dame Quickly, Nym, Bardolph and Pistol. There are few things finer in all Shakespeare than the lines of Chorus. The forthcoming presentation will adhere with practical fidelity to the original, and there will be no interpolations from the text of *King Henry IV.* The Chorus in *King Henry V.* is one of the only four instances of its introduction in the whole Shakespearian drama. In *Pericles* we find Gower as Chorus. Time as Chorus is found in *A Winter's Tale.* The only other instance is Chorus, without any distinctive name, in *Romeo and Juliet.*

**Monsieur Beaucaire on the Stage.**

Mr. Booth Tarkington is making a dramatisation of *Monsieur Beaucaire* in collaboration with Miss Eva Greenleaf Sutherland. We have already expressed our opinion of this very admirable little story. It is one of the very few successful novels of recent years which suggest dramatisation to the casual reader. The final exposure of Monsieur Beaucaire, with the grouping of all the great personages of Bath, is in itself essentially fitted for stage presentation. The success of the play, however, will largely depend upon the actor who assumes the title rôle. In the character of Monsieur Beaucaire there are a charm, a subtlety, a delicacy, a reserve which would be utterly lost if the part should be allotted to an actor who is imbued with a belief in the swashbuckling methods which have dominated so much of our recent romantic drama.

**Mediæval Spain on the English Stage.**

The historical period of which Mr. F. Marion Crawford made use in his latest novel, *In the Palace of the King*, had hitherto been completely neglected by the novelist, but had furnished considerable material to the dramatist. The great personages of the time of Philip II. were seen upon the stage in a tragedy by John Dryden, *The Conquest of Granada.* The great poet, however, was not a great dramatist; and while the play met with considerable favour, Dryden himself admitted that in it, despite the splendid opportunities which the subject offered, "sublimity bursts into burlesque." *The Conquest of Granada* was given at Whitehall in 1691. Notwithstanding Dryden's condemnation of the play, we find that Evelyn in his famous diary records that it was much

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praised, and that the "very glorious scenes and perspectives" were greatly admired.

As has already been said in THE BOOKMAN, Mr. Lorrimer Stoddard's dramatisation of Mr. Crawford's novel will be produced this autumn by Miss Viola Allen. The splendid opportunities for scenic effects offered by mediæval Spain were recognised even in Dryden's time. In Colley Cibber's day there was a well-known and popular play, *The Copper Captain,* in which Wilkes was the Antonio Perez, and Nance Oldfield the Estipania. In those days nothing Spanish was likely to be favourably received by English theatre-goers. Over a hundred years passed before Philip II. and Don John of Austria were again seen upon the English stage. In 1836 a play called *Don John of Austria* was produced with considerable success at Covent Garden. From an old handbill, a fac-simile of which is herewith reproduced, we learn that "Every anticipation which the lessee had formed is now most fully and equivocally realised; and *Don John of Austria* stands confessed the most successful drama of the season." This play was probably a translation from the French, as in the same bill we read that the drama was "now performing in Paris with extraordinary success."

**Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.**

Doors open at Half-past Six. Performance to commence precisely at Seven.

**DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA!**

Every anticipation which the Lessee had formed is now most fully and unequivocally realized; and DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA stands confessed the most successful Drama of the Season. The breathless anxiety with which each succeeding Scene was listened to—and the intense interest it excited in every bosom, as the Drama drew towards its conclusion, can alone be equalled by the applause which burst simultaneously from a most crowded and delighted audience. The Lessee therefore seizes this opportunity of acknowledging his thanks for the liberal support he has hitherto met with, and begs to assure his Patrons that no exertion—no expence, shall be spared to render this Theatre worthy the high rank it now holds. The Drama of DON JUAN of AUSTRIA will, in consequence of its *GREAT SUCCESS*, be performed *EVERY EVENING* till further notice.

**This Evening, TUESDAY, April 19th, 1836,**

Will be presented (for the 3rd Time) a New Drama (in Three Acts) now performing in Paris with extraordinary success, entitled

**Don Juan of Austria**

Charles V King of Spain, (retired from Government to the Convent of St Just under the assumed name of Anselmo) Mr PRITCHARD
Philip II (who, on the retirement of Charles, succeeded to the Throne) Mr G BENNETT
Don Juan (Half brother to Philip, called Don Juan of Austria) Mr D A L E
Don Quexada, (his Tutor—formerly a Counsellor to Charles V) Mr TILBURY
Peblo, (a Novice) Miss MURRAY
Don Ferdinand de Valdez, (Grand Inquisitor) Mr THOMPSON, Don Guy Gomez Mr J. SMITH,
Prior of the Convent of St Just, Mr HARRIS, Brother Jacomo Mr COLLETT, Brother Timothen, Mr ELSON
Raphaela, Domingo, & Ginez (Servants to Quexada) Messrs BANNISTER HUCKEL & BECKETT
Donna Florinda de Sandoval, (of Jewish birth & tenets, but received as a Catholic Lady) Miss HELEN FAUCIT
Dorothea, (her Duenna) Mrs BATTERSBY

***Anti-Chamber in the House of Don Quexada.***
**RICHLY DECORATED SALOON in DONNA FLORINDA's HOUSE.**
**PARLOUR IN THE MONASTERY OF ST. JUST AND**
**Oratory of the Convent with Illuminated Altar!**
The effect of the ORGAN given by Mr. GREEN's ROYAL SERAPHINE, played by Mr LAND
**The Cabinet of the King in the Alcazar of Toledo!**

Overture to "DON GIOVANNI," by MOZART. Overture to "COSIMO," by PREVOST.

After which, (12th TIME IN THIS COUNTRY) an entirely New and Magnificent Serio-Comic Musical Romance, (produced under the direction of Mr H. WALLACK—the Music adapted by HODWELL) with New Scenery, Machinery, Costumes, &c. called

**ZA-ZE-ZI-ZO-ZU!**

***OR, DOMINOES! CHESS! AND CARDS!***

**TABLEAU THE FIRST—THE HEAD.**

Zanzoleam, (Pocha of Nusora, and all the undiscovered Islands beyond the extremity of the Globe) Mr TILBURY
Zizi, Zozo, Zuzu, Three Princes, Sons to the Pocha by different Wives, Miss ROMER, Miss TURPIN, Miss MURRAY
Grosbec, (Prime Minister and Fly-catcher to Zanzoleam) Mr VALE,
Cododad, (King of the Necromancers, and Reader of the Planets visible and invisible) Mr THOMPSON
Miroufleur (an Enchanter, subservient to the Crown of Cododad) Mr BANNISTER
The Princess Zaza, (the Light of the Harem, or the Comet, from which she is descended) Miss PINCOTT
Guards, Slaves, Mutes, Ladies of the Harem, &c by the Corps de Ballet, Chorus and a numerous train of Auxiliaries

**TABLEAU THE SECOND—DOMINION OF DOMINOES.**

Dominica, the Domineering, (Queen of the Dominoes) Miss CROSS.
Double-six, Three-four, Two-two, Nine-eight, Four-four, Three-three, &c. Princes and Knights, transformed into Dominoes having been well beaten by Her Majesty, Masters White, Ware, Short, Moss, Cross, Leary &c
Tabletini, (Director of the Royal Sports at the Court of Dominica) Mr BENDER
Cypress! (the Royal Box-keeper) Mr YEWWOOD. Double-sight, (Keeper of the great Telescope) Mr ARGUS
Phosphorous, (the Red and Black Fire-Fiend—alias Zamiel—alias ——) Mr DEVILLE

**TABLEAU THE THIRD—THE ISLAND OF CHESS.**

Tippoo, (Emperor of all the Ebonies) Mr. HARRIS Elephanto, (Sultan of all the Ivories) Mr GRIFFITH,
Ourika, (Empress of Ebony) Miss WYNDHAM, La Dame Blanche, (the favorite Sultana of Ivory) Mrs GRIFFITH
The Two Knights of Ebony, The Two Bishops of Ebony, The Two Towers of Ebony, The Eight Pawns of Ebony, Messrs. Morris, Willing, Collett, Smith, James, Brown, Hall, Dubochet, Hammond, Jones, Atkins, Henry, Wilson, Ward, Willing, Harrison, Johnson, Beckett, Paulo, Heath, Martin, Walters, Benson, Gouriet, Hart, Wood, Wibeam, Forest, The Two Knights of Ivory, The Two Bishops of Ivory, The Two Towers of Ivory, The Eight Pawns of Ivory

**TABLEAU THE FOURTH—THE KINGDOM OF CARDS.**

Cœur-de-Cœur, (King of Hearts) Mr MANVERS, Diomed, (King of Diamonds) Mr W H WILLIAMS,
Spadillo, (King of Spades) Mr ALEXANDER, Hercules, (King of Clubs) Mr CARTWRIGHT,
Ajacks, Cashus, Tricktrack & Pamhah, (four Great Knaves, all Ministers of State) Messrs Bleaden, Hart, Cross & Wilton
Judith, (Queen of Hearts) Miss LAND, Rachael, (Queen of Diamonds) Miss PALMER,
Pallas, (Queen of Spades) Miss DIGHTON, Holifernals, (Queen of Clubs, a striking beauty) Miss MASTERS
Heartoclubodiamondospado, (the mysterious wielder of the unique shield) Mr BECKETT
The odd Tricks, Dealers, Shufflers, &c by Messrs Ace, Deuce, Tray and a host of Supernumeraries

There seems to have been an acute attack of editorial incompetency in many of the newspaper offices of this town during the past month, for assuredly we never saw so much uninformed writing crowded together in so brief a period. We are not referring to slips that may be purely accidental or typographical, such as that which represented Admiral Seymour as having landed "in Mufti"—although an unkind critic might have fancied that some one in the office supposed mufti to be a place; and that amusing "break" which the *Post* made in publishing a telegram to the effect that a well-known lady eighty-three years of age, and a resident of a small Massachusetts town, had "lied" there that morning. What we have in mind are editorial blunders pure and simple. Thus, a newspaper in one column argued that the celebrated Conger message from Peking was spurious because it was obviously a device to make the allies hurry to the rescue before they were properly reinforced and thoroughly equipped; while in another column the editor explained that the message was intended to discourage the allies and make them feel the futility of an immediate advance, thus giving the Chinese ample time to complete their preparations. A very dignified morning paper devoted a column to denouncing the British and Germans and Russians for their alleged unwillingness to let their forces act under a single commander-in-chief if he happened to be of a different nationality, after which it published a paragraph to show how impossible and humiliating it would be to allow our American soldiers to follow any foreign leader!

**The Silly Season.**

Another morning paper had a double-leaded editorial, the first part of which

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urged upon every one the necessity of learning at least the Greek alphabet, so as to be able to read and pronounce the Greek words found in dictionaries and occasionally in other scientific works. The second part of the editorial contained an equally strong recommendation to all publishers never to use Greek letters in any books whatever, but always to represent them by Roman characters. It never occurred to this editor that if the advice in either part of his editorial should be taken, the advice contained in the other part would be quite unnecessary—which merely goes to show that he was a rather muddle-headed person writing to fill space. Lately, too, the prominence of Mr. Winston Churchill and of the Churchill family in general led to an outbreak of paragraphs and longer articles on Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, who were spoken of continually as "Lord Churchill" and "Lady Churchill." Now, it is not to be expected that the average reporter should have an accurate knowledge of English usage with regard to courtesy titles, but it *is* to be expected that his editor should have such a knowledge; and the fact that we have been regaled with so much about "Lord Churchill" and "Lady Churchill" is proof of either editorial carelessness or of editorial ignorance.

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**A Coup Manqué.**

The latest number of *Dialect Notes* gives seventy pages to a glossary of so-called "College Words and Phrases," compiled by Mr. Eugene Babbitt, formerly of Columbia University, and now a professor in the University of the South. A real glossary of college words and phrases would be a thing of great interest and value; but about half the words in Mr. Babbitt's collection belong not more to the vocabulary of the undergraduate than to the vocabulary of any other person who is addicted to slang, and hence the glossary is in reality a very partial and limited glossary of American slang in general, some of which, incidentally, happens to be undergraduate slang. Mr. Babbitt has divided and subdivided and has invented a scientific system of classifying the words and meanings with reference to the different universities in which they are used; but how little value his elaborate treatment possesses may be seen from the following extract:

CHUMP, *n.* 1. A queer fellow. 2. One possessing a few social attractions. 3. A butt for wit. 4. A blunderer. Ag (1, 2, 3), B (1), Be (1, 2), Bd (2), Bk (1, 2, 3), CCh (1), Bu (3), Cin (1, 2, 3), Cl (3), El (1, 2), Fa (1, 2, 3), H (1, 2), Ha (2), Hd (1, 3), Hk (1, 2), H-S (1, 2), Ia (2, 3), In (1, 2), IS (1, 2), LF (1, 2), M (1, 2, 3), Mh (1, 2), Min (1, 2), Mo (1, 2), MtH (2), MtHr (1, 3), ND (1, 2, 3), Min (1, 2), Mo (1, 2), NW (2, 3), O (3), Ol (2, 3), P (1, 2, 3), PC (1), Pe (1, 2, 3), R-M (1, 2, 3), RP (1, 2), Sm (2), T (1), Te (1, 2, 3), Th (1, 2), Tu (1, 2, 3), U (1, 2, 3), URo (1, 2), Wa (1, 2, 3, 4), V (2, 3), WA (1, 2, 3), WE (1, 2, 3), WR (1, 2, 3), WyS (1), WS (1), [A man as unintelligent as a chump of wood; a blockhead. Murray.]

Now, in the first place, the word "chump" never originated in a university; in the second place, its use is not confined to university men; and in the third place, all four definitions given to it by Mr. Babbitt and discovered by him, as he thinks, in the fifty universities symbolically noted in his list, are practically contained in the first one. The word "chump," indeed, is a general term of contempt, and it has a score of applications which are wholly dependent upon circumstances. Therefore, the principal value of Mr. Babbitt's glossary is to give a beautiful illustration of the absurdity of the German method of investigation when employed with a heavy hand, with no sense of humour, and apparently with little practical outdoor knowledge of the subject. It all reminds us so strikingly of the typical doctoral dissertation!

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Of considerable interest at the present time are the accompanying illustrations from a Chinese version of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The drawings were made by native artists.

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CHRISTIAN IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

CHRISTIAN PASSES THE LIONS.

IN THE CAGE AT VANITY FAIR.

CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL DELIVERED FROM THE NET.

From the "London Sketch."

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**The Criminal as Literary Copy.**

A series of sketches which is now running in one of our magazines, and which will appear in book form in the autumn, deals with the criminal in his relations toward the police. The series is an interesting one, first of all, because it suggests the subject of the criminal in fiction and his evolution—an evolution which is very typical of all the types of fiction. Not that the old-fashioned villain—sardonic, black-moustached—is no longer to be found in contemporary romance. Indeed, he is still a very important factor in the half-dime novel and the serials of the *Fireside Companion* and the *Family Story Paper* sort. From time to time he changes his appearance, his station in life and his mode of dressing; but no matter in what form he shows himself, there is always the same black heart, diabolical though ultimately futile cunning, and insidious manner. Only his relegation to machine-made fiction has been so complete that he is no longer to be considered as a serious type. The criminal of old-time fiction used poison or stiletto with perfect suavity; when he stooped to such commonplaces as forgery or bank burglarising it was considered a radical concession to realism on the part of the author. In the future, however, we may look to the novel and the short story for the romance in the life of the "second-story man," the "wire tapper," the "welcher," the "fence" and the exponent of the "gentlemen, find the little joker" game.

**The Hero in Fiction.**

It is odd that, considering the pleasure which readers take in choosing their heroes and heroines in fiction, no one has thought it worth while to start the question of its most detestable blackguards. We do not know how old the former pastime is, but it certainly is no invention of modern periodical journalism, for Thackeray plays upon the theme delightfully in some of his *Roundabout Papers*. Monsigneur Athos, Comte de la Fère, was *his* favourite heroic hero. "I have read about him from sunrise to sunset with the utmost contentment of mind. He has passed through how many volumes? Forty? Fifty? I wish, for my part, there were a hundred more, and would never tire of him rescuing prisoners, punishing ruffians and running scoundrels through the midriff with his most graceful rapier." There was the making of a very respectable blackguard in Athos too, and in his comrades of the musketeers, if blackguards were lacking.

**Some Very Passable Blackguards.**

All this seems at first sight to be so interesting that we should like very much to hear the opinions of our readers. Certainly the rascal is fully as much of a factor in fiction as the hero, and more often than not he is a great deal more tangible and entertaining. Dickens, for instance, with two exceptions, never gave us a thorough gentleman; yet few writers have been more adept in creating picturesque scamps. His heroics, his admirable young men bore us with their finely rounded platitudes, and, on the whole, we think that in the end Schoolmaster Squeers would have proved a more endurable companion than the impossible Nicholas Nickleby. Turning to Thackeray, one has only to compare Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley, and the whole story is told. The comparison might be carried on indefinitely. On the other hand, it is much more interesting to glance in passing at a few of the prize odious creations of fiction that most readily suggest themselves. For instance, let us say:

Balzac's Marneffe, Maxime de Trailles, Philippe Bridau, Vautrin and Valérie Marneffe.

Thackeray's Mrs. Mackenzie, Sir Francis Clavering, Barnes Newcome, George Osborne and Becky Sharp.

Dickens's Pecksniff, Squeers, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Fagin and Bill Sykes.

Dumas's Danglars, Miladi and Mordaunt.

Fielding's Blifil, Parson Trunnion and Lady Booby.

Smollett's Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle and Lord Strutwell.

Hugo's Thenadier, Captain Phœbus and Claude Frolin.

Flaubert's Emma Bovary and Rodolphe.

Sue's Rodin and The Schoolmaster.

Maupassant's Georges Duroy.

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**Balzac's Monsieur Marneffe.**

The list which we offer at haphazard seems a very wide one, ranging from petty conceit to sheer downright villainy, from the cad to the arch scoundrel. Every reader has his particular bugbear; for our part, we think that in all fiction there is no creature more triumphantly vile than Marneffe of Balzac's *La Cousine Bette*. How astoundingly complete the man is! How many-sided in his infamy! Valérie Marneffe is often contrasted and compared with Becky Sharp; and the great scene of *Vanity Fair* where Rawdon Crawley comes home from the spunging house to find Lord Steyne bending over Becky's hand in the little drawing-room in Curzon Street very curiously suggests in *La Cousine Bette* not so much the scene where Baron Hulot is caught in a trap as that scene where he invades the home of Valérie and is thrust out the door by Marneffe.

After he had rung, the wretched baron heard the dragging feet and disgusting cough of the invalid Marneffe. Marneffe opened the door, but immediately struck an attitude and pointed to the staircase with a gesture precisely like that which Hulot had pointed to the door of his office.

"There's too much Hulot about you, Monsieur Hulot!" said he.

The baron tried to pass, but Marneffe took a pistol from his pocket and cocked it.

"Monsieur le Conseiller d'État, when a man is so vile as I am—for you think me a vile creature, don't you?—he would be the worst of criminals if he did not collect all the profits of his bartered honour. You choose war, and it will be a hot one and without quarter. Don't come again, and don't try to pass; I have informed the commissioner of police of my relations with you."

**Summer Resort Literature and Life.**

If, during the hot summer months, the average citizen does not always find that "rest and recreation" to which he very naturally considers himself to be entitled, he is morally certain to reap a considerable amount of experience which should serve to arm him effectually against many of the lesser *ennuis* of life. It is difficult to find anything really new to say about American summer-resort life. Its ironies and its shortcomings have been treated from almost every side. The contrast between the rich promise of advertisement or prospectus and the squalid reality has been one of the most profitable subjects to the professional joke-maker. The "haughty farmer," the mythical "boating, bathing and fishing," the "country vegetables from the New York markets"—all the phases have been given us with an infinite variety of detail, until the summer-resort joke has taken its place for all time with the great traditional stock jokes of the centuries.

We do not remember, however, ever having seen the summer-resort prospectus treated seriously as a literary document, which is in itself a curious commentary on the general literary taste. For the fact is that screeds of this sort are really very seriously considered, and fame of a certain sort is at the disposal of any one who can throw together a dozen lines of balderdash setting forth the particular alleged virtues of the summer resort in which the author happens at the time to be staying. We quote from memory a few lines from a poem of this sort which we read years ago. It is so deliciously typical. We remember some one saying at the time that it was very much like Tom Moore—and this is also deliciously typical.

Sparkling gem of purest water
Gleaming on the mountain's breast,
On thy sylvan shores we loiter,
Free from care—forever blest.
Silver Lake—sweet Silver Lake.

We never had the pleasure of meeting the author of the immortal poem of which this is a fragment, but we are firmly convinced that she was a stout lady with a very excellent digestion and a propensity for finding fault which caused her to threaten from time to time to remove herself and her large family to the neighbouring resort. We fancy that we detect that much from the third and fourth lines. Be that as it may, we shall leave her after this expression of our homage and pass to another poem of the same

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kind which we came across a few weeks ago.

In summer time, when pool and pond,
Held in the laps of valleys fond,
Are blue as the glimpse of sea beyond;

When the hills are sweet with the briar rose,
And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclose
Flowers the mainland rarely knows;

When boats to their morning fishing go,
And held to the wind and slanting low,
Whitening and darkening the small sails show—

SIR RICHARD WALLACE.

Then is that lonely Island fair,
And the pale health-seeker findeth there
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

This, we need hardly say, received vocal admiration properly due to a poetic masterpiece of the first order, and won for its author a reputation for "being literary" such as a man might vainly try to win with twenty sober and stately volumes. We knew once of a very distinguished American man of letters who spent the summer at a resort off the New England coast. His thirty years of literary activity had brought him a quiet fame among the cultured few rather than popularity among the million. Gravely and perhaps just a little ironically he sat silent as little bits of literary criticism and quotation were loftily banded about by superior women and cocky youths. The time came, however, when it was learned that he had written books, and he became, in spite of himself, an object of some curiosity. "A literary man!" "What has he written?" "I have never heard of that. Have you?" "They say it is a very fine book." Finally the whole matter was triumphantly summed up by an inspired young woman who remarked in awed tones, "A literary man? I wonder whether he knows Richard Harding Davis to speak to."

**The Wallace Collection.**

There is no end of literary anecdote connected with the Wallace Collection which was recently opened to the public in London. In the first place, the real founder of the Collection was the third Marquis of Hertford, the original, as every one knows, of Lord Steyne in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*. Some of the most valuable pictures were acquired by Sir Richard Wallace, of whose relation to Hertford it is unnecessary to speak. Sir Richard Wallace, it will be remembered, was thought to have been the author of that very remarkable book *An Englishman in Paris,* although it was pointed out by the shrewdest reviewers at the time of the book's publication that had it been written by Sir Richard Wallace, it would have implied incredible violations of confidences. It subsequently came out that the real author was a journalist by the name of Vandam, who had constructed this monstrous though very entertaining "fake" from odds and ends which he had picked up in Paris and from the *Journal* of Jules and Edmond de Goncourt. Among the many clever bits of literary comment with which *An Englishman in Paris* abounds we recall a very felicitous comparison of Charles Dickens with Charles Paul de Kock, although it is conceded that De Kock was far inferior to the great Englishman in point of genius. The comparison suggests how completely one of the most entertaining and widely read of the novelists of the early half of the century has come to be ignored.

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MARIE STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS.
From a Painting.

MARIA LOUISA, ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA.
Painted by J. Isabey, 1812.

MRS. BRADDYLL.
Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

LADY BLESSINGTON.
Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

SOME PAINTINGS FROM THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

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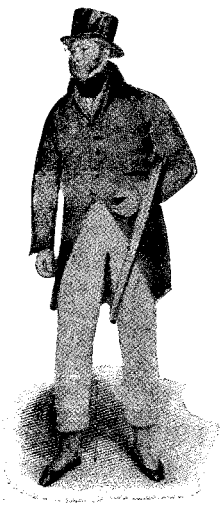
**French Writers and Anglo-Saxon Readers.**

Makers of French literature may be judged by us from two standpoints. In the first place, a poet, playwright or dramatist holds that rank which has been accorded him in the whole scheme of French literature by the consensus of French criticism and opinion; secondly, he may be measured by the amount of influence his work has had on subsequent English or American literary production and the place which he holds in the hearts of English and American readers. These two methods of ranking will not infrequently bring about very different results. For instance, while the works of half a dozen of the great French writers are so well known in England and in this country as to be almost a part of our literary education, there are eighteen or twenty other men who, while ranked fully as high when judged by French criticism, have practically no meaning to Anglo-Saxon readers. Molière, the greatest dramatist of French literature and the greatest comic playwright of all time, must, of course, have a certain number of readers in all countries so long as society exists. *Le Cid* and *Le Menteur, Athalie* and *Phèdre* are incidents in every undergraduate life; but with all save a very few Corneille and Racine are as little read as *Le Pays Tendre* or *Le Grand Cyre* of Mademoiselle de Scudéry.



THIRD MARQUIS OF HERTFORD.

**The Passing of Monsieur Paul de Kock.**

To confine our attention to the present century, it would be difficult to say why it was that Victor Hugo and Eugène Sue and Alexandre Dumas won almost immediately an English-reading audience, while Balzac had to wait so many years after his death, and while Flaubert is still nothing more than an influence. With Dumas the problem is not so difficult of solution. *Les Trois Mousquetaires, Vingt Ans Après* and *Le Comte de Monte Cristo* were French only in their scenes and characters; the spirit of romance which inspired them is as much the common property of all mankind as *The Thousand and One Nights.* Twenty or thirty years ago, while Balzac was still an obscure and little-known writer so far as the English and American reading publics were concerned, the romances of Charles Paul de Kock were to be found in flaming covers throughout many of the small towns of the New England and Middle States. But to-day the vogue of Paul de Kock is gone. We remember him best on account of the verdict of the immortal Major Arthur Pendennis, who confessed that he found him the wittiest and most amusing of novelists; and probably there will not be found one reader in ten thousand with an acquaintance with the fire-eating Chaudoreille, that really Shakespearian character in *Le Barbier de Paris.*

**Mrs. Dudeney's Forthcoming Volume of Stories.**

Mrs. Dudeney's forthcoming volume of short stories, *Men of Marlowe's,* calls our attention to the fact that her recently published novel, *Folly Corner,* which was reviewed in the June BOOKMAN, is now in its third edition. Her new book, which will also come from the press of Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, is made up of a number of short tales about the residents of one of the English "Inns." Those stories of the collection which we have read are marked by a fine vigour and imagination. Critics of her former novels have compared Mrs. Dudeney to Thomas Hardy, and the comparison was very felicitous. But these stories do not in the least suggest Hardy; in fact, they rather remind one of some of the shorter tales of J. M. Barrie.

That masculine touch which has been praised so highly in Mrs. Dudeney's earlier work characterises and dominates

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very strongly the stories which make up *Men of Marlowe's*. The stories are told from the man's standpoint. For the most part they deal with the bachelor, his environment, his little likes and dislikes, his pastimes, the barmaid whom he chucks under the chin, the tobacco that he smokes and the dog that trots at his heels. These are the factors which make up one of the most typical stories of the collections. "Arnold's Laundress" was of the type which, as an institution, is dying out.

The good old laundress, all fat and dirt and impudence, contents me. She has a draggled skirt with a deep hem of dried mud, a flat pancake of a bonnet, all melancholy jet and brown ribbon that once was black. She wabbles when she moves; she is a half-set jelly in a greasy bag. I like her; to me she recalls my youth, the old wild days when I and the others were young. With a few exceptions, she is only employed to clean offices now. She is a professional woman. For many years the care of certain sets descended quite naturally from mother to daughter. They were pocket boroughs—hereditary pickings. The tenant was a mere incident, to be borne with up to a certain point.

**Some Clerical Rhetoric.**

In our July number we quoted a passage from an oratorical utterance of a well-known clergyman lately deceased, and we quoted it in order to show how much more rhetoric there was in it than thought or reason. In fact, it was a typical instance of the way in which many public speakers contrive to seem impressive without uttering a sentence that has any real meaning in it. A gentleman has just written us to say that the passage quoted was not accurately quoted, the fault not being ours, but that of the newspaper report from which we took it. He has sent us what he declares to be a true version. Here it is:

I have tried the experiment. I have studied every one of the creeds—Greek, Latin, Protestant. I have dumped them all into the hopper and then set the mill a-going. There were things in every one of them that could not be ground into meal—wood, hay, stubble, sticks, stones, chaff. They were scattered to the winds; but the dear old Gospel of the grace of God in Jesus Christ came out pure, sweet and wholesome. It is in every one of them, and it is the only thing in any one of them that is worth preserving and worth fighting for. Let us make a bonfire of our theological systems. Add to the pile all our ecclesiastical millinery and machinery and cap the whole with the higher criticism of the last one hundred years. Now, strike your match! See, the flame mounts from base to summit! Don't call out the fire department. Let it burn! Only the wood, hay and stubble will go up in smoke, and settle down in ashes. The gold, silver and precious stones will not be scarred. The residuum will be a gospel which we can preach to every creature. It will not be an ethical system, a code of morals without energy in it. It will not be an ecclesiastical machine. It will not be a critical theory. It will be the old, eternal, unchangeable message of salvation.

HERTFORD HOUSE.

We are willing to admit that in the above passage the metaphors are not particularly mixed; but the new version merely serves to justify everything else that we had said. The clerical outburst was just loose talk without a grain of common-sense discoverable in it. Of course, you can't put creeds into a hopper, nor make a bonfire of theological systems in order to get a "residuum" that shall be "a message of salvation." And if you can't, then what is the sense of the whole passage? Finally, the little sentence about the fire department adds just the touch of execrable taste that was necessary to transmute the whole thing from ordinary foolishness into cheap vulgarity.

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ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN.

**Mr. Archibald Colquhoun.**

Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, the author of *China in Transformation* and the recently published *The Overland to China*, enjoys a well-established reputation as an authority on that country, which he has visited several times as special correspondent of the London *Times*. In a recent interview which Mr. Colquhoun gave to the London *Sketch* he expressed the opinion that the great railway which Russia is constructing across Asia to the Pacific Ocean "may be described briefly as the Siberian Menace to the World." He travelled over this railway last year to what was then the end of the line, Kiachta, on the further side of Lake Baikal, from that point going to Pekin and thence to Tongking, the whole journey being about seven thousand miles in length.

Among a number of very excellent artistic publications which will be issued by Mr. R. H. Russell this autumn, Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker History of New York* is of particular literary interest. The illustrations, one of which we reproduce, are by Maxfield Parrish. Another Russell book which we think worthy of particular notice is Mr. F. Opper's *Folks in Funnyville*. Besides these, Mr. Russell will issue *The Little Boy Book*, by Helen Hay, with coloured drawings by Frank Verbeck; *The Vagabond Huntsman*, the story of Tipperary Joe, from Charles Lever's *Jack Hinton*, with drawings by W. J. Sherwood; *The Ballad of the Prince*, by Alice Archer Sewall; *Nanny*, by T. E. Butler; *Down South*, by Rudolf Eickemeyer, with an introduction by Joel Chandler Harris, and *A Handbook of Golf for Bears*, with illustrations and verses by Frank Verbeck.

It is with no little pleasure that I publish the portrait of the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. Every one who has read this most enchanting book gleaned from its pages that Elizabeth was an English woman married to a German of high rank, and that the "Garden" was not very far from the Baltic. Now, I am credibly informed, it is apparently an open secret in England that Elizabeth is Maria Theresa Olivia, daughter of Mr. Cornwallis West, of Ruthin Castle, Denbyshire.—*The Lounger*, in the August *Critic*.

Now we are credibly informed that she is nothing of the kind. But accidents such as this are liable to happen in the best regulated offices.

ST. NICHOLAS.

From Knickerbocker's "History of New York."

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**As to the Word "Mobilise."**

We wonder when it will begin to occur to the newspapers that the word "mobilise" and its derivatives are being very badly overworked. The word came in—that is, as a favourite newspaper locution—about the beginning of the Boer War, and we are getting to be very weary of it. It is all well enough to announce the fact, for example, that Great Britain is mobilising her reserves, or even that a portion of our small army is being mobilised for service in China; but when we read, in an account of the lynching of a negro, that a company of village militia is being "mobilised," then we think that the time has come to draw the line; for this sort of thing is about as absurd as it would be to speak of a bar-room brawl between a German and an Irishman as "an international crisis." The way in which newspaper reporters leap at any word which happens to be new to them and work it to death suggests that they must start out on their professional careers with a vocabulary of about eight hundred words.

**Mr. Murphy, Dr. McGlynn, and The Bookman.**

Mr. John J. Murphy is the editor of *The National Single Taxer,* a periodical published in this city for the purpose of advocating the economic theories of Henry George. Last February we made some comment on the death of Dr. Edward McGlynn with reference to his excommunication and his subsequent submission to the Church authorities. Thereupon Mr. Murphy wrote us a personal letter denying the accuracy of our statements so far as they related to the facts, and asking us to correct our alleged misstatements. After taking some time to consider the matter, and having satisfied ourselves that we had been entirely accurate, we published a brief paragraph to that effect. Mr. Murphy has now in the August number of *The Single Taxer* devoted some three columns to a consideration of the whole affair. He publishes his letters to us and our reply to him, and then goes on to express the opinion that we acted in bad faith, that we slandered the memory of a dead man, and that we did not care to take the trouble to learn the truth. He says that "any honest clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church" would have told us that "so far as Dr. McGlynn's reinstatement was concerned, Rome came to him and not he to Rome."

Now, it is a pure assumption on the part of Mr. Murphy that we took no pains to ascertain the truth. In the first place, we had no personal interest in the affair at all and no prejudice whatsoever against Dr. McGlynn. Moreover, our attitude toward the economic theories of Mr. Henry George is one of philosophical detachment. Finally, we have none of that curious false pride which sometimes leads an editor to cover up the errors that he makes or to obscure them by a policy of impenetrable silence. Whenever we have been unwittingly led into a misstatement or a misrepresentation, we have always hastened to correct it and, when necessary, to apologise for any possible injustice. Such a course, indeed, is one that would naturally be inspired, not only by an ordinary sense of honour, but by considerations of editorial policy as well. Therefore, when Mr. Murphy, in his first letter to us, called us to account, we regarded his criticism very seriously, and we took an early opportunity of laying our original paragraph before a very eminent clergyman of the Catholic Church—one whose position is such as to have given him a first-hand knowledge of all the facts in the case of Dr. McGlynn's unhappy controversy with the Church. We requested this learned and accomplished ecclesiastic to point out frankly any errors that he could find in our published paragraph, in order that we might at once correct them in our editorial columns. Thereupon he very courteously made the following statements, and he was good enough not to make them orally, but to set them down for us in writing. We reproduce them here without a single alteration or omission:

(1) The Church has never condemned the economic teachings of Henry George *by name,* nor has his book been put upon the Index. The Church has contented itself with affirming

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certain ethical principles relating to Henry George's economic theories—as, for example, the lawfulness of rights in landed property, etc., etc. There are many statements in George's writings which are indirectly condemned by many papal letters. It cannot be said, however, that the Single Tax theory as a mere method of taxation is condemned or condemnable.

(2) Dr. McGlynn made a full submission to the Church and died in full communion, with the last sacraments. The conditions of his return were (*a*) to sign the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum.* This Encyclical contains implicitly (impliedly?) a condemnation of George's statement; (*b*) to apologise for disrespectful statements; (*c*) to go to Rome; (*d*) to make a retreat. All of which he did.

(3) He was excommunicated for not going to Rome at a specified date. It was made a reserved case to attend Anti-Poverty Society meetings.

Your statements in reference to Dr. McGlynn are pointed, terse, accurate, and well put. I can find no fault with them.

It was after the receipt of this letter that we wrote the paragraph contained in the July BOOKMAN upon which Mr. Murphy bases his charge that we took no pains to ascertain the truth, but acted in bad faith.

We think it proper to note that whatever Mr. Murphy has written with regard to this whole subject has been written in terms of personal courtesy and with an observance of the amenities which are supposed to govern the intercourse of gentlemen even in matters so prolific of ill feeling as those which combine theological with political prejudice. We trust, therefore, that in the light of our fuller explanation he will, at least, absolve us from the charge of having acted in bad faith, and that he will credit us with the same honesty and sincerity of purpose which we most cheerfully ascribe to him.

**British Information about Kentucky.**

It is not often that that entertaining and clever English literary weekly, the *London Academy,* is caught napping. In a recent number, however, the writer of a very admirable appreciation of the work of Mr. James Lane Allen speaks of him as being the novelist of Kentucky, a State "which with a population of two millions has only one town of over five thousand inhabitants." This information is given us with very British gravity. It is interesting to note that the writer finds in Mr. Allen's technique some of the quaint, surprising simplicity of Balzac. "No considerations of literary custom, no narrow regard for a superficial realism will prevent him from arriving in the directest manner that occurs to him. He cares little for the trickeries of the expert penman. In none of his books is there, perhaps, anything so extraordinarily bold as the treatise on Swedenborg in Balzac's *Seraphita;* but again and again Mr. Allen abandons his narrative entirely in order to discourse, or make his persons discourse, on some moral point, the exposition of which may assist him in the business of characterisation."

The recently organised American Publishers' Association has received considerable unjust and rather absurd criticism. It has been said that the object of the association was to bring about a reduction of authors' royalties. We wish to say positively that the organisation contemplates nothing of the kind.

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# HERE AND THERE

## I.

**The Impending Crash in Italy.**

To the majority of those who have made it the subject of published comment, the assassination of King Humbert of Italy has served merely as a text for more or less conventional discourse upon the menace of anarchical doctrine and upon the measures necessary for its suppression. The death of Humbert, however, has a political importance which very few appear as yet to have adequately recognised. As a rule, the assassination of the head of a State, whether he be Czar or King or President, so far from tending in any way to bring about the condition of affairs which Anarchists desire, has quite distinctly the very opposite effect. Spectacular murder, conceived and executed for political ends, produces almost inevitably a reaction which is, in reality, a feeling of profound resentment; and it serves, therefore, to unite and strengthen all the conservative elements of society and to discredit the doctrines of the radical. Thus, the tragic death of Alexander II. put back the cause of liberal government in Russia fully fifty years. The assassination of Sadi Carnot strengthened the foundations of the moderate French Republic which exists, as against the communistic and socialistic French Republic which men like Rochefort and Jaurès desire to establish. One might say *a priori* that the death of Humbert would have precisely the same effect in Italy.

This, however, is unlikely to prove true. For the moment, of course, the shock of horror and surprise that ran through Italy on the death of a king who was personally popular has doubtless stilled the strife of faction and led to a temporary warmth of feeling toward the Prince of Naples on his accession to the throne of Italy; but the conditions of that country are such as to make it seem quite probable that for once the Anarchist assassin may have struck a fatal blow, not merely at an individual Italian monarch, but at Italian monarchy as well. The ignorant, fanatical ruffian Bresci, no doubt, conceived and executed his bloody scheme with no more intelligence of purpose than that which actuated his fellow-countryman in striking down, two years ago, the Austrian Empress; yet there is scarcely any doubt that the results of his desperate deed will be tremendous and far-reaching.

There is to-day no country in Europe whose people, as a whole, are so thoroughly imbued with discontent as the Italians. The entire peninsula is smitten with a profound political restlessness. It writhes under a very real oppression. It is teeming with a discontent whose mutterings are ominous of revolt. And this has been the case for many years—years in which the tide of revolution has been slowly rising. Italy, in fact, is suffering at once from the sickness of frustrated hope and from the burdens laid upon her by a false ambition. When she became an embryonic kingdom in 1859, and when the close of the Austro-Prussian War in 1866 left United Italy a glorious fact, instead of an impossible dream, the ardent imagination of the Italian people sought to revive at once the splendour and the power of ancient Italy when it stood forth as the mistress of the world. It was the inspiration of their glorious past that had kept Italians faithful to their great political ideal through all the centuries of division and subjection and tyranny and impotence; and it was the memory of this same past that stung them with an irresistible desire to make of their new kingdom not only a political entity, but a mighty political power. In the enthusiasm of their national regeneration they conceived great plans and they dreamed most brilliant dreams. The Franco-Prussian War, which restored to them the Eternal City for their capital, gave the final impulse to their ardour. Instead of waiting patiently for time to do its work, for losses to be repaired, for wealth to be created, and for prosperity to be revived, they dashed at once impetuously toward the goal of their national ambition. They built and they adorned; they set up the symbols of power and magnificence; they intersected their country with railways; they brought into being a great army;

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they equipped a powerful navy; they grasped at colonies; they gave their king a glittering court; and, more than all, their statesmen united the kingdom of Italy in a firm alliance with two of the proudest and most powerful monarchies of Continental Europe. For the moment it seemed as though the supreme ambition of the Italian people had been fulfilled—as though Italy within a few short years had revived the splendours of her past and had taken her old place in the forefront of the nations of the earth.

Unfortunately, it was all a sham. The glittering court, the rebuilt capital, the splendid palaces, the intersecting railways, represented not prosperity, but crushing debt and a mortgaged future. The army was an army that could not fight—an army whose battalions went down like stubble before the half-savage Abyssinians at Adowa. The navy was a navy whose history recalled only the disastrous and humiliating defeat at Lissa, where Austria's antiquated wooden vessels sank and destroyed the fine new ironclads of Italy. The colonies were colonies which could not be held, and in them their unfortunate defenders sickened and died like flies. To-day what has Italy to show for all the sacrifices that ambition exacted of her people? An almost bankrupt treasury; a debt so great as to make the payment of it seem impossible; a burden of taxation that is absolutely crushing; an army and a navy without prestige; and a nominal alliance in which Italy's Teutonic partners regard her with an air of condescending patronage. Nor are her difficulties purely economic and political. There is the irreconcilable division between the adherents of the monarchy and the adherents of the papacy, which makes of every priest a missionary of discontent; and there are the jealousies that exist between the northern cities, such as Florence and Milan, in which at times may be detected almost a longing for the old régime when the provinces were not provinces, but principalities and kingdoms.

With all these reasons for dissatisfaction and disillusionment, it is not surprising that the Italian people should have been powerfully influenced of late by the republican and socialistic propaganda. A scapegoat being needed, what was more easy than to find it in the monarchy? It is, indeed, quite natural and, in fact, inseparable from human nature, that those who govern must bear the blame for all that happens ill. In making as she did bricks without straw, Italy was but carrying out her own ambitious dream on which her heart was firmly set. No Italian government whatsoever would have dared to stand against the popular desire. Yet none the less, although that which was done was done with the approval of the nation as a whole and through its chosen heads, the blame of failure has been cast upon the monarchy. While Victor Emmanuel still lived, recalling in his own bluff, chivalrous and impetuous person the days of Italy's first triumphs, hostility was silent or it spoke in whispers only. Under Humbert, also, who had fought beside his father against the Austrian tyrants, the kingdom held together. A simple, loyal, honest man, devoid of guile and full of generosity and bravery, Humbert maintained his seat and could at least control the army without whose aid no revolution was a possibility. Yet for him the task was hard. There were outbreaks and riots; there was sedition in Sicily; there were outrageous tumults in the Parliament, so great at last that constitutional government had to be practically suspended. Still, while Humbert lived the kingdom could not fall. Though his brain was far from subtle, his grasp was strong.

His death has changed the situation absolutely, and has given us another illustration of how great a part the personal equation plays, not only in the life of men, but in the life of nations. Humbert is dead, and in his place there sits enthroned to-day a youth to whom such loyalty as is given is but the loyalty of the moment, inspired by the sympathy created for him by his father's tragic death. The new Italian king himself is less than nothing. His past recalls no memories to Italian patriotism; his personality repels. A stunted, dwarfish, wizened, shambling, almost apish figure, with a feeble body feebly supported upon rickety legs, physically incapable and mentally overtrained, he is a pitiful example of how rapidly a line of warrior

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kings may sink to its decay. Who will suppose that his feeble hand can long hold in check the forces of disorder that are already dashing themselves against the barriers in distracted Italy? A nerveless monarch, a crew of corrupt and inefficient statesmen, a Parliament discredited by an unsavoury past, a people with hearts gnawed by a furious resentment—what can result from a concatenation such as this save a revolt predestined to become successful revolution? This is why the blow which Bresci struck may have for Italy a significance that did not attach itself to other crimes directly traceable to anarchistic doctrine. Anarchism itself will profit nothing by the crash that is impending, for the Italian republic of the future will be no more a friend to anarchy than was the Italian kingdom of the past; yet there is little doubt that, for once in modern times, the bullet of the assassin will have been responsible for a momentous political upheaval.

II.

**In China.**

So far as the original causes of the Chinese imbroglio are concerned, the situation in the Far East has been greatly simplified. The clouds have lifted sufficiently to enable one to see the close of the first act in a most exciting drama. Henceforth, we take it, the chief interest will centre about the diplomatic phases of the Chinese question. As to the military side of it, enough has already happened to show that it is still the man behind the gun who really counts, and that three or four years of drilling cannot make over a Mongolian into a "first-class fighting man." We are a little curious to see what penalty will be exacted for the violation of the traditional sanctity which surrounds ambassadors. Had the envoys been actually slain, Pekin must have been razed and the ancestral tombs of the reigning dynasty turned into dog-kennels. In no other way could the allies have stamped into the consciousness of the Chinese an everlasting impression of what it means to outrage one of the most sacred of all human institutions. Sentimentalists would, of course, have cried out, as they did when the Sepoys, guilty of unspeakable atrocities, were blown from the muzzles of the British guns, and when Lord Kitchener demolished the Mahdi's tomb; but sentimentalists do not abound in armies that have forced their way into the blood-stained lair of those who make murder, torture and appalling outrage upon women and children the concomitants of warfare. For our part, we have admired the frankness of the German Kaiser, who alone has had the "sand" to say out in a public fashion what all the world was muttering in private. "Take no prisoners and give no quarter" was simply the recognition of a necessity; for as the Chinese themselves neither make any prisoners nor give any quarter, what is left for their antagonists but to imitate them? And, in fact, at Tien-Tsin and Yang-Tsun no prisoners were made and no quarter was given.

Americans have reason to feel abundant satisfaction with the part which our country has played throughout this suddenly precipitated crisis. Both in diplomacy and on the battle-field American prestige has been enhanced. The wise discretion and self-restraint of Admiral Kempff in refusing to take part in the shelling of the Taku forts, when a mere hot-head would have pounced upon so good an opportunity to win a bit of cheap renown, fitted admirably into the policy of our government not prematurely to commit itself to a formal state of war. Mr. Hay has surprised even his friends by the very high order of ability which he has displayed in managing this whole complication. He has dealt courteously with the Chinese Minister, he has tactfully assumed that the Chinese government was not responsible for the outbreak at Pekin, and he has thus made an arrangement in the future possible and easy. Moreover, in the face of universal scepticism, he held firmly to the belief that the legations were safe; and the issue proved that he alone was right. In Europe, this conduct of affairs was at first stigmatised as "sentimental diplomacy," but a few weeks' time sufficed to justify it most convincingly. Meanwhile, the military department of the Government has been directed with a splendid energy.

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When the foreign residents of Tien-Tsin were living in terror of their lives, surrounded by a hostile population and with nerves aquiver from hourly rumours of hideous outrages at Pekin, the first signal of relief was given by the roll of drums —it must have been a thrilling moment— when American marines marched into the beleaguered quarter and placed it under the protection of our flag. American men-of-war soon had the greater Chinese ports under their guns; and American soldiers of all arms began to stream through Taku to Tien-Tsin. American and English eagerness for action led to the prompt forward movement on Pekin; American and English valour helped to win the three successive victories that checked so splendidly the insolent self-confidence of the rulers at the capital; American and English solidarity will exercise a powerful influence in determining the conditions of the final settlement. There is something which appeals very strongly to the imagination in the unity of purpose and of action that has characterised the Anglo-American *rapprochement* over China. English and American soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder, as loyal comrades under fire, present a spectacle that is symbolical of what ought to be and of what is bound to be a thing of no rare occurrence. Our interests and England's are so thoroughly identical in so many spheres of policy as to make the Anglo-Saxon alliance no purely academic or sentimental theme; and now that the soldiers of the two great nations have faced a foreign foe together in a righteous cause, we may all look forward with a feeling of perfect contentment to a union of our diplomacy with England's, and, if it shall again be necessary in the last resort, to the sight of our battle-flags waving side by side with hers, and the thunder of our broadsides echoing with hers in a triumphant diapason.

What we wrote last month about the relation of Japan to the Eastern problem and of its possible development as a menace to the nations of the West has been plainly justified by the occurrences of the past few weeks. Japan has done her part in a most admirable way. She has sent to China a body of troops, superbly organised and equipped; she has acted in full harmony with the allies in their immediate purpose of rescuing the legations at Pekin; her officers and soldiers have shown themselves efficient, energetic and magnificently brave. She has been an ally without whose aid the forward movement would have been delayed for weeks. She has deserved and should receive the unstinted gratitude of the civilised world. Yet, none the less, precisely as we said, she has made it very clear that her ultimate policy is an Oriental rather than an Occidental one; and she has been anxious in her dealings with the Chinese to let it be apparent that, while circumstances have for the moment compelled her to unite with Europeans and Americans in a campaign on Chinese soil, she does so only for the attainment of a definite end, and with no purpose of figuring as the permanent member of any European combination. She will aid in rescuing the legations, but she will do it only as a friend of China, as a sympathiser who regrets the conflict of the moment, and appeals even now to a common basis of interest and racial feeling. In Japan, the use of the national army for the benefit of other nations has received the popular assent, but that assent has been very coolly given. There is no enthusiasm perceptible. The native press speaks with great reserve of what is going on; and some of the more influential journals of Tokio and Yokohama plainly state that in the end the people of Japan must not allow a lasting break in its relations with the Chinese nation. This feeling even animates the soldiers who are taking part in the expedition; for after the capture of Tien-Tsin, the Japanese were seen to go about among the inhabitants distributing Japanese flags, and explaining that they had not come as enemies, but were of the same race as the Chinese and would see that they received no harm. In fact, the attitude of the Japanese is one that shows their great ability. Had they refused to join the other Powers in the expedition to Pekin, they would themselves have been isolated; they would have had no share in the final settlement; they would have established no claim to consideration at the hands of Europe and America; and, more than all, they would have had no force on Chinese soil to give their wishes and their claims the necessary backing of military power.

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Altogether, then, it is quite evident that in the end the Japanese must be regarded as Asiatics in full sympathy with their Asiatic neighbour, and as pursuing a policy which is likely to prove inimical to Western interests.

III.

**To a British Correspondent.**

An English reader of this magazine who lives in Nova Scotia has written us a very caustic letter of which the following sentences embody all that seems to need an answer here:

Will you kindly explain in what way General Buller with his "periphery" and varied performances at the Tugela River is any more an object of ridicule than your own American general a year ago telegraphing at intervals of a week (if I am not mistaken) that "the war is over!" when American soldiers are still being killed and very recently *defeated* in the Philippines—to say nothing of Aguinaldo's still being in possession of his swamp? I am asking this question in no spirit of controversy as to the rights and wrongs of the African War, but out of curiosity. I can get no American to answer this question, as they all show an unavoidable tendency to hastily change the subject and talk of the weather; and I have been told that the editor of THE BOOKMAN will in nowise differ from his brethren. If not too far beneath your dignity, will you grant my request and explain the point?

We assure our correspondent that we haven't the slightest desire to change the subject and to talk about the weather. Let us get right down to the facts and the common-sense of the case, partly to oblige the writer of this letter and partly for the benefit of those Americans who have been put to quite unnecessary confusion. In the first place, it is not really true that General Otis "telegraphed every week" that the war was over. He telegraphed several times that the war was nearing its end, and later that it was "practically ended." When he finally telegraphed that it was over, it *was* over, and it is over now. What constitutes a state of war? Technically, a war can exist only between the armed forces of two nations, each having a government recognised by foreign powers and having diplomatic relations with them, or, at least, possessing the status of belligerents, as was the case with the Southern Confederacy from 1861 to 1865. Practically, a state of war exists when the parties to it can levy and maintain armies of sufficient size to carry on important military operations. Thus, there is still (at this writing) practically a state of war in the Transvaal; for the military operations there involve the movements of large armies—of brigades and divisions—with sieges, artillery-battles, cutting of communications and the capture of large bodies of men varying in number from three hundred to four thousand.

But in the Philippines there is neither technically nor practically a state of war. The Filipino government never had a recognised existence, and such as it was it is now dispersed. Most of Aguinaldo's "cabinet" have been killed or captured, he has not a single army in the field, and, as our correspondent says, he is himself residing in a swamp, just as President Kruger is residing in a drawing-room car—the difference being that if the Americans knew where Aguinaldo is, they could get him, while though the English know where Kruger is, they cannot get him. It is true that the Philippines with their population of 7,000,000 souls are not yet completely pacified by our 60,000 troops, just as the 400,000 Boers are not yet completely pacified by the 300,000 British troops; but in the Philippines there exists no state of war. Sometimes a stray soldier is set upon by three or four bolo-men and murdered; and lately a dozen soldiers were ambushed by a band of fifty or sixty Filipinos and taken prisoners. But this is not war. It is ruffianism or brigandage or sporadic lawlessness, or what you please, but it certainly is not war nor anything that resembles war. There have been more English soldiers captured by the Boers since the fall of Pretoria than Americans captured by Filipinos since May, 1898. Our correspondent will recall the fact that along the Afghan frontier English troops are all the while engaged in little skirmishes, such as Rudyard Kipling is so fond of describing, yet there is no war there. Again,

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we cannot yet spare many of our soldiers from the Philippines for service in China. True; but neither can the English spare many troops from India. Yet there is no war in India. There might be if the white troops were withdrawn; and so might there be in the Philippines if our troops were withdrawn. But, as a matter of contemporaneous fact, there isn't.

As for Buller, if our correspondent cannot see the humour of his doings, we fear that we cannot explain it. His genius for blundering, his preposterous geometrical explanation of his defeats, his pathetic gratitude to the Boers for not beating him more badly and for leaving him his mules, his joy over the thought of how he must have impressed his enemies because they allowed him to retreat—can't you see the fun of it? If not, read the comments of that good Tory periodical, the London *Saturday Review,* upon Buller's account of what took place at Amerspoort on June 29. Buller with 4000 English troops came upon 2000 Boers. Shots were exchanged, and the 4000 English presently retired. Thereupon Buller promptly telegraphed a triumphant message to headquarters over the glorious fact that 2000 Boers had not ventured to pursue 4000 English! No; Buller is inimitable. But we are not making fun of him just now. We leave it to the London papers to do that. Let our correspondent read the things they say, and then contrast his feckless, blundering, fatuous doings with the brilliant record in South Africa of that gallant soldier and chivalrous gentleman, Lord Roberts.

*H. T. P.*

## FRUITION

Love, I have wandered the wide world over,
Laid my head on the earth's cold breast,
Caught the hint in the grass and clover,
Heard bird-notes in the wind-swept nest:
Where have I found God best?

Love, no bird-note ever could bind me,
Home or afar it was still the same:
Love, never nature at heart could find me
Or hold me even her slave in name;
Free am I of her flame.

Love, I have wandered the wide world over.
Found God? Yes; but I found Him best
Never in bird or the nodding clover:
In the soul in your eyes—His rest
Lying against your breast.

*May Olcott.*

## PLAGIARISM, REAL AND APPARENT

PART I

Rivals will run up to thee and call thee a plagiary; and, rather than that proof should be wanting, similar words to some of thine will be thrown in thy teeth out of Leviticus and Deuteronomy.

Mr. Kipling has told us that

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
'E'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what 'e thought 'e might require,
'E went and took—the same as me.

A trait common to Kipling and Homer is a trait of genius, that's what. Also, "the man of genius," says Dumas, "does not steal, he conquers, and what he conquers he annexes to his empire. He makes laws for it, peoples it with his sub-

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jects, and extends his golden sceptre over it. And where is the man who, on surveying his beautiful kingdom, shall dare to assert that this or that part of his land is no part of his property?"

Walter Savage Landor, as behooves the Anglo-Saxon, is more sedate and less *superbe,* more moral and less *magnifique —enfin,* what would you, *bourgeois,* not *Napoléonique.* But he "gets there" pretty much the same. "I have expunged many thoughts," he says, "for their close resemblance to what others had written, whose works I never saw until after. But all thinking men must think, all imaginative men must imagine, many things in common, although they differ. Some abhor what others embrace, but the thought strikes them equally. . . . I have resigned and abandoned many things because I unreasonably doubted my legitimate claims to them, and many more because I believed that I had enough substance in the house without them, and that the retention might raise a clamour in my courtyard."

But suppose a clamour is raised, what of it? "Those are wiser," says Erasmus, "who publish under their name the works of another . . . thinking that if accused of plagiarism they will in the meantime have profited by it."

To publish under one's own name the entire work of another is, indeed, a thing which even genius does not do every day, although even that has been done more than two or three times. Charles Reade in his *Good Stories* seems to have transferred bodily "The Knightsbridge Mystery" from a little volume entitled *Traditions of London,* published in 1859, in which it appears as "The Murder at the Swan Inn." The most important changes made by Mr. Reade are in the names of the characters and, notably, in that of the author of the story.

Landor says again: "It can be held no flaw in the title deeds of genius if the same thoughts reappear as have been exhibited long ago. The indisputable sign of defect should be looked for in the proportion they bear to the unquestionably original. There are ideas which necessarily must occur to minds of the like magnitude, and materials, aspect and temperature. When two ages are in the same phases they will excite the same humours and produce the same coincidences and combinations. In addition to which a great poet may really borrow; he may condescend to an obligation at the hand of an equal or inferior; but he forfeits his title if he borrows more than the amount of his own possessions. . . . The lowlier of intellect may lay out a table in their field, at which table the highest one shall sometimes be disposed to partake; want does not compel him."

It is to be observed that Mr. Landor's point of view is solely that of the genius, how much that one may take advantageously to himself. As to the patient in these literary "benevolences" I do not remember that any one has concerned himself about *him.* Such diverse moralists as M. Zola, Dr. Johnson, La Fontaine, R. W. Emerson fully agree on this point with Messrs. Landor and Dumas. "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath little shall be taken away even that which he hath."

It is not unamusing, in view of Landor's opinion, to listen to his plaints when Mr. Wordsworth "condescended" to help *himself* from Mr. Landor's table to a seashell which "remembers its august abodes and murmurs as the ocean murmurs were." Mr. Wordsworth transferred this to

> A curious child whose countenance soon
> Brightened with joy, for from within were heard
> Murmurings whereby the monitor expressed
> Mysterious union with his mother sea.

"Poor shell!" says Landor; "Wordsworth has so pounded and flattened it in his marsh, it no longer has the hoarseness of a sea, but of a hospital."

Possibly he only objected to Wordsworth's condescension because he did not consider himself the "lowlier of intellect." Such little practical difficulties must occur in the best of theories.

Landor did not so entirely avoid obligation to others as he thought. His *Andrea of Hungary* was largely taken (although unconsciously) from a drama of his brother Robert. He was indebted to his reading of Pindar for the idea of his Hamadryad. It can hardly be doubted also that James Russell Lowell took his *Rhœcus* from the latter. Lowell, who said of Landor, "that, excepting Shakespeare, no other (*sic*) writer has furnished us with so many or so

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delicate aphorisms of human nature," can hardly be supposed to have been ignorant of the poem. It is almost as difficult to suppose that, being familiar with it, he should have ventured to "condescend" to Landor's table in a field so peculiarly the latter's own. His poem verifies the dictum of Landor's biographer, that "a poet who was less of a Greek (than Landor) would have turned it (the motif) into sentiment or allegory."

To return for a moment to Mr. Reade. The instance of his Rob (Roy)ing, let us call it, since it smacks of "the good old rule, the simple plan" of that gentleman, already adduced, somewhat outstrips the theories of the rights of genius of Landor, or even those of M. Dumas, or himself (by-the-by, Mr. Reade wrote a paper on the iniquity of the non-observance of the Eighth Commandment in matters of copyright, where the law failed to protect). Examples coming more within the scope of these principles are to be found in profusion through his works. A prominent one is his use of Erasmus's colloquy between Bertulph and William in the inn scene of *The Cloister and the Hearth.*

Scott probably drew from the same source for the inn scene in *Anne of Geierstein.* In the same way the strictest stickler for the obsolete doctrine of *meum* and *tuum* could scarcely cavil with M. Dumas for his utilisation of the historiettes of Tallemant des Reaux, the (pseudo) memoirs of d'Artagnan, etc. It is at most only in invention, discovery and idea that any claim to moral ownership may lie, and even in those to some extent there is a time limit.

It might also be argued (purely academically of course) how far one author may legitimately "convey" from the work of another, also of the inventive genius, but of a different species—that is, the poet from the novelist, and *vice versa.*

Tennyson may serve as a case in point, the more so because that gentleman has shown a certain prudish squeamishness upon the point of plagiarism. He writes in one instance to a friend: "Your explanatory notes are very much to the purpose. I do not object to your finding parallelisms. They must always occur. A man (a Chinese scholar) some time ago wrote to me, saying that in an unknown, untranslated Chinese poem there were two whole lines of mine almost word for word. Why not? Are not human eyes," etc. This means, if anything, an assertion that his likenesses to others are merely fortuitous, and a denial that they are premeditated. Moreover, on various occasions, as is seen in his biography, he indignantly repudiated having taken matter from others.

Therefore, it is to be supposed that, when he took the name, plot and details of his "Dora" from Miss Mitford's *Dora Creswell,* he considered that the change from a prose to a poetical form eliminated the animus of plagiarism.

Supposing Robert Browning's *Donald* to be poetry, the same reasoning may apply to the identity of that piece and an unconsidered trifle of Sir Walter Scott, entitled "A Highland Anecdote," which appeared in a volume of the *Keepsake* of 182—.

Robert Louis Stevenson's ballad of "Ticonderoga" is anticipated by Lander's story, the "Vision of Campbell of Inverawe," included in that author's *Legendary Tales of the Highlands.* But it is to be inferred from a note to Stevenson's ballad that he took his story from a common source with Lander, and in ignorance of the latter's work.

The *Black Mousquetaire of Ingoldsby* was preceded by Lord Nugent's "Conscience-Stricken Cuirassier," which appeared in the *Court Magazine* of 1832.

In the foregoing instances the prose writer has been the earlier. But "The Transferred Ghost" of Mr. Stockton appeared considerably later than its verse form in the "Phantasmagoria" of the author of *Alice in Wonderland.* A world tormented by blue devils might forgive in its severest spasms of virtue Messrs. Barham and Stockton much more easily for invoking, by whatever incantations, the good spirits of their tales than for omitting to do so. Mr. Stockton's story of "Negative Gravity" is, by-the-by, the same in its radical thought as the "Tale of a Chemist," which appeared in *Knight's Quarterly,* and was republished in the *Museum* of 1825.

We have so far been considering cases of fortuitous or voluntary likeness, but there may be cases of similarity not arising from either of these causes. I know of no instance of plagiarism at once so important and in appearance more fla-

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grant than Darwin's theory of the function of earthworms in the natural economy. In the *Universal Magazine* for March, 1789, appears the following: "Lands that are subject to frequent inundations are always poor; and probably the reason may be because the worms are drowned. . . . Earthworms, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm. . . . Worms seem to be the great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them, by boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rain and the fibres of plants, by drawing straws and stalks of leaves and twigs into it, and, most of all, by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth, called worm-casts, which, being their excrement, is a fine manure for grain and grass. Worms probably provide new soil for hills and slopes where the rain washes the earth away," etc.

This, since the proposition is fully developed and supported by correct reasoning, cannot, properly, be considered merely one of those lucky guesses which have so often preceded discovery, notably in the case of the theory known by Darwin's own name. It is, moreover, reasonably certain that Darwin had read it, not, indeed, in the *Universal Magazine,* but in White's *History of Selborne,* where it is also to be found.

Yet that Darwin *consciously* and without acknowledgment made use of the foregoing would be incredible to any one familiar with his life. That he unconsciously did this is less so. It may be permitted to illustrate the possibility by a personal experience. I was once poisoned (in a dream). But one antidote could save me, a combination of South American gums or drugs rare and hard to procure. I had failed at a number of drug-stores to get them, when it occurred to me that there was another drug-store of a certain name at a certain corner. Now, like the beatific druggist who sold the laudanum to De Quincey, *this* druggist also would not have been found next day. No shop was at that corner; no shop, so far as in my waking hours I remembered, ever had been there. After my dream I seemed to vaguely remember the previous location of one at that place. And, being curious enough to make inquiry, I found that years before, in my childhood, a druggist of the name of my dream *had* a shop at that corner. Now, here was a piece of knowledge which had entirely faded from voluntary memory, but the anxiety of my dream had supplied the necessary stimulus (perhaps also in sleep some of our involuntary faculties are freer to respond to merely instinctive evocation), and behold the knowledge was even minutely reproduced. I could have described, I do not doubt accurately, the interior arrangement and details of the store. Thus it may readily be conceived that knowledge, literary or otherwise, lying dormant in the mind might be reproduced at some appropriate stimulus, and made use of as an autochthonic idea in entire forgetfulness of its acquisition.

Therefore, I trust that nothing in this compilation will carry an imputation beyond its explicit meaning, and that, in adducing parallelisms, I may not be understood as crediting any writer with a trait of genius possibly beyond the claims of his modesty, unless I express that opinion.

To one who has had an opportunity of verifying De Quincey's remarks on the length of time a book is commonly read, it will not appear remarkable that the striking similarity of Dr. Conan Doyle's *Firm of Girdlestone,* with a novel which had so much vogue so few years ago as Sheridan Le Fanu's *Uncle Silas,* seems to have passed quite unremarked. In each the plot turns on the attempted murder of a ward by her guardian for the sake of her money; in each case the guardian tries to obviate the painful necessity of killing her by marrying her instead to his son; in each case the said guardian is a half religious fanatic, half hypocrite; in each case the manner of plot for murder entails confinement of the heroine in a dreary old house of the guardian for so long as to be evidently unnecessary for his (the guardian's) and only necessary for the author's desperate and abandoned purpose of harrowing his reader's sensibilities; and, finally, some of the minor characters and certain situations have considerable resemblance. For the rest, Mr. Le Fanu's book, though lacking the condensation and action of Dr. Doyle's, is a much more serious piece of work. Dr. Doyle's is only a story, but *Uncle*

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*Silas* himself is a piece of character drawing which might have given the story that contains him a certain permanence. There is also a curious prelibation of Dr. Doyle's *Micah Clarke* in the *Traditions of London* before mentioned, in the person of Colonel Silas Clarke, who resembles Dr. Doyle's hero not only in name, but in the possession of a physique and Puritanism of great strength.

The parallelisms among poets are so numerous as to render it almost impossible to select or arrange in the space at my command.

Burns's simile of pleasure,

> Like the snowfall in the river,
> A moment white, then gone forever,

is more tersely and definitely anticipated by Marlow with

> Joy graven in sense, like snow in water lasts.

Tennyson writes:

> I hold it true, whate'er befall,
> I feel it when I sorrow most,
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

Houghton says:

> He who for love has undergone
> The worst that can befall,
> Is happier thousandfold than one
> That never loved at all.

Tennyson's "Godiva" has entirely effaced a preceding poem on the same subject by Leigh Hunt. Landor also has a verse and an imaginary conversation on it. Tennyson has been accused (but certainly this is far-fetched) of taking his description of Godiva's toilet from Keats's description of that of Isabella.

Adah Isaacs Menken, a writer "always unknown and now forgotten," yet in whom may be certainly found much of the quality which his admirers believe themselves to perceive in Whitman, has a poem, "Watching and Waiting," which, without trespassing on Hood's "Song of the Shirt" for a thought, word or rhythm, manages somehow to recall it not merely by a similar subject. Possibly it may be by a certain quality in the melody, and by the use of a refrain. What is more assured is that her poem is one with which it does Hood's no discredit to be compared. Indeed, the oblivion into which the one has fallen, if it may be said ever to have emerged from it, when compared with the vogue of the other, is a comment as striking as any of the thousand others that have been furnished of the necessity of name and bulk in literature, as bladders to hold merit above the waters. In poor Adah Isaacs Menken's poem there is not only that genuine ring of passion to be found in almost all her work, but it is here enforced with a strength and temperance of thought and imagination, and delivered with a literary finish of which she is not always mistress.

The resemblance between Roger L'Estrange's "Liberty of the Imprisoned Royalist" and Lovelace's perfect "To Althea from Prison" is sadly strong, particularly when it is remembered at how short an interval they were written.

To quote one celebrated passage, Lovelace has:

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for an hermitage.

L'Estrange's version is:

> That which the world miscalls a gaol
> A private closet is to me,
> Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
> And innocence my liberty;
> Locks, bars, bolts, leanness, though together met,
> Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

*Bunford Samuel.*

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## TWO WOMEN NOVELISTS OF THE DAY

### I. John Oliver Hobbes

Few will read *Robert Orange* without experiencing a keen desire to discuss it, its teaching, its ideas, its ideals, its moral, with the author. It may rouse your opposition at every chapter, but this is in itself a high tribute of praise, one of the sincerest compliments any reader can pay to any novelist. There is always something above the common in the book that challenges the intelligence and compels the

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mind to take up the gauntlet. And before *Robert Orange** had been in the hands of the public many hours, Mrs. Craigie was answering questions from unknown correspondents in every part of the country.

The supreme problem of the story must be familiar by this time to most readers, and there is no need for me to attempt anything like a summary of the book. Mrs. Craigie is quite willing to talk of the problems which must present themselves to every reader, for her work is to her the most serious thing in her life. She has given to it the deepest and best of her thought and experience; indeed, when she lays down the pen it is with the consciousness that she has produced the best thing of which she was capable at the moment. At the outset, however, Mrs. Craigie meets many objections by reminding you that Robert Orange was a Roman Catholic, that he lived in days that have now passed into history, that he was a representative man, typical of his feverish period, and not to be judged and condemned by the standard of modern liberalism. Mrs. Craigie naturally protests against the criticism which compels her to bear the burden of Robert Orange's choice, which reads her own views into his words and deeds. The question is not, "Did Robert Orange choose rightly?" but "Would Robert Orange, as we know him by Mrs. Craigie's presentation, have chosen as we are told he did?" This, of course, raises the larger question of whether the central figure of the story carries conviction to those who only know him on printed page. Into these subtleties it is not for me to enter; I must be content with stating that I found Mrs. Craigie emphatic in her certainty not only that Robert Orange actually existed, but that her portrait is faithful. Of one thing every reader may rest assured: Robert Orange is not a dream picture, but the outcome of years devoted to the study of the man and the period. For Mrs. Craigie the Middle Ages of this century are more fascinating than almost any other period in the world's history. If she were to take up historical or biographical work—and this is well within the bounds of possibility—I believe she would find her subject ready to hand in the men and events of the 'sixties. In *Robert Orange* she has employed her knowledge of present-day society (and who that has read her earlier books will deny the searching accuracy of her observation?) to reincarnate the mind and methods and motives of the days of Disraeli.

It must be remembered, too, that Mrs. Craigie is a Roman Catholic herself, understanding and appreciating from personal experience the Roman Catholic point of view. She is not one of those to whom Roman Catholicism is an almost meaningless inheritance, but one who has grappled fearlessly and devoutly with its problems and pored over its innermost secrets in search of Truth. I lay particular stress on these points, because it is Mrs. Craigie's opinion that much of the misunderstanding and criticism which have been aroused by the life history of Robert Orange would have been obviated had they been borne in mind. Indeed, Mrs. Craigie herself admits that the reader who is not in touch with Roman Catholicism must experience considerable difficulty in comprehending the *leit motiv* of Robert Orange's career.

Another point which Mrs. Craigie emphasises in talking of Robert Orange is that by the unfortunate omission of a sentence from the last chapter her explanation of Robert Orange's choice is unknown to the reader. In the letter which closes the story Disraeli ought to have written (or rather he did write, but the printers forgot to include the words): "The passion of love invariably drives men and women to an extreme step in one direction or another. It will send some to the cloister, some to the tribune, some to the stage, some to heroism, some to crime, and all to their natural calling." Robert Orange, as must have been apparent to every reader of the *School for Saints*, was from the beginning destined for the Church, and the whole object of the sequel is to show how the passion of love led him by ways mazy and devious into the full light of self-knowledge, how by the light of his love Robert Orange found himself.

Perhaps the chapter in *Robert Orange* which has puzzled most readers is that which describes Robert Orange's state of mind immediately after his marriage with Mrs. Parflete. Of the mutual love

*Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: F. Stokes Company. $1.50.

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of man and wife there can be no question. They were made for each other from the beginning of time. Why, then, on his wedding day is Orange restless and unsatisfied—indeed, almost unhappy? Mrs. Craigie's explanation of this curious trait in his character is interesting if not altogether convincing. She firmly believes that every great catastrophe is preceded by an admonition of evil, like the oppression which heralds a thunderstorm. She is convinced that in life there is no such thing as a bolt from the blue, that men are not hurled at one fell blow from highest heights to deepest depths, and that in describing Robert Orange's feelings of distress and restlessness she is only picturing what she has learned to look for in actual life.

While on the subject, it may be as well to dispose of one minor criticism which has amused Mrs. Craigie not a little. More than one well-known author has written to her protesting against the deterioration in her style, pointing out, for instance, that one of her characters actually makes use of the abomination "ain't." This is soon disposed of. It is a lamentable but no less patent fact, says Mrs. Craigie, that every one does not speak perfect English, and if some of her characters are inclined to be ungrammatical, the reason is simply that they would have spoken ungrammatically in real life. *Voilà tout.*

The object of this article is, however, not critical but biographical. Mrs. Craigie's literary history has been in many ways remarkable. Reading has been the master passion of her life from earliest days, and her enthusiasm for literature showed itself when as a tiny child she begged for a separate subscription to Mudie's Library. "I was so small at the time," she says, "that I had to be lifted up to the counter to see the books. The nurses thought it a very unwise thing for a child of my years to be reading so freely, and used to hide the books from me." I doubt if any living woman has read more widely than Mrs. Craigie. For one thing, she has had the opportunities which so many lack. Her father is one of the most prosperous merchants in the City, and his daughter has always been able to indulge her hobby of book collecting to her heart's content. She is intimately acquainted with the literature of almost every land in Europe. Her favourites among modern authors are Meredith and Hardy, and she is a great admirer of French fiction. While there are many traces of Meredith's work in her style—she admits that her great danger is to be too elliptical—the influence which permeates her mind has come, she is inclined to think, from the Greek classics. Mrs. Craigie is also a devoted student of poetry, and is herself a poet of no mean power and charm, as was testified in her beautiful play, *Osbern and Ursyne.*

Mrs. Craigie is a cosmopolitan, by upbringing and sympathy a citizen of the world. She was born in Boston in 1867, and her parents travelled extensively before settling down in England. Mrs. Craigie sometimes says: "I feel as if each of the chief cities of Europe was my native place, because I have childish recollections of them all." Her grandfather was the Rev. James Richards, the founder of the first Theological Seminary in New York, while it is, she fancies, from her great-grandfather, a Tory member of the Halifax Parliament long before the Declaration of Independence, that she inherits her strong Tory politics.

Mrs. Craigie received most of her early education in Paris, and French is as familiar to her as her native tongue. When her father came to London she was enrolled as a student at University College, and much of her knowledge of classics and philosophy is to be traced to the tuition of Professor Goodwin, to whom, by the way, she afterward dedicated one of her books.

The first literary compositions from the pen of the author of *Robert Orange* date back to her fifth year, when she spent all her spare time in composing short stories, which were dramatised and produced in sumptuous fashion in a toy theatre of her own. As she grew up she contributed to various children's magazines, occasionally gaining prizes.

One of her earliest appearances in print was in Dr. Joseph Parker's paper, the *Fountain,* and was entitled, "Lost, a Dog." The story, a bright description of the loss of one Sandy, his diverting adventures and ultimate safe return, was signed "Pearl Richards, aged nine." An interesting sequel is to be seen in a copy

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of *A Study in Temptations,* which was sent to Dr. Parker with the following inscription: "To my first reviewer, Dr. Joseph Parker, the first also to encourage my childish attempts at literary composition, the first to prize work which was only remarkable for its gigantic intention." There is also, if I am not mistaken, a story from Mrs. Craigie's pen to be found in the *Fountain* of February 10, 1881, entitled, "How Mark Puddler became an Innkeeper."

At eighteen Mrs. Craigie determined to devote herself to writing. For years she had studied every possible model of style, and especially of dramatic dialogue, and, as she puts it, her great ambition was that after many years of application she might invent something which would please her a little. Her first book, *Some Emotions and a Moral,* was composed during months of wearing illness and amid the strain of domestic anxiety. Twelve months were spent on the book —a remarkable time considering its length—but Mrs. Craigie has always been firm in her determination not to let a single unconsidered word slip into her work. The manuscript was sent, first of all, to Messrs. Macmillan, whose reader reported very favourably upon it, but urged a change in the ending of the story, and also in the title. This title Mrs. Craigie refused to consider for a moment. Mr. Fisher Unwin was then starting the Pseudonym Library, and it occurred to Mrs. Craigie that her story would be suited to that series. She herself took it to the publisher and it was immediately accepted, although, curiously enough, both Mr. Fisher Unwin's reader and her own friends again strongly urged her to make an alteration in the title. The book had an immediate success, and over eighty thousand copies were sold in a short time.

Many must have wondered at Mrs. Craigie's strange choice of a pseudonym. As a beginner, she shrank from the publicity which would have attached to her own name, and laughingly says that she purposely selected the name of the great philosopher in order "to control her tendency to extreme sentimentality."

The subsequent literary history of "John Oliver Hobbes" is public property. For years Mrs. Craigie contented herself with short "philosophical studies," as the state of her health did not permit of long-sustained effort; but with *The Herb Moon,* and especially with *The School for Saints,* a new element entered into her work. Everything that she writes is brilliant, but the hard and almost cynical brilliancy of her earlier books has given way to something more mellow, more kindly, more tender, more in harmony with her really sympathetic nature. I was not surprised to hear that *The School for Saints* and its sequel are Mrs. Craigie's favourites among her writings, although she confesses that the book she likes best is always the one she is about to write.

Mrs. Craigie is not certain whether it is quite correct to speak of herself as a slow writer. She is fortunate in being able to force herself to write regularly and anywhere. She cannot do her thinking upon paper, and often spends several hours in meditating on a portion of the story, and it may be that only a few lines are the result. But when she is actually writing she works quickly. She never rewrites. She experiences no difficulty in the choice of plot or characters, although she never draws from real life, but spends much time in the arrangement of her work. Portions of her stories have been written in almost every part of the world, but her favourite resort is certainly Old Park, Ventnor, of which Mrs. Craigie has kindly allowed me to give some photographs. It was here, in a delightful study, crowded with books and pictures, that much of *Robert Orange* was written. Mrs. Craigie finds it extremely difficult to write in London. She has a large library in her father's magnificent house in Lancaster Gate, but when in town the claims of society absorb most of her time, for I need hardly say that Mrs. Craigie is one of the most sought-after women in London society.

Old Park, Ventnor, is one of the most beautiful estates on a beautiful island. The grounds stretch from the cliffs running to Blackgang down to the sea. In the house itself, which is at present tenanted by Mrs. Craigie's friend, Mrs. Spindler, are countless art treasures, among them many exquisite examples of the art of Mr. Walter Spindler. Mrs. Craigie commences to work every morning at eight o'clock. She studies—philosophy, history, the classics—until ten,

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and is a firm believer in regular daily work of this kind. From ten until half-past eleven she writes, and seldom writes more than an hour and a half at a time. Music and chess are her favourite recreations. After luncheon, she works for another hour or so, but never touches her pen "even to write a postcard," in the evening.

Mrs. Craigie began her career as a dramatist with a one-act play written for Miss Ellen Terry, *Journeys End in Lovers Meeting*. It is interesting to know that at Mrs. Drew's request, Mrs. Craigie read the play to Mr. Gladstone, whom it greatly amused and pleased. Of the success of Mrs. Craigie's subsequent dramatic efforts there is no need for me to write. At the present time two light comedies are in the hands of leading managers. *The Wisdom of the Wise* will be produced shortly at the St. James's Theatre, while the second will see the light at the Haymarket. For years it was Mrs. Craigie's great ambition to gain a hearing on the stage, and it was this that led her to write her early books almost entirely in dialogue. Curiously enough, her first intention with regard to *The Ambassadors* was not to produce it as a play, but as a book. I am inclined to think that lately Mrs. Craigie has come to prefer fiction. Apart from the weariness and strain of rehearsals, there is something in the necessary conventions of the drama which jars on her independence. Still, she has not abandoned the project of writing a historical tragedy which has long been in her mind.

Mrs. Craigie is hard at work planning her new novel, which, in spite of announcements to the contrary, will not deal with Robert Orange, or, indeed, with Roman Catholicism at all. It certainly was Mrs. Craigie's intention to make more of Disraeli and of politics, and to describe more fully Robert Orange's clerical career and connection with the Pope in her sequel to *The School for Saints;* but this idea she has abandoned, at least for the present. In all probability her next book will deal with Nonconformity, a phase of religious life with which she is intimately acquainted, as her father is one of the deacons at the City Temple, while for four generations her forefathers have been leading Nonconformist divines.

## II. Mary Cholmondeley.

Miss Cholmondeley is the eldest daughter of the Rev. R. H. Cholmondeley, until recently and for many years rector of Hodnet, and formerly of Condover Hall, Shropshire. Her mother was Emily Beaumont, sister of H. R. Beaumont, Esq., of Whitley Beaumont, Yorkshire, and her grandmother was Mary Heber, sister of Bishop Heber, the well-known hymn-writer. This branch of the Cholmondeley family, which separated from the Marquis of Cholmondeley's family in the reign of James I., is directly descended from the Cholmondeleys of Vale Royal. Miss Cholmondeley's ancestress and namesake, Mary Cholmondeley, called by James I. "The Bold Lady of Cheshire," was heiress of Vale Royal, and left it to her third son, Thomas Cholmondeley, ancestor of Lord Delamere. Miss Cholmondeley's great-grandfather, Charles Cholmondeley, brother of Lord Delamere, married the heiress of Condover Hall, which was built in Elizabeth's reign by Judge Owen, whose monument lies in Westminster Abbey.

Miss Cholmondeley was born at Hodnet rectory. She was delicate from a child, and frequent illnesses prevented her receiving regular education. She says that she never learned English grammar as a child or since. Her style is altogether individual, but no doubt something of its purity and strength is to be traced to the immense care which was taken by her parents not only in the choice of their children's books, but also in the selection of their pictures. The picture-books which one naturally associates with the nursery were unknown to Miss Cholmondeley, who, from the first, was trained in the appreciation of the very best in literature and art. As she and her brothers and sisters grew older their father read aloud to them, in the morning before their lessons began, Paley's *Evidences*, Butler's *Analogy*, the *Works of Dean Stanley*, etc., truly an astonishing mental pabulum for mere children. In the evenings they were regaled with the novels of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Jane Austen, and Mrs. Gaskell. As a child Miss Cholmondeley wrote immensely. At the age of fourteen she compiled a complete history of Greece and a history of England as far as

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JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.

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OLD PARK, VENTNOR, WHERE "ROBERT ORANGE" WAS WRITTEN.

ANOTHER VIEW OF OLD PARK, VENTNOR.

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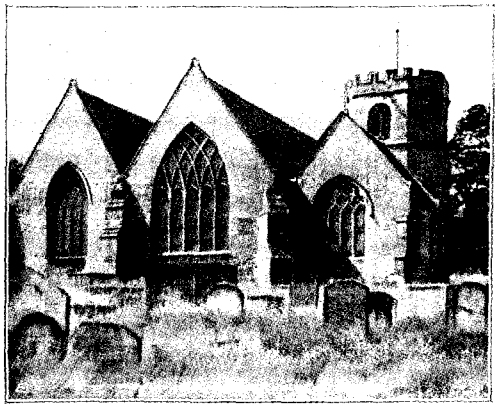
Elizabeth. History was always abhorrent to her, and she voluntarily undertook these labours in the hope of fixing historical facts in her mind. It was, however, quite useless. No word of history ever remained in her memory, nor a single vestige of the five volumes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall,* and many other historical works carefully read from beginning to end.

Miss Cholmondeley's first three books, *The Danvers Jewels, Sir Charles Danvers* and *Diana Tempest,* were written at Hodnet, while *A Devotee* was written at Condover. Her mother's health broke down when Miss Cholmondeley was sixteen, and for many years she took charge of the household, spending much of her time in parish work and her few spare hours in self-education. There can be no doubt, I think, that when writing of Hester's literary work in *Red Pottage,* Miss Cholmondeley had in view her experience during these crowded years; indeed, it is evident to all who know anything of Miss Cholmondeley that there are many points of likeness between her and her heroine. Her books were written in moments snatched from her many duties and frequent attacks of illness. How they were ever completed Miss Cholmondeley is now quite at a loss to explain. They are monuments of indomitable perseverance, lasting testimonies to the power of the *cacoëthes scribendi,* added proofs of the impossibility of quenching the literary spirit.



HODNET RECTORY.

To the people of Hodnet parish Mr. Cholmondeley and all his family were deeply attached, and in their work among them they had the happiness of being ably supported by their cousins and neighbours, Major and Mrs. Algernon

STOKE MORETON.

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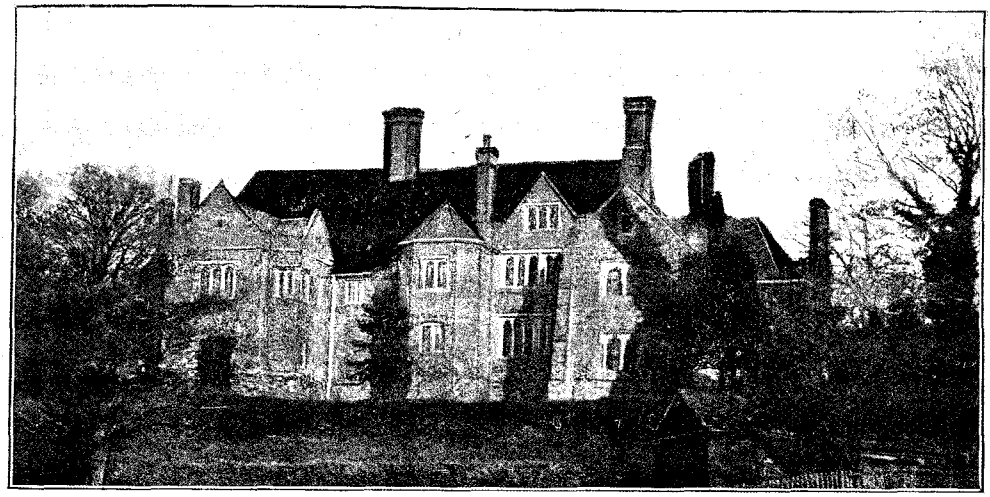

OVERLEIGH CASTLE.

Heber Percy. Generally the greatest need of country life is sympathy and friendship. But the affection which united the inhabitants of Hodnet Rectory and Stoke Rectory in a bygone day, so beautifully chronicled in *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, was repeated in the present generation. The friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Corbet of Stoke for Mr. Cholmondeley and his family added greatly to their happiness. Since she was a child Miss Cholmondeley has been indebted to Mr. Corbet for wise counsel and for that truest of sympathy, the sympathy which understands the aims, the hopes, the aspirations of youth.

CONDOVER.

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MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

Miss Cholmondeley wrote anonymously for several years, and frequently heard her writings discussed and their authorship asserted. They were almost invariably assumed to be the work of a man. Her first book was *The Danvers Jewels*. Miss Rhoda Broughton showed the manuscript to Mr. George Bentley, who immediately accepted it for serial and volume publication. The connection thus formed lasted till Mr. Bentley's death. Miss Cholmondeley's debt of gratitude to Mr. Bentley grew with the years, and to his counsel and encouragement she owes much. He was a severe but kindly critic, who never hesitated to speak his mind when the young author's work did not reach the standard he had formed of her abilities. Each of the three books he published (*The Danvers Jewels, Sir Charles Danvers* and *Diana Tempest*) appeared first in *Temple Bar*. Miss Cholmondeley refused all offers for the serial rights of *Red Pottage*, feeling that, to be fairly judged, the story must be read as a whole.

The scene of *The Danvers Jewels* is laid at Condover. The theatricals described in the book took place in the hall, of which a photograph is given—the beautiful long hall, "its walls covered with weapons, and with a long array of armour, the whole supported by massive pillars of carved white stone which rose out of the polished floor to meet the raftered ceiling." Miss Cholmondeley took part in these theatricals shortly before the story occurred to her. In *Sir Charles*

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*Danvers* Condover is again described, but this time more minutely as "Stoke Moreton." Condover is one of Miss Cholmondeley's most cherished memories. For her it is the most beautiful spot on earth, and readers of THE BOOKMAN will be interested in comparing the description of Stoke Moreton with the pictures of Condover given on another page. "Some houses, like people, have dignity. Stoke Moreton, with ivy creeping up its mellow sandstone and peeping into its long lines of mullioned windows, stood solemn and stately amid its level gardens; the low sun bringing out every line of carved stone frieze and quaint architrave, firing all the western windows, and touching the tall heads of the hollyhocks and sunflowers that stood in ordered regiments within their high walls of clipped box."

It was with *Diana Tempest* that Miss Cholmondeley first came into real prominence. The central idea of the book was given to her by a chance remark at a dinner party mainly composed of racing men. One of the guests mentioned the story of a bet against the life of a child which a bookmaker had actually offered to make with the child's uncle and next heir. In this book one character is taken from life, that of Mitty. Overleigh Castle is taken from Gilling Castle in Yorkshire, at that time the property of Mr. H. Cholmondeley. The book took three and a half years to write, and on being rewritten was cut down by a sixth of its length.

Miss Cholmondeley left Shropshire in 1896, her father having resigned the living of Hodnet owing to weak health, and having been obliged to sell Condover. Before leaving, Miss Cholmondeley made a bonfire in the glebe at Hodnet Rectory of almost all her early manuscripts, including two novels, for fear lest she should be tempted later on to publish them. The sight of her manuscripts burning remained in her mind when describing the much-discussed bonfire of Hester's manuscript in *Red Pottage*. Then followed, for the first time since she was sixteen, a period of leisure and gradually improving health. *Red Pottage* was begun a month after her arrival in London, and was finished nearly three years later. The central idea of *Red Pottage* is also taken from an actual occurrence. Miss Cholmondeley was told of such a scene as that between Hugh Scarlett and Lord Newhaven, pictured with such dramatic intensity in the first chapter, and has herself been in the room where Hugh Scarlett of the original tragedy killed himself. One character in *Red Pottage* is taken from life, that of the unconventional but altogether delightful Dick Vernon, who is drawn from Miss Cholmondeley's younger brother. His first two names are Richard Vernon, so called in remembrance of the connection with the old family of Vernons of Hodnet, and all who know him agree that he is just the man his sister has painted.

Mr. Gresley has been one of the most discussed figures in recent fiction. Miss Cholmondeley has been charged with the production of a violent and bitter caricature, and more than one critic has pronounced the vicar of Warpington "impossible." Now if there is one class more than another of which Miss Cholmondeley is competent to write, it is the country clergy. She has lived among them; she knows them as only one who has studied and observed them for years can possibly know them. And positive proof that Miss Cholmondeley has not exaggerated her type is to be found in the fact that quite a large number of persons have writen to her declaring that they see in Mr. Gresley an exact portrait of their own vicar. Mr. Gresley is not a portrait, but these letters from readers in all parts of the country who firmly believer they have discovered the original Mr. Gresley, whether Miss Cholmondeley has ever seen him or not, appear to show that he represents a large number of the country clergy. A week or two since, no less a paper than the *Guardian* devoted nearly four columns to a weighty and able article on Mr. Gresley, in the course of which Miss Cholmondeley was severely censured. Basing his criticism on an isolated quotation from *Red Pottage,* the writer charged Miss Cholmondeley with an unjustifiable "libellous" attack on the High Church clergy. After a lengthy consideration of what the writer calls "the origin of the accusation which Miss Cholmondeley brings forward in company with some religious controversialists," he says: "We believe the attack to be in the main quite unjustifiable—a perverse misinterpretation alike of the prin-

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ciples and the methods of the High Church party. . . . That Miss Cholmondeley's assertion is a libel on the High Church clergy generally we fully believe."

Hitherto Miss Cholmondeley has not attempted to justify her picture of Mr. Gresley, but such an article, misrepresenting as it does her views and aims, calls for some reply. "The assertion made in the article," Miss Cholmondeley writes in answer to my inquiry, "that I am attacking the High Church party by my portrait of a moderately High Church country clergyman shows me that I have failed to make my meaning clear as regards Mr. Gresley. My book must stand or fall, as far as the individual reader is concerned, by the impression it makes on him. If after careful reading he goes away with what appears to me, the writer, a false impression, it must be I who am to blame for not making my meaning more obvious. I have known many Mr. Gresleys, and quite as many of them were Low Church as High Church. I have attempted, after years of patient observation, not to describe a type, not to wound a party in the Church, among which I count some of my best friends, but *to create a character* as individual as I hope Captain Pratt is individual. Yet no captain in the Guards, as far as I am aware, thinks that I am attacking the army, or even his department of it, when I describe Captain Pratt, who is a worse man than Mr. Gresley. The whole point of Mr. Gresley's character appears to me to be missed if he is regarded as an accusation of a class, or as anything except what he is—namely, *a man with a closed mind.*" *J. E. Hodder Williams.*

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# *THE FOREIGN STAGE IN NEW YORK*

## *IV The Chinese Theatre*

No other people support a regularly established theatre giving daily performances with so small a community as do the Chinese. And when one comes to think of it, that throws an unexpected sidelight on the Chinese character. It is timely, too, just as the whole world is receiving so much new information on the Chinese character.

An isolated community of Americans numbering no more than New York's Chinese colony, if they formed a village on a line of railroad, might have a building called a theatre, but it would be in use as such on not more than a dozen nights a year, when companies of Uncle Tommers or Two Orphaners would make a one-night stand; the whole company "counting the house" in a nervous hope, seldom fulfilled, that it would amount to more than the rent, license, light and billing.

But where two or three thousand Chinamen gather in a compact community, the theatre quickly follows the Joss-house, and is always better attended. An explanation for this may come from the numerous army of special correspondents now invading China when they begin writing special stories by mail to supplement their special despatches by cable. The horrors of war have mitigating features, after all, as Governor Roosevelt has somewhere pointed out. Or was it Mr. Dooley?

Numerous visits to Chinese theatres in half a dozen American cities have never disclosed a "bad house," a "frost" nor any of the ills which plague the drama in other theatres. The reason for this may be that the plays are given in instalments serially, and this begets at once a suspended interest, for which all dramatists strive with damp,corrugated brows; and it also suspends judgment. Some dramatists at the end of a first night's performance have been known to ask for that too. But this is aside.

One visits New York's Chinese theatre for THE BOOKMAN. To describe the play? Impossible! The acting? As well try to describe a color!

An impression? Ah, there any writer settles chin in collar with grave content. An impression, by all means, for the Chinese school of acting is impression-

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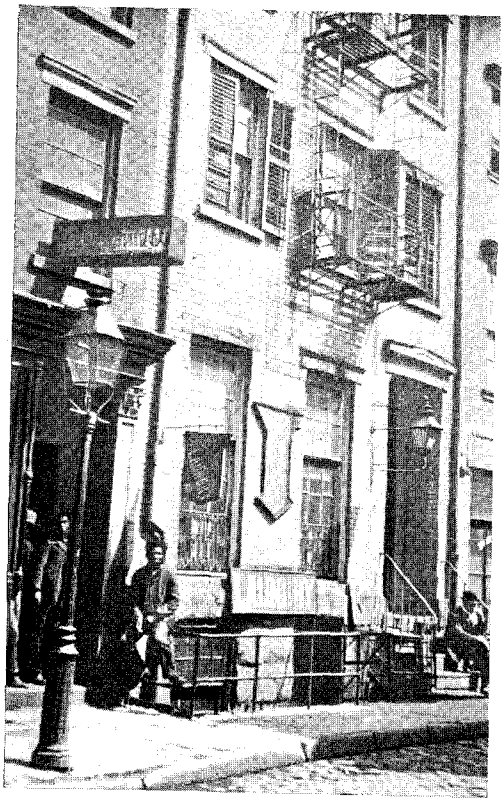
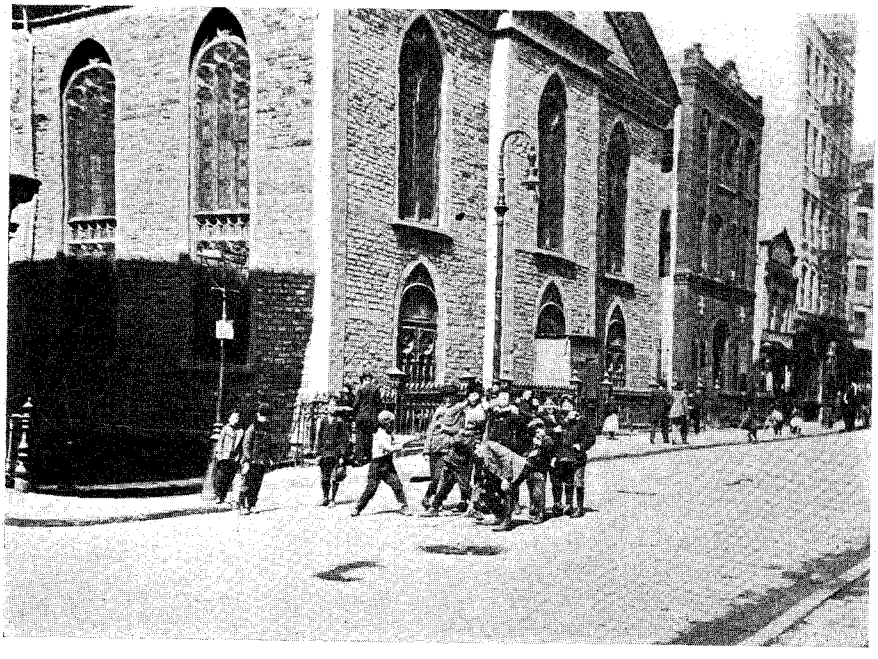


istic; and the Chinese knew all about impressionism thousands of years before we discovered the word and fondled it to death—poor thing!—before we *thought* to find out what it was. An impression, by all means!

The little musty-brown entrance suggests that your guide is conveying you to a moonshine distillery or an unlicensed prize-fight, it is so meagrely lighted, unobtrusive, narrow; shrinking away from



IN THE CHINESE QUARTER.

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the thoroughfare and reluctantly admitting to a snuffy hall, one of whose walls is port-holed for a ticket-seller, who, grave and unblinking, charges anywhere from five to ten times the usual price of admission, because a lounging Chinaman on the sidewalk, whose low, plaintive cry you noted, had thereby signalled that your guide had in charge a party of white devils whose dress denoted the propriety of charging five, six, ten prices, as it may be.

There is something in that idea which might be translated to Broadway. Let an observant watcher stand outside a theatre and signal, for example, thus: "Here comes a woman with a fixed hat a mile high: charge her a million dollars for admission." Or thus: "Here comes a man who has seen the show before and is going in with a friend whom he will tell all about it during the performance: call out the police reserve!"

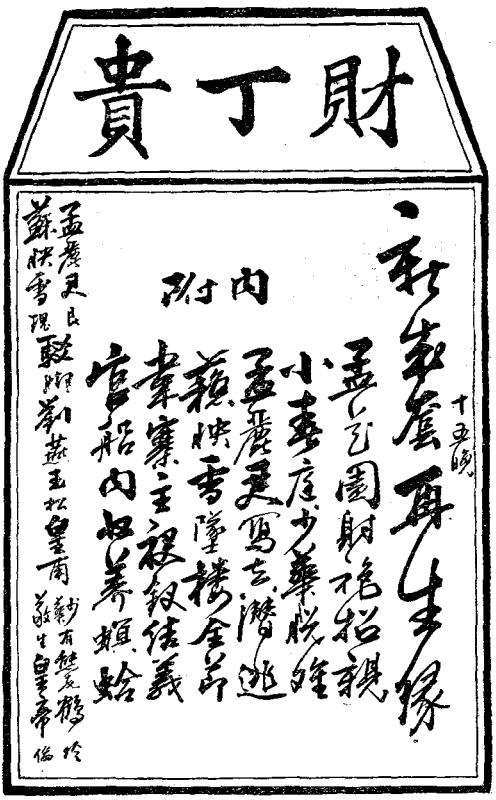
Mr. Frohman can learn much in Mott Street.

One seriously wonders what the regular price of admission is to the Chinese theatre. Many attempts to learn have merely given practice in the art of lying. But it cannot be much, for even the poorest Chinamen are regular patrons, and to be so at anything like the price whites are charged would be to prove the audience a convention of icemen or bankers.

Such as they are, you find the auditors suddenly revealed to you after you have climbed a step-ladder pair of stairs, narrower than the hallway, and possessing the paradoxical quality of making one shiver if he thinks of fire. There is another entrance for the Chinese. You do not see it, but know it must exist, because those in the pit could not possibly reach their seats from where you are landed. This is in a gallery facing the stage, with two arms reaching down to the stage, occupied by women, who must sit apart from the men. It is dark up there, and the air has all been forced out by tobacco smoke, and this condition makes an observation of the stage a quick choice of two evils—the other being a dumb wonder that one really can live breathing something besides the common or garden variety of air. The training is not without possible value, since some very smart restaurants have decreed that smoking therein shall not be restricted by time nor space.

However.

The play is on; the stage is filled with characters; the orchestra is shrieking and clashing descriptive music; a tall man with a face made up to resemble those on china garden-pots, in which flowers never grow, is incanting; and a number of stage hands are moving about in full sight, picking up properties used in a previous scene. The old gargoyle roars, pulls his moustaches, which reach to his breast, stamps his thick-soled



The Actors. The Play. The Scenes.

A CHINESE PLAYBILL.

shoes, and talks and talks and talks. When he gets tired of standing still he stalks in long strides across the stage and talks some more, and raps the floor with the butt of a handsome bamboo lance. All the while he talked, but as he talked one was forced by some power no school of acting can teach to watch the silent, motionless figure of the actor, richly dressed, evidently playing the part

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of the princess in distress. "She" had scarcely moved for minutes; certainly not more than the slow raising of eyelids, the nervous trembling of dainty finger tips.

It was superb repose and that something more which made one tremble when Duse, in *The Wife of Claude,* sat motionless upon her first guilty return, and you knew her mind was in a horrid tumult—the night that was past! the meeting with the husband to come!

The old chap with the moustaches ran down in a final whoop of rage, and a gallant young warrior pitched into the author's line relentlessly; still, one had eyes only for that princess. When her father—the moustache was her father—ceased for lack of breath, "she" turned her attention—but not her head, madame of the Broadway theatres—to the warrior, her lover. You knew it! How? Oh, if one knew, there are so many stars one would run to inform!

The author was as kind to the lover as to the father, and the warrior stormed and pleaded and despaired. One knew what he said. It was all reflected in the pink-painted face of the motionless actor.

Then the princess had an innings at the lines. There was little action, hands slowly raised to be crossed on the breast, and dropped despairingly; eyes raised appealingly, to droop submissively. That was all. My dear, dear madame of the Broadway theatres, I repeat: that was all!

The black-hatted men in the pit rolled and smoked cigarettes, the women in the galleries tried to wave peek-holes through the smoke with their fans and munched candied cakes, but one standing up there in the blue cloud of smoke rejoiced that breathing was a useless effort, for even that might distract from the tense attention the princess commanded. The rhythmic falsetto voice dropped, sunk, ceased.

Crash! bang! shriek! the orchestra went into action; clash! crash! thud! the father and lover fought. It was very grotesque. Each whirled a long bamboo lance about his head in a dozen feints before striking, and then did a pompous cake-walk after each ineffectual blow. One felt certain that Mr. Corbett could have neatly landed a dozen times on either with bare fist while the lancers were making faces and swinging their bamboos. All very absurd except that princess. "She" was a dutiful child, no doubt, and had been taught religiously the respect due a parent. Nevertheless, "she" wanted the lover to get the decision, and showed it in agonizing fear, hope, horror, joy, as the fortune of battle changed. But no action—only acting.

The end came, not of the play—it's progressing yet—but of the scene. The lover vanquished the father, and walked off with the girl. Then the dead father rose and walked off, kicking a stage hand out of his way. The music played an interlude, the women in the galleries made eyes at the strangers through the smoke, and one, trying to draw a long breath, discovered there was no air to breathe, and so departed.

The guide, who spoke with no accent or dialect, and so one ventures to quote him, said the young man who played the princess was the greatest Chinese actor who had ever visited America.

He was proud of the star, and may have been boastful.

Perhaps not.

Sarah Bernhardt saw the same actor in San Francisco, and said he was the greatest she had ever seen on any stage.

Has one remarked, madame of the theatres of Broadway, that the actor seemed to know that the art of paramount value in acting is the art of—repose?

It has been said, you say?

Pardon.

This is only an impression of an hour in a Chinese theatre.

*Edward W. Townsend.*

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## RETROSPECT.

'Tis not the burden of my sin
  That binds my soul in dumb distress,
But that my heart is cold within:
  I would I had sinned more—or less.

For while to-night I walk alone,
  With flaring torch among the tombs,
I read the lines the years have strown,
  Above their dark and silent rooms.

I see the lessons I have learned
  As epitaphs upon the soul,
The ashes of the fires that burned,
  The shadow of the un-won goal.

I've learned to put the purpose by,
  In fear of cold and loneliness—
Too steep the road, the prize too high—
  I've learned to wait and acquiesce.

Thus for a space I linger yet,
  And watch the slowly dying light:
A little while I must forget,
  And sleep the sleep of yesternight.

*Herbert Müller Hopkins.*

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## RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND ITS LATEST HISTORIAN*

The last quarter of the century has witnessed a remarkable growth of interest in the doings of Russia in the domain of art and literature. The names of Ryepin, Vereschagin, Aivasoffsky, Antokolsky, Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, have taken their place by the side of the great masters of their respective arts. In literature the names of Tourgueneff, Tolstoy and Dostoyeffski became the common possession of the Western world, and to them were assigned places second to none. Gradually, nearly all important Russian writers were made accessible to the civilised world in translations, and the unceasing demand for them warranted the appearance of a systematic outline of Russian literature as a whole.

Now, when a history of a literature is published for the first time, it should, in the nature of things, be written by a person who loves his subject, for its aim is to awaken interest in its readers and, incidentally, to increase its sale. We may go even further and say that a first book in this line should savour more of panegyric than of cool and dispassionate judgment—the most indispensable quality in writing a history of a literature more or less well known. Indeed, such was the volume on Greek literature in this series. And if one would read the preface only of the present volume on Russian literature, he would think that this is exactly the attitude of the author toward his subject. A sore disappointment, however, awaits the reader who ventures to go further than the preface.

Even if the author were perfectly unbiased (of which more later), his views would be utterly vitiated and his conclusions absolutely valueless, owing to this very lack of sympathy, an organic defect, which makes it impossible for him to grasp the very essence of Russian literature as a whole, which renders him totally

*A History of Russian Literature. (Literature of the World Series.) By K. Waliszewski. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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blind to its underlying phenomena. A few remarks here and there betray the deeply wounded pride of a Pole, whose views are tainted by hatred toward the nation that crushed his fatherland by cruel reprisals.

Now, the most remarkable trait of Russian literature (ever since it deserved that name—that is, during the last two centuries) has been its *teaching mission,* which the reader must not confound with "didacticism." A comparison of the works of modern Russian writers with the realistic productions of their French *confrères* will make the matter quite clear. The latter's works in developing negative characters and following up the succession of their psychological states in the minutest details always give you the impression of a speech made at a trial by the prosecution—they have no sympathy with their characters of non-heroic stamp, they bring up all those wonderfully wrought out minutiæ only the more effectively to draw a crushing verdict from their readers. With the Russians—realists *κατ' ἐξοχήν—pity* is the chief and moving spirit. People with weak wills, with highly strung nerves, affected by the many other maladies of the century, are not looked down upon, but evoke the heartfelt ache of the author, who sees in them but incomplete portions of human beings as designed by their Almighty Creator, members of society crippled for life by the vagaries of social, private and political life of our times. Gogol—he of perennial Homeric laughter—considered that the greatest merit of his works consisted in the fact that "he surveyed all the hugely rushing life through laughter seen by the world and *tears unnoticed by the world.*" To ignore this cardinal characteristic of Russian literature is to weigh diamonds by the pound or measure poetry by the inch. It would take us out beyond the limits of this article, but it is easy to trace this feature, through all the most important writers, back to Kansemir's satires.

Our historian with his *raffinement* and *Zierlich-manierlichkeit* quite becoming a well-bred Pole with the Parisian stamp of approval upon it, has his delicate sensibilities shocked by the rude Russians, in the innermost depths of his heart, and thus displays his "own deficiencies as an interpreter between two worlds, in each of which he himself is half a stranger" (p. vii. Preface). Thus, he very solemnly asks in a righteous fit of civic indignation:

> But is it not strange that in his second novel, *Anna Karénina,* the author should have made *a vulgar incident of adultery** the foundation and starting-point of his theory of social renovation? (p. 385).

How do you like this tirade about the choice of a subject for a work of "free" art? Or elsewhere (p. 276) he says:

> His (Ostrovski's) earlier plays, until 1854, seem to be systematically devoted to the representation of *types of perverted morality.*

Again (on p. 340):

> Even Tourgueneff, Occidental as he is, thinks and, on this point, feels as a Russian. *No writer in any other country would dream of assimilating the social position of a natural child with that of the legitimate child of a father sentenced to banishment for theft.* This is the case of Nyezhdanoff and Marianne in *Virgin Soil.*

Indeed, the author is quite incensed at the thought that Russia is "a country in which *the death penalty only exists in cases of political offences*" (p. 259, the italics are his own).

This "freshness of impression and independence of judgment" (p. vii. Preface) are the only possible means to account for the sense of Olympian superiority with which the author sneers at the Russian writers' love for the moujik, at their attempts to depict the warm souls and hearts beating under the unattractive exteriors of many uncouth prisoners, vagabonds and other "unfortunates" in the arena of life. Really, what do the long labours of a Tourgueneff, Gogol, Dostoyeffski, Oospenski, Korolenko, Garshin, etc., amount to as compared with the "dispassionate" judgment of a historian of literature, who has the advantage over them of being free from the undue influence of national identity and even of the atmosphere of the country discussed, residing as he does in Paris? It does not occur to our Rhadamanthus that Dostoyeffski and Korolenko spent years in prison and Siberia, where they studied their types at first hand,

*The italics, unless stated otherwise, are our own.

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standing with them on the same "social" level; that Tourgueneff rambled about, gun in hand, for several seasons among the original types of his *Annals of a Sportsman;* that Oospenski devoted his whole life to the study of the lower strata of the Russian people. Nothing of the kind: he read (?) Russian newspapers, Russian authors, he saw Russia from the window of his carriage or, still worse, of his train, and then feels justified in condemning at one majestic sweep the results of their years of work as a new "love's labour lost."

That the reader may have no misgivings as to the correctness of his assertions, the author produces "damaging" testimony, such as, for example, "sympathy felt with the weak and hardly used, and no clear distinction drawn between the innocent and the guilty" (pp. 422-423), or "some very doubtful portraits of *good* [author's italics] ruffians" (p. 423). Again, because these stupid writers are "disposed to see a brother in every foreigner, and an unfortunate rather than a malefactor in the greatest criminal . . ." (p. 353).

But Russian literature, as a whole, is really not worth speaking of, so absolutely devoid of originality are its representatives from first to last.

Griboyedoff's comedy, *The Misfortune of Being Too Clever,* which is one of the gems of Russian dramatic literature, and a goodly part of which has become the common property of the whole nation in the form of saws, adages and proverbs, which has held the stage, ever since its appearance on the boards in 1831, by its bold realism, relieved character drawing, sparkling wit and inexhaustible humour, is not original, because the last four lines are copied from Molière's *Misanthrope* (p. 183). And of this play, so full of vitality, so beloved by the Russian theatre-going public, the author, with his characteristic "independence of judgment," says: "I regard it as an *impossible* play, for acting purposes, at the present day, and one not easy even to read" (!) (p. 186). Of Kryloff's two hundred fables, *not fewer* than forty-six are directly borrowed from Æsop, Phædrus, La Fontaine, Gellert and Diderot. Nay, he even took pains *to conceal his sources* of inspiration, but they were *detected* (p. 152). Pushkin imitated Byron (pp. 161-162). Tatyana's famous letter in his *Eugène Onyeguin* is borrowed from the *Nouvelle Héloise.* In several places Pushkin has simply translated from Rousseau (p. 167). Certain scenes in the play *Boris Godoonoff* are directly taken from Shakespeare (p. 169). *The Banquet* is merely a fairly close translation by Pushkin of some scenes from John Wilson's poem, "The City of the Plague" (p. 178). In Lermontoff's tragedy *Ispantsy* we find reminiscences of *Nathan der Weise* and *Kaball und Liebe* (p. 238). Gogol hated foreigners, yet read French and German authors with the help of dictionaries, and even went so far as to imitate them (p. 247). He studied Dickens, he read George Sand (p. 253). From the purely artistic point of view, *The Examiner* (Gogol's comedy) possesses no great value nor any originality whatever. The only really well-written scene, the closing one, is directly borrowed from *Le Misanthrope* (p. 256). Gogol's *Pity* is derived from Dickens, Dostoyeffski's from another foreign quarter (p. 259). Goncharoff's *A Common Story* bears some analogy to George Sand's *Horace* (p. 266). Grigorovich's *Village* is more or less directly inspired by George Sand (p. 270). Ostroffski borrowed much from the foreign stage. In his *Lost Sheep* we recognise Cicconi's *Pecorelle Smarrite;* in *A Café,* Goldoni's *Bottega del Caffé;* in *The Slavery of Husbands,* A. de Léris's *Les Maris Sont Esclaves* (p. 275). There is nothing original in the conception of the work (Tourgueneff's *Annals of a Sportsman*). It recalls Berthold Auerbach's village tales and the peasant stories of George Sand (p. 280). *The Song of Triumphant Love* and *Clara Milich* both somewhat recall Hoffmann's manner (p. 288). His work as an artist is founded, as a rule, on that of the great English novelists Thackeray and Dickens. His humanitarian and democratic leanings mark him the pupil of George Sand and Victor Hugo, and his philosophical views betray the influence of Schopenhauer (p. 289). His Kassyan is a brother of Patience in "Mauprat" (p. 289). Herzen's figure of Lynba is strongly marked out in the style of George Sand (p. 303). Pissemski's *Boyarschina* is inspired by *Indiana* (p. 319). The memories of *Les Misérables* are evident in Dostoyeffski's *Crime*

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*and Punishment* (p. 342). His *The Possessed*—borrowed from every quarter—from Byron's *Corsair,* from Victor Hugo's *Hernani,* and from the aristocratic demagogues of George Sand, Eugène Sue, Charles Gutzkow and Spielhagen (p. 348).

But enough! One suffocates in the choking atmosphere created by the terrible indictment drawn up by our historian. Nothing, absolutely nothing original is left of Russian national literature, except Tolstoy, to whom the wrathful historian addresses a fervent prayer of five pages (392-397), in which he implores the only original great writer of the Russian soil to desist from his half-insane mystico-philosophical excursions into the domain of sociology and continue his work in the purely literary line, in which (many thanks even for this, M. Waliszewski!) he considers Tolstoy a past-master.

Alongside of this erroneous presentation of Russian literature, as a whole, the author has committed a number of other blunders of detail. In the first place, the work (in spite of its misleading preface) is evidently a translation, by somebody else, of his French original. This will account for the misspelling of almost every Russian name in the book. Every *ch* is to be replaced by *sh,* every *tch* by *ch,* every *chtch* by *sch,* every *j* = *zh,* every *e* mute is superfluous, every *ou* = *oo.* Likewise there is no meaning to his French acutes and graves. Thus, Pouchkine ought to be Pushkin, Diérjavine = Derzhavin, Chtchédrine = Schedrin, Kiév = Kieff, to mention a few out of three or four hundred. The number of misprints in the transliteration of Russian words (many of which, as, for example, *raskol,* p. 23; *terem,* p. 19; *khrautzouz,* p. 24; Kniazi, p. 37; Murza, p. 109; Kaftan and Mourmolka, p. 212, are left unexplained) is quite out of keeping with the neat appearance of the volume. Such are: Astrak[h]an, p. 57; Moürom (for Moorom), p. 18; Dragonanov(o), p. 309; Potioughine (for Potoogin), p. 18; Khalitcho- (for Galich-), p. 26; Patioumkine (for Potyomkin), p. 24; Polênitsas (twice on p. 18)—a French-English plural of the singular *polenitsa*—instead of the correct *polenitsy;* Lietopisets (p. 32), correct plural should be Lyetopistsy; Svadiebnyie (for nyia); *piesni* (p. 20), a masculine adjective with a feminine noun.

These last cast some doubt upon the author's practical knowledge of the Russian tongue, without which one can hardly pronounce upon the flowing rhythm and beautiful cadences of the prose of a Tourgueneff or a Gogol, or the ringing poetry of a Lermontoff, especially when the opinion is couched in language calculated to produce a startling effect, as when, for example, our author thus opines on the poems of Koltsoff:

> These verses should not be declaimed. They must be sung to the music of some *balalaika* (p. 241).

This epigrammatic dictum would immensely gain in brilliancy by rounding it off, say, in this way: ". . . Some balalaika and the puffing of a steaming samovar."

I am quite willing to shift all blame upon the shoulders of the compositor for the following errors in dates:

P. 46. Polotski died in 1682, not 1680.

P. 125. Dashkova's memoirs were published in 1840, not 1740.

P. 141. Ozeroff was born in 1770, not 1769.

P. 218. Busslayeff did not die in 1870. He was still living in the beginning of the 90's.

P. 229. Lermontoff was born in 1814, not 1811.

P. 239. *Demon* was written 1829-1834, not 1838.

P. 415. Foeth's dates are 1820-1892, not 1815-1860.

P. 417. Nadson died in 1887, not 1886.

But even exonerating the author from these as misprints, what excuse can there be for a statement (p. 146) that "from 1817 to 1820 Zhookoffski superintended the education of Alexander II."? The latter's poor mother must have been a strong believer in prenatal education, as the child did not see the light of day before 1818, and 1825 is the date when the poet became his instructor, 1817 being the year when he was appointed instructor in Russian to the princess Alexandra Fyodorovna. What *typographical* excuse can the author produce for the valuable information on p. 136:

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"In these (that is, Karamzin's literary Almanacs, *The Aglaia*, 1794-1795, and *The Aonides*, 1796-1799 [both dates correct!]) Pushkin printed his earliest poems"? That is, Pushkin, you remember, who was born in 1799 and died in 1837. A marvellously precocious fellow that Pushkin must, indeed, have been to write for those magazines! Why, that outdoes even the "divine" Mozart, who at three composed musical pieces!

Or what would you think of a literary historian who should speak of a translation of Iliad's Greek poem, "The Death of Hector," or refer to a Codex Vaticanus as a MS. in the collection of Vaticolus? Yet this is exactly what we read (of course, *mutatis mutandis*) on p. 146, about Magharabati's Indian poem, "Nal and Diamaianti," and when he refers to the famous *Ipati effskaya Lyetopis* (the chronicle kept in the Convent of St. Hypatius at Kostroma and published in 1871) as "the chronicle known as that of Ipatiev" (p. 26), or even more explicitly "in the collection of Ipatiev" (p. 33)?

The list of misstatements will gain but in length when I mention the author's references to "the *ethnographical* novel of Koltsov" (p. 298) (where did the learned author obtain his information about this unknown literary production?), to Nadson as a Jew (p. 417). The only Greek word in the book turns out a barbarous ραδαρα (p. 31) for παλαιά.

Only a second-hand acquaintance with the literary productions of a nation would make the writer refer to Pushkin's *Dame Piqué* as *Queen of Clubs* (p. 265), to his *Stone Guest* (Don Juan) as *The Stone Landlord* (p. 173), rechristen Alexey Tolstoy into Alexander (p. 298), speak of the "Patriot's Voice" and the "Ode on the Capture of Warsaw," when this does not mean anything else but the "Patriot's Voice on the Capture of Warsaw," not to mention other beauties of erudition.

In some instances, as on p. 249, the combined efforts of the translator and the author have made the passage so confused that one may struggle till doomsday in vain efforts to make out the sense. I will quote it at length:

> This time Pouchkine, in his delight, fell on the author's (= Gogol's) neck. Perhaps the truth revealed itself to the young novelist (= Gogol) on that morning when he (= Gogol) knocked at the great poet's (= Pushkin's) door and learned to his astonishment that Gogol was still sleeping.
>
> "He must have spent the night in composing some fresh work!" Pouchkine said.
>
> "He spent the night at cards," replied the servant.

About the same soundness is displayed by the author in his treatment of the various literary-historical periods. Even a Russian more or less tolerably acquainted with his own literature will hardly be able to follow the author in his obscure attempts to explain the various social phenomena, especially when he so arbitrarily sandwiches in Byelinski (1810-1848), Dobrolyuboff and Pissareff, the Aksakoffs, Kostomaroff (1817-1885), and finally Katkoff (1820-1887)—the personal adviser of Alexander III.—between Pushkin (1799-1837) and his contemporary Lermontoff (1814-1841), whose *rival*, the author would make us believe, that Pushkin was (p. 232).

There is quite a good deal of "independence of judgment" in the estimates of the various writers, but, as one would naturally expect, with very little real discrimination, to mention only the estimates of Lomonossoff, Pushkin and Tourgueneff, and deeming Pomyaloffski unworthy to stand even in the front rank among the secondary novelists (p. 309).

In general, the earlier part of the book is the poorer one. The reader will hardly gather from it that the Russians possess an inexhaustible mine of precious folklore, a great mass of original epic poetry of striking primeval simplicity and grandeur, a wealth of lyric gems in which the peculiar national traits and long-suffering under the yoke of invaders and serfdom found such wonderful expression, sounding as they do the depths of emotion and producing an overwhelming effect by the simplest possible means.

The latter half is more valuable, but one fact will illustrate the methods of a man, who might pronounce Shakespeare a plagiarist because he helped himself to Holinshed or Plutarch. Page 336 is almost a literal translation of p. 171 in Skabicheffski's *History of Recent Russian Literature*. Pp. 356-358, from

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pp. 177-178 *ib.* and p. 358 (about Tchij) is taken from p. 180.

Is the English-speaking reader better off for the publication of M. Waliszewski's book? Hardly. The mass of erroneous impressions a reader will get from its perusal will hardly be counterbalanced by the detached scraps of truthful information which he has no means of sifting out. "What, then, is to be done under these circumstances?" the reader may rightly ask. To which we may venture briefly to reply.

If he wants to kindle within himself a flame of enthusiasm and create the impetus that would lead him on to a detailed study of Russian literature, there is nothing better to be recommended than the book by Georg Brandes, entitled *Impressions of Russia* (1890), and Señora Emilia Pardo Bazán's *Russia, Its People and Its Literature* (1890), which most admirably supplement each other. Even with the great advantage of a familiarity with most of the literatures of the civilised world, Dr. Brandes can hardly be said to lead Señora Bazán, who is rather too slightly known in the world of literary criticism. If he stands at the mountain-peak of his great literary erudition and thence surveys the whole field of Russian literature, thus being in a position to present a hasty map of it in a more or less undetailed form, Señora Bazán, though, as it were, in a more modest position in the valley, has the advantage of a clearer vision, thanks to the propinquity to the level of the objects of her observation, and gives beautiful and even minute studies of the principal writers, which, coupled with his masterly exposition and the beauty of her language, make her little volume one of the most delightful books for the general reader.

A perusal of these two books will leave the reader in no state of doubt as to the chief traits of Russian character that form the centre of attraction for a non-Russian; they will give him a very good knowledge of the main historico-political changes in Russia which brought on the succession of the various literary periods; they will show him what share Russia has contributed to the sum total in the world's treasury of literary possessions, what places the Russian writers occupy in the Pantheon of literature; they will teach him that the German saying, *"Mann ist was er isst,"* should rather be understood as "Man is what he digests." Then he will understand that to borrow is no plagiarism, provided the writer assimilate the subject-matter and impress upon his work the immortal stamp of a mighty individuality, the creative *feu sacré* divinely planted within him.

*Judah A. Joffe.*

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## POMPEIAN LIFE AND ART *

There is no more convincing proof of the profound impression which the literature of the Greeks and Romans has produced on the minds of men than the intense interest with which the life of these ancient peoples is studied, and the eagerness with which every item of information and every detail newly rescued from the past are seized and added to the general picture whose lines, once so indistinct, are now being filled in with convincing clearness and accuracy. The special archæological journals are no longer the only medium through which the latest discoveries are announced to the world, but even the newspapers which are classed as sensational secure cabled reports of the results of excavations and publish them with glaring headlines, albeit of doubtful authority. Hence it is not to the scholarly few that this new work on Pompeii is welcome, but, as Juvenal said of Statius, that he made the city glad by his *Thebaïs*, so the tireless German investigator and his collaborator in the New World have made happy the scholar and the general reader by the publication of the results of their labours in the field of archæology.

The story of Pompeii has always

*Pompeii: Its Life and Art. By August Mau. Translated into English by Francis W. Kelsey. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.00.

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awakened interest, and Bulwer Lytton's novel and Dyer's *Pompeii*, the only available books in English on the subject, have been widely read; but for many years past there has been a general demand for a modern work giving a complete account of recent discoveries and investigations. Professor August Mau, the greatest authority on this subject, who has studied Pompeii for twenty-five years, living in the summer amidst the ruins, was selected to perform the task, and he consented to present in a foreign tongue the first complete account of the results of his investigations, relying upon Professor Francis W. Kelsey to assume the important part of translator. Their combined labours have produced in the English language the most authentic and most complete work on Pompeii in existence. The importance of such an achievement can hardly be exaggerated. It is true that the little Campanian city had no share in the great and epoch-making events of history. We know of no great Pompeian who brought distinction to his native town. Nevertheless, these ruins, though destitute of historical associations, bring us close to the real life of the people of this insignificant city, and likewise to that of the people of the Roman world, of which the life of Pompeii early became an integral part. From knowledge thus obtained we secure a true perspective in our study of the history and literature of the Romans.

The early portion of the book is devoted to subjects of an introductory character, and treats of the topography of the city, its history before 79 A.D., particulars of the overthrow and of the excavations, and contains general information as to building materials, construction and architectural periods. Here we are told in clear and delightful language of the climate and of the fair site of the city, which, elevated into the bright air, "slopes gently toward the east and south, more sharply to the west, and was bathed in sunlight during the entire day," while the heat of early morning and evening is rendered less oppressive by the alternate breezes from the sea and mountains. At the time of its overthrow the city was governed by a council of decurions with high-sounding titles—such as *ordo splendidissimus*—and the administration was in the hands of *duumviri*, with judicial authority, and of two *ædiles*, who cared for the public buildings. The sources of income were commerce, the cultivation of the grape and olive, while the manufacture of fish sauces, *garum* and *liquamen*, formed an important industry. The population numbered about twenty thousand, and was composed of descendants of the original Oscans, with an admixture of Italians and a strong Greek element. The younger Pliny in his letters to Tacitus tells of events which marked the final catastrophe, and this account, with the facts secured from the excavations, enable us to picture the scene. Pompeii was covered with fragments of pumice-stone to the depth of eight to ten feet, and then by a layer of ashes wet with rain to the depth of six or seven feet. About two thousand people perished, judging from the skeletons discovered; hence it is evident that those who appreciated the danger fled in time to escape. The work of excavating has been carried on spasmodically during the past one hundred and fifty years, and at the present time about half of the city has been excavated; and it is the belief of the author that at the present rate of progress the twentieth century will hardly witness the completion of the undertaking.

Part I. is entitled "Public Places and Buildings," and opens with a description of the Forum, about which clustered those buildings of a public character which are described in the twenty-four chapters immediately following. The Forum was to the life of the city what the atrium was to the house—it served as the market-place, the promenade and lounging-place. Here religious festivals were held and gladiatorial combats fought, while spectators looked on from the adjacent colonnades whose upper stories supplied the reserved seats. The Temple of Jupiter dominates the Forum. Within its walls were found the head of Jupiter and an inscription of the year 37 A.D., containing the dedication to Jupiter Optimus Maximus. The description of the head of the god as compared with that of the Otricoli Zeus, is written in the author's best style, and is well worthy of special notice.

In both heads we feel the lack of that majestic simplicity, that ineffable and godlike

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calm which rested on the features of the Zeus of Phidias. Here man has much more obviously made God in his own image—the face shows less of the ideal, with more of human energy and passion. The type was developed in the second half of the fourth century B.C., the century after Phidias. The similarity between these two examples of the type is apparent at first glance. The shape of the two heads is in general the same, and there is the same profusion of hair and beard symbolic of power; but the differences in detail are striking. In the Otricoli Zeus the peculiar shape of the forehead—prominent in the middle up to the roots of the hair and retreating at the sides—seems to suggest not so much the power of a world-encompassing and lofty intellect as absorption in great, unfathomable thoughts. In the lines of the massive face irresistible force of will is revealed, and the capability of fierce passion lurks beneath the projecting lower part of the forehead and uneven eyebrows, threatening like a thunder cloud. The sculptor has conceived of Zeus as the occult power of nature, alike the origin and law of all things, or as the personification of the heavens veiled by impenetrable mists. Great force of will is seen also in the face of the Pompeian god, but it is will dominated by alert and all-embracing mind. The forehead expands in a broad arch; the eyes, wide open, look out with full vision under sharply cut brows. Here we have no secret brooding; a powerful yet clearly defined and comprehensible personality is stamped upon features carved in bold, free lines. And this personality is not lost in mystical self-contemplation; excitement and expectancy are seen in the raised upper lip. The ideal of this artist was the wise and powerful king, whose watchful and all-protecting eye sees to the furthest limits of his kingdom. The Pompeian god is more a sovereign; the Zeus of Otricoli is more poetic, more divine.

Another pre-Roman building, the Basilica, standing at the southwest corner of the Forum, is declared to be the most magnificent and architecturally the most interesting structure in Pompeii, and is carefully described, after a suitable introduction on the purpose of these buildings, which later served as models for religious architecture. The temple of Apollo; the Macellum, recognised as a provision market from its plan and from the wall paintings; the temple of Vespasian; the building of Eumachia, a city priestess who, with her son, dedicated the portico, the corridor and colonnades, which were used as a bazaar, to Concordia Augusta and Pietas; the Comitium and municipal buildings, with offices for the *duumviri* and *ædiles*, are the principal buildings of importance located on the sides of the Forum. In the vicinity of the Stabian Gate are the large and small theatres, the theatre colonnades, the temples of Isis and Zeus Milichius. For students of the Roman drama the chapter on the large theatre is of great value. It contains a brief history of the drama and a detailed account of the building, which was constructed in the second century B.C., at least one hundred years earlier than the first permanent theatre was erected in Rome. Our author in no uncertain tones denies that this theatre shows any trace of the arrangement which is assumed in the theory of Dr. Doerpfeld as to the absence of a stage in the Greek theatre. The colonnades adjoining the theatre, originally used for protecting officials approaching the building, served in the imperial period as barracks for gladiators, as is indicated by the numerous articles found therein, such as greaves, helmets, armlets, shoulder protectors, daggers and swords. The chapter assigned to the temple of Isis tells of the worship of Isis among the Romans. This building, erected about 100 B.C., was rebuilt after the earthquake of 63 A.D. by Numerius Popidius, who was only six years of age, and yet because of his generosity was admitted at once to the city council. The remaining portion of Part I. describes the baths, the amphitheatre, and finally the streets and the water system. The chapter on the Stabian baths contains valuable information on this subject, for though the Pompeian baths were much smaller than those at Rome, they are so well preserved that we can readily determine the purpose of the various rooms and can trace the development of the public bath in a single city during a period of almost two hundred years.

Part II. treats of the dwellings of the Pompeians, a subject which touches so closely the life of the people as to be of absorbing interest, and still further because from the remains found at Pompeii we obtain the greater part of our information regarding the domestic archi-

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tecture of ancient Italy. The opening chapter on the Pompeian home considers the subject in a general way, and is of the utmost importance to the student of archæology. Here are careful descriptions of the *vestibulum, fauces, atrium, tablinum, alæ,* the gardens, the peristyle, the sleeping and dining-rooms, the kitchen, bath and storeroom. The individual houses, so well known to modern travellers, are considered in detail—the House of the Surgeon, named from the surgical instruments found there; the House of Sallust, the House of the Faun, the House of the Silver Wedding, one of the rooms of which was excavated on the occasion of the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy and in the presence of the Emperior and Empress of Germany; the House of the Tragic Poet, made famous as the house of Glaucus in the *Last Days of Pompeii,* and finally the House of the Vetii, excavated in the years 1894-95, which is the most important representative of its class, and has many paintings and a finely adorned and well-preserved peristyle. The closing chapter of Part II. is appropriately assigned to the subject of household furniture, and abounds in interesting details as to such articles as couches, tables, lamps, which are of great variety, kitchen utensils of bronze and red earthenware, mixing bowls, hot-water urns, braziers, toilet appliances, strigils, combs, hairpins and mirrors.

Part III. considers the trades and occupations, under the headings "The Bakers," "The Fullers and Tanners" and "The Wineshop Keepers." Our information on these subjects is largely obtained from the inscriptions, such as election notices—for example, "The bakers recommend Trebius for the office of ædile," and "Do make Verus ædile, perfumers; elect him I beg of you." Similar appeals are made to the goldsmiths, fruit-sellers, dyers, pack-carriers, mule drivers, fishermen. The fullers prepared the cloth from the loom and cleansed that which had been worn. We know of two large fulleries in Pompeii, and there are traces of smaller establishments or laundries. "The Pompeian Burial-Places" forms the subject of Part IV. The tombs of Pompeii, like those at Rome, were placed alongside the roadways that led from the city gates. The most important of those discovered have been found along the Street of the Tombs, in front of the Herculaneum Gate, but others are located near the Stabian Gate, while the most humble are found along the city wall near the Nocera Gate. These two chapters are interesting mainly because of the inscriptions which are found in such burial-places. Pompeian art is treated in the four chapters of Part V., which are designated "Architecture," "Sculpture," "Painting—Wall Decorations," "The Paintings." The architecture is important because it is of a style of which only slight traces are found elsewhere in the east, for it is Hellenistic in its character, influenced by the Roman spirit. The chapter on sculpture describes the statue of Eumachia, the bronze bust of the Pompeian auctioneer Iucundus, and finally the dancing satyr, "every muscle of whose sinewy frame is in tension as he moves forward in the dance snapping his fingers to keep time; the pose is a marvel of skill." Part VI. is devoted to the inscriptions of Pompeii, which are classified as "Monumental Inscriptions and Public Notices, the Graffiti and Inscriptions Relating to Business Affairs." The author has done full justice to this important subject, for he has employed the inscriptions in all parts of the book as aids to his explanations, and the ready understanding of the matters discussed is largely due to the frequent reference to inscriptions, which are always accompanied by ingenious and well-expressed translations. Some of the graffiti are in the form of the elegiac distich, and these have been rendered into English verse, presumably by the translator, with a fair degree of success. Thus, *Quisquis amat, valeat, pereat qui nescit amare! Bis tanto pereat quisquis amare vetat,* is translated:

> Good health be with you, lovers all;
> Who knows not how to love, be cursed;
> But, oh, may double ruin fall
> On him who sets out love to worst!

The concluding chapter on "The Significance of Pompeian Culture" is a most suitable conclusion to a splendid piece of work. Let those strict partisans of classical literature who look with some disdain upon the labours of the archæologist read these concluding words:

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Since these remains are so broadly typical, they are invaluable for the interpretation of the civilisation of which they formed a part. They shed light on countless passages of Greek and Roman writers. Literature, however, ordinarily records only that which is exceptional or striking, while here we find the surroundings of life as a whole, the humblest details being presented to the eye. Pompeii, as no other source outside the pages of classical authors, helps us to understand the ancient man.

Scattered through the text of over five hundred pages are two hundred and sixty-three illustrations, a large number of which are from photographs by Giacomo Brogi, of Florence, while a few were photographed by Professor Kelsey. There are also twelve beautiful plates and six plans, all of which are very clear and add to the usefulness and attractiveness of the book. We should mention in no moderate terms the work of the translator, who has made possible the success which the book has attained, and the completeness with which it has accomplished its purpose. The English style is most direct and clear, giving continual evidence of the work of a scholar, and yet entirely free from the pedantic and superscholastic, which, though it may astonish, serves mainly to oppress and obscure. We are greatly indebted to the publishers for the liberality which they have shown in the preparation of this sumptuous volume; but we long for an edition without the white kid back, which makes the book unsuitable for use by the tourist in his walks about Pompeii.

*James C. Egbert, Jr.*

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## THE MANUSCRIPT OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

Many people know that the plot of Robert Louis Stevenson's most vivid story came to him in a dream. But only very few are aware of the fact that the first manuscript of that story was burned by its author. At that time Mr. Stevenson was living in Bournemouth, Scotland, and his dream appealed to him very strongly. As the days passed on the story formed itself in his mind, and with feverish haste he wrote it in about three weeks' time. When he had finished it he handed the manuscript over to his wife, and asked her what she thought of it. Two days elapsed, and Mrs. Stevenson handed the story back to her husband, pointing out a few places which she thought were objectionable and ought to be changed. With that she left the room. When she returned a few minutes later she noticed, to her horror, that the author had torn up the whole manuscript, and had thrown it into the fire. It took her quite a time to persuade her husband that he had made a mistake in destroying what she considered a very good story, and after some weeks' coaxing Robert Louis Stevenson determined to rewrite it.

This second manuscript* is the one from which the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* has been printed. It is in the author's own handwriting, consists of sixty-two large foolscap pages, closely written, and containing a map of corrections, excised paragraphs and general remarks, it gives one a very good insight as to how Stevenson worked.

There are a number of pages which have not a single correction in them, others show places where the author had changed one sentence three and four times, while still others contain whole paragraphs which he crossed out entirely before sending the manuscript to the printers.

Upon the very first page we see the title of the story, and immediately after it follows the first chapter: "Story of the door" (Stevenson did not capitalise the initial letters of the title). On the margin there is a pencil note, reading: "Dedication?" This goes to prove that the four lines "To Katharine De Mattos" were an afterthought, yet they must have been written long after the story was finished, for every correction in the manuscript is in ink, and with the exception of the remarks, "Proofs immediately to R. L. Stevenson, Esq., Skerryvore, Bournemouth," and some directions for the printer, we find no-

*My thanks are due to Mrs. Isobel Strong, who very kindly and courteously put the whole manuscript at my disposition. E. L.

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. . . ~~This excursion, once taken, seemed to have laid a spell on the~~ methodical gentleman. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty and time scarce, at night under the glimpses of the fogged city moon or by the cheap glare of the lamps, a spirit in his feet kept still drawing and guiding the lawyer to that door in the by street of shops. ~~He saw it there under all sorts of illumination, and occupied by all kinds of passing tenants~~. He made long stages on the pavement opposite, studying the bills of fare stuck on the sweating windows of the cookshop, reading the labels on the various lotions or watching the bust of the proud lady swing sternly round upon him on her velvet pedestal at the perfumers: but still ~~all the time~~ with one eye over his shoulder, spying at the door. And all the time the door remained inexorably closed; none entered in, none came forth; ~~it~~ the high tides of the town swarmed close by, but did not touch it. Yet the lawyer was not to be beaten. He had made ~~a solemn agreement with himself,~~ ~~and~~ to ~~penetrate this mystery of Mr Hyde~~ [illegible]. "If he be Mr Hyde," he had thought, "I shall be Mr Seek." ~~Let him but set eyes upon the man, and he could~~ judge him.

And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine dry night; frost in the air; the streets as clean as a ballroom floor; the lamps, unshaken by any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and shadow. By ten o'clock, when the shops were closed, the bystreet was very solitary and, in spite of the low growl of London from all round, very silent ~~to the ear~~. Small sounds carried far; domestic sounds out of the houses were clearly audible on either side of the roadway; and the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a long ~~way~~ time. Mr Utterson had been some minutes at his post, when he was aware of an odd, light footstep drawing ~~rapidly~~ near. In the course of his nightly patrols, he had long grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a single person, while he is still a great way off, ~~sprung~~ suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrested; and it was with a strong, superstitious prevision of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth from the entry

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where a pencilled note. It is, therefore, safe to assume that the four lines of poetry

It's ill to loose the bands that God decreed to bind;
Still will we be the children of the heather and the wind.
Far away from home, O it's still for you and me
That the broom is blowing bonnie in the north countrie.

have been written at a later period, subsequently to and independently of the story.

Right in the first chapter it is curious to notice that the word "chanced" gave some trouble to the author. Almost all through the manuscript it was written originally "changed," and the fact that the correction is made in ink of a different colour shows that some time must have elapsed before he recognised the mistake. On the whole, the first chapter has undergone very little alteration, a few corrections here and there, substituting one word for another, that is all. Only toward the end of it is one of Stevenson's characteristic marginal notes. He gives us the conversation between Enfield and Utterson, and originally Utterson is made to say: ". . . The fact is I know something about this other party," and here the chapter ended. When the author revised his manuscript he put down on the margin, "Must be extended," and at some later day he added the rest of the chapter, and after he had written it he found fault with the following sentence: "He must have been in the habit of using it, for I have seen him go in again in the same way," and substituted for it: "He has it still; I saw him use it, not a week ago."

Another interesting place is in the beginning of the second chapter. It is found immediately after the description of Utterson's worry in his home. In the original manuscript we find these words: "And still there was no rest for the solicitor, and instead of taking his place by the fire," then comes an abrupt end and the remark, "Too copious," the sentence is struck, and instead of it he writes: "With that he blew out his candle, put on a great-coat." . . . At the end of the paragraph there is one word in parenthesis, "Better." Whether this means that the changed form appeared to the author as being better than the original one, or whether he meant it as a sort of reminder that he ought to make it better, we do not know. On the next page there are found the first longer paragraphs, which were cut out. Utterson and Lanyon are talking of Henry Jekyll, and Utterson returns home. In the book the paragraph ends with this sentence: "It was a night of little care, . . . besieged by questions." In the manuscript this is followed by the following: "How could such a man as Henry Jekyll be bound up with such a man as Edward Hyde? How should he have chosen as his heir one who was unknown to his oldest intimates? If it were a case of terrorism, why the will? Or, again, if Hyde was Jekyll's son, why the proviso of the disappearance?" Then comes the next paragraph: "Six o'clock struck, . . . and still he was digging at the problem." The manuscript continues: "And for all that, he had no sooner swallowed his breakfast than he must put on his hat and great-coat and set forth eastward in the teeth of a fine, driving rain, coming iced out of Siberia, with no more sensible purpose than to stand awhile on the opposite pavement, and look awhile at the door with the knocker."

The same chapter contains another long passage which does not appear in the book. It follows in the manuscript the paragraph telling of Utterson's watching, and comes after the closing words of the paragraph ". . . the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post." After this the manuscript reads thus: ". . . This excursion, once taken, seemed to have laid a spell upon the methodical gentleman. In the morning, before office hours, when business was plenty and time scarce, at night under the glimpses of the fogged city moon or by the cheap glare of the lamps, a spirit in his feet kept still drawing and guiding the lawyer to that door in the by-street of shops. He saw it thus under all sorts of illumination and occupied by all kinds of passing tenants. He made long stages on the pavement opposite, studying the bills of fare stuck on the sweating windows of the cookshop, reading the labels on the various lotions or watching the bust of the proud lady swing sternly

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acquaintance. Be seated, if you please". And I showed him an example, and sat down myself in my customary seat and with as far an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient, as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my preoccupations, and the haunt shad of my visitor, would suffer me to muster.

"I beg your pardon, Dr Lanyon," he replied civilly enough. "What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood..." he paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteric ball — "I understood, a drawer..."

But here I took pity on my visitors suspense, and some perhaps on my own growing curiosity. "There it is, sir," said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table and still covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart; I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his jaws; and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for his life and reason.

"Compare yourself," said I.

He turned a dreadful smile to me, and as if with the decision of despair, plucked away the sheet. At sight of the contents, he uttered one loud sob of such immense relief that I sat petrified. And the next moment, in a voice that was already fairly well under control, "Have you a graduated glass?" he asked

I rose from my place with something of an effort and gave him what he asked.

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to brighten in colour, to effervesce and ibly, and to throw off small fumes of vapour. Suddenly and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green. My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.

"And now," said he, "to settle what remains. Will you be wise? will you be guided? will you suffer me to take this glass in my hand and

~~and~~ to

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round upon her velvet pedestal at the perfumers; but all the time (still) with one eye on his shoulder, spying at the door. And all the time the door remained inexorably closed; none entered in, none came forth; the high tides of the town swarmed close by, but did not touch it. Yet the lawyer must not be beaten. He had made a solemn agreement with himself to penetrate this mystery of Mr. Hyde." Then follows the sentence: "'If he be Mr. Hyde,' he had thought ("with grim pleasure" left out from the book) 'I shall be Mr. Seek.'" Then another sentence that has remained unprinted: "Let him but set eyes upon the man and he would judge him."

Right here I want to call attention to the fact that in the above-quoted paragraph of the book, beginning with "From that time forward, . . ." originally there were the words: "In the morning before office hours, at noon when *time was scarce and business plenty,*" and that the change to "when *time was plenty and business scarce*" had been made only after the author had cut out the long paragraph printed above.

Proceeding farther on, we find another of Stevenson's marginal remarks, not intended for the printer. In the part which contains the conversation between Hyde and Utterson the manuscript runs in this way: "'Good God,' thought Utterson, 'can he too have been thinking of the will, discounting the inheritance?' But he merely thanked the other and promised to remember it." "That's bad," says the marginal note, and at a subsequent reading probably the author crossed out the end of that paragraph, substituting for "discounting the inheritance . . ." "But he kept his feelings to himself and only grunted in acknowledgment of the address."

In the description of Hyde's appearance there is a slight but significant change made in the text. Originally the sentence read: ". . . He had borne himself to the lawyer with a *somewhat* murderous mixture of *cowardice and savagery* . . ."; a marginal note says: "I have to make that more smooth," and then came the alteration by substituting "sort of" for "somewhat," and "timidity and boldness" for "cowardice and savagery." Another similar remark is on the next page. Says the author in a marginal note: "'Threw him out of gear.' I do not like that phrase." And acting upon his own remark, he changes the sentence "his encounter with Hyde had thrown him out of gear" into "the face of Hyde sat heavy on his memory." In the same chapter we find two more sentences that were left out from the book. Utterson is going home, and the author relates his thoughts. In the book we have: "'Poor Harry Jekyll,' he thought, 'my mind misgives me, he is in deep waters.'" The manuscript continues: "That could never have been the face of his son, never in this world. No, there is a secret at the bottom of it." Then follows: "He was wild. . . ." In the same paragraph we find in the manuscript, after ". . . poor Jekyll's worst would be like sunshine," the following sentence: "I think we might turn the tables; I am sure, if Harry will but let me, that I ought to try." This, as well as the concluding sentence of the chapter, has been left out from the book because, as the marginal note says, it is "mere talk." In the manuscript the chapter ends thus: "But he made up his mind to even stretch friendship in so good a cause, and on the first occasion."

After this chapter Stevenson wrote on with much greater ease, and the twenty-five succeeding pages of the manuscript show very little alterations. Now and then he excises two or three words, then he changes a word or the succession of words in a few sentences, but practically the text as written down by the author remained unchanged.

The next long passage which never found its way into print we encounter in the chapter headed "The Last Night," and it deals with the appearance of Dr. Jekyll's room. Here it is *in extenso:* "There were all signs of a man having made experiments, various measured heaps of some white salt, apparently the same, being laid out on glass saucers, as if for an experiment in which the unhappy man had been prevented. At another table tea was set out; the kettle had by this time boiled over, and they were obliged to take it off the fire; but the tea things were still set forth with a comfortable orderliness that was in strange contrast to the tumbled corpse upon the floor. Several books were on

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of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickliness of Jekyll. And certainly the hate that now divided them was equal on each side. With Jekyll, it was a thing of vital instinct; he had now seen the full deformity of that creature that shared with him some of the phenomena of consciousness, and was coheir with him to death: and beyond these links of community, ~~he did not stop to recognise him more kinds he could not now recognise; the thought of him, like the sight of something odious,~~ ~~killing smell of ammonia~~ which made in themselves the most poignant part of his distress ~~and horror~~, he ~~had~~ thought of Hyde, for all his energy ~~contrary~~ of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic. This was the shocking thing ~~horror~~; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what ~~he~~ was dead, and had no shape, should ~~should~~ usurp the offices of life. And this again, that that insurgent horror was knit to ~~by~~ him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; ~~and~~ lay caged ~~next to and for~~ in his flesh ~~bosom~~, where he heard it mutter ~~groan~~ and felt it ~~must~~ struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber ~~and was at all points conterminous with his life~~, prevailed against him; and deposed him out of life.

The hatred of Hyde for Jekyll, was of a different order. His terror of the gallows drove him continually to commit ~~that~~ temporary suicide, and return to his subordinate station ~~as~~ of a part instead of a person; but he ~~ga~~ loathed the necessity, he loathed the despondency into which Jekyll was ~~had~~ now fallen, and he resented the dislike with which he was himself regarded. Hence the apelike tricks that he would play me, scrawling in my own hand blasphemies on ~~upon~~ the pages of my books, burning the letters and destroying the portrait of my father; and indeed, had it not been for his fear of death, he would long ago have ruined himself in order to involve me in the ruin. But his love ~~fear~~ of life ~~death~~ is wonderful; I go further: ~~I think it touching.~~ I, who sicken and freeze at the mere thought of him, when I recall the abjection and passion of this attachment, and when I know how he fears my power to cut him off by suicide, I find it in my heart to pity him.

~~It~~ It is useless, and the time awfully fails me, ~~it is loathsome~~ to prolong this ~~picture~~ description; no one has ever suffered such ~~a~~ torments, let that suffice; and yet even to this ~~these time~~ habit brought - no, not alleviation - but a certain callousness of soul, a certain acquiescence of despair; and my punishment might have gone on for years, but for the last calamity which has now fallen: and which has finally severed.

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a shelf near the fire; one lay beside the tea things open, and Utterson was amazed to find it pious. Next in the course of their review of the chamber, the searchers came to the cheval glass.

"'This glass have seen some queer doings, sir, no doubt,' whispered Poole.

"'And none stranger than itself,' echoed the lawyer in the same tones. 'What did—what did Jekyll do with a glass?'

"'I can't tell you. That's what I have often asked myself,' returned the butler.

"Then they found a prayer in the doctor's writing, very eloquently put in words, but breathing a spirit of despair and horror worthy of the cells of Bedlam, and the sight of this unnerved Utterson."

Though Stevenson crossed out this whole paragraph when he revised his manuscript, he did not hesitate to use parts of it when he finally prepared the story for the printer, and the book contains quite a number of sentences which he took from the above-quoted paragraph and interpolated in the chapter.

In his later years Stevenson did not like to refer at all to Jekyll and Hyde. He always said that the writing of the story was such a strain on him he could never forget it; but when he did speak of it he always maintained that the last chapter was the best one. When he wrote it he hardly took time for his meals, he was very much excited and in a sort of frenzy. And still he made very few changes in the manuscript, and whatever changes he did make, they all practically amount only to substituting a better phrase for another one. Here is an example of how he did it. Originally he wrote: ". . . I was the first that ever did so for his pleasures. I was the first that reconciled liberty and respectability." This he changed into: ". . . I was the first that ever did so for his pleasures, plodding the while in the public eye with my load of genial respectability." Once more he changed it, until its final form became: "I was the first that ever did so for his pleasures. I was the first that could thus plod in the public eye with a load of genial respectability." Another interesting sentence that caused a marginal note is: "Into the details of this fad I will not enter." Marginally the author says: "Must omit that, may have to add a few hundred words."

"My devil, having been long caged, was in perhaps a stormier disposition" underwent a change into "My devil, long caged, was the more inclined to roar," and finally became: "My devil had been long caged, he came out roaring."

Comparing the final text of the book with the manuscript, we are bound to say that the polished, smooth, beautiful diction of Robert Louis Stevenson's works was the result of hard, painstaking labour, and that while it cannot be doubted that the author was one of rare gifts, he found his place on the top rung of English prose literature by dint of conscientious work, added to inborn genius and ability.

*Eugene Limedorfer.*

## DREAMS

Through Sleep's blue dome wheel fondly to and fro
Ten thousand Dreams, their wings all tinged with gold.
Home, home to us they come across the West,
A golden flurry of glad wings—but lo!
In the dark pines of Mem'ry where they nest
One mocking feather is the most we hold!

*Arthur J. Stringer.*

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# THE EARLY YEARS OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

The American Statesmen series, already a conspicuous success, has been rounded out during the past winter by three volumes* which may be termed a distinctively Harvard contribution to biographical literature. Two of the three subjects were thorough Harvard men, while of the three writers who trace their records, the authors of the *Adams* and *Sumner* are members of the Board of Overseers, and the author of the *Chase* is Professor of History in the university. Aside from such incidental harmonies, there was such a close relation in the efforts of these three public men that the separate researches effect a result which is in large measure a unity, making these small volumes an essential contribution to the history of the origins of the Republican Party. It may seem anomalous that in these days, when the serious political problem is to define true Republicanism, and in times when, as earlier, Boston is so closely identified with perverted "isms" and the alleged aberrations of "antis," there should emanate from that centre of overwrought conscience and honest dissent three books which may serve as the best guide available for those who are wondering what Republicanism stands for, or ought to stand for, or for what it may have ever stood. Certainly in these days, when commercialism and policy rule those who, whether from Indiana or Massachusetts, consider themselves the more or less divinely constituted expounders of the overreaching Republicanism of to-day, no better remedy can be secured for them in their delusions than a statement, such as is afforded in these volumes, of the times of stress in which the Republican Party had its origin, of the high motives controlling those who then were willing to sacrifice gain and worldly station to conscience, and of the courage and devotion which then were shown in the founding of a party whose objects were not the power of organisation, but the rule of a principle.

The latter part of the decade of the forties and the earlier years of the decade of the fifties were distinctively the heroic age in American party politics. Time and again were personal sacrifices knowingly made, serious hazards calmly encountered and apparent political annihilation eagerly sought, in order that Conscience might triumph over Cotton, that principle might be established above partisanship, and that the nation might be directed into ways of public righteousness. In this work no trio were more typical and effective than the massive and ambitious Chase in Ohio, and in Massachusetts the cultured, sturdy Adams and the gracious but overpowering Sumner. Into the life of our national politics these three men entered when, in August of 1848, they met at the Buffalo convention of "Conscience" Whigs, "Barnburner" Democrats, Liberty men and others. Thither they came in the full vigour of early and confident manhood, each already a figure of some significance, each commended by a past which was noteworthy and ominous.

In the preceding spring Sumner had joined Adams and others in calling a Massachusetts convention of their followers at Worcester, and there, announcing his allegiance to the party of freedom, and his purpose to accept neither of two evils, but to reject both, he scorned the suggestion of failure. "No honest, earnest effort in a good cause can fail. It may not be crowned with the applause of men; it may not seem to touch the goal of immediate worldly success, which is the end and aim of so much in life. But it is not lost. . . . Our example will be the mainspring of triumph hereafter. It will not be the first time in history that the hosts of slavery have outnumbered the champions of freedom. But where is it written that slavery finally prevailed?" With such spirit and faith the man of thirty-seven began the career of public service which was to end only with his death. A graduate of Harvard, at times a lecturer in the Harvard Law School, the friend of Story and Greenleaf, of Felton and of Longfellow, the partner of

*Charles Francis Adams. By his son, Charles Francis Adams. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Salmon Portland Chase. By Albert Bushnell Hart. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Charles Sumner. By Moorfield Storey. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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Hillard, and an editor of the *Jurist*, Sumner was already widely and favourably known not only in Boston, but also in those channels of national society which ran thence. On borrowed money he had travelled extensively abroad, and had "widened the breach between him and his office." The lists of his hosts and new friends form a catalogue of well-known names in literary, social, political and legal circles; and "his ten months in England gave him a more extended acquaintance with English lawyers than he had with those of his own country." From Vaughan and Pollock, as well as from Ranke and Raumer, he returned to the companionship of Choate, Prescott and Bancroft, resumed the practice of law for a few short years, and practically ended such work—and nearly ended his life—by a futile attempt to edit twenty volumes of Vesey's Reports at the rate of a volume every two weeks. That his vitality was not permanently impaired was made clear in the following year, 1845, when he delivered at Boston the usual Fourth-of-July oration, speaking on the uselessness and wickedness of war, and in the presence of regulars and militia ridiculing their fantastic trappings besmeared with gilt, and showing that four institutions like Harvard could be maintained on the annual cost of the battle-ship *Ohio*. In the same year, the admission of Texas brought trouble to the Whig Party, which locally was accentuated by Winthrop's vote for the Mexican War appropriation, bringing down upon him the full power of Sumner's invective, forceful even then, and making clear the position of such men as Sumner, Adams, Hoar, Wilson, Palfrey and Dana. The dissentients forced the crisis in the State convention of 1847, which refused to adopt opposition to slavery extension a test in the Presidential election. Then Sumner, after alluding to the "sacramental unction of a 'regular nomination,'" brought to a close the contest within the Whig Party in these trenchant words: "We cannot say, with detestable morality, 'Our party, right or wrong.' The time has gone by when gentlemen can expect to introduce among us the discipline of a camp. Loyalty to principle is higher than loyalty to party." The following year was the year of the Worcester and Buffalo conventions.

In all this effort to bring forth in Massachusetts a party of freedom and principle Sumner and Adams seemed like brother workers in what was treated as almost a holy cause. By training and tradition Adams was equally well fitted for the work at hand and for the more responsible work which at times seemed imminent. Spending his youth largely abroad, then passing through Harvard and securing a meteoric transit to the Suffolk bar through the office of Webster, becoming a contributor to the *North American Review*, and printing in the Boston *Advocate* the article soon well known as the "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," the younger Adams had already gained a position for himself, although "it was not until he was over fifty that Mr. Adams fairly succeeded in asserting his right to be considered as something more than the son of his father." Elected to the Massachusetts legislature in the "hard-cider" campaign, for five years he was a faithful and energetic worker in that body, gathering in all which such experience could teach him, and becoming more fully equipped for the venture upon which he, in company with Sumner, Palfrey and two others, entered in 1846—the publication of the Boston *Whig*. Two years of rather thankless and irksome labour with this medium helped to make clear the impossibility of bringing the old Whig Party to a clear antislavery basis, defined the position of those, such as Lawrence and Appleton, under the influence of the cotton market, and hastened the complete withdrawal from the party of the "Conscience" wing.

More or less unconsciously toward the same end had been tending the efforts of the largely self-made son of Dartmouth out at Cincinnati. With family foundations quite the contrary of those of Adams, and with preparation for the bar entirely the reverse of that at the hand of Sumner, the outlook for Chase seemed none too bright. Early gaining some professional repute by editing the laws of Ohio, he soon sacrificed, in some measure, both clients and friends, by joining in the efforts of those who were aiming to mitigate the force of the Fugitive Slave Law, and who, by their method and judgment, were bringing upon themselves the condemnation of the more conservative

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elements of the State. With the Canada frontier on the north and slave land on the south, Ohio was to become still more famous for its "Underground Railroad," and every man was destined to become a partisan on the question of slavery. Associating with Beecher, Bailey and Birney, familiar with the founding of Lane Seminary and with the dissensions therein, on cordial terms with the builders of Oberlin and with the leaders in the Western Reserve, corresponding widely with local editors, often writing freedom resolutions and addresses, it was inevitable that a decade should bring Chase to influence and well-night to leadership among the friends of the slave. And yet he was moderate. "He did not hear the cries at the Covington whipping-post across the river, but he could not mistake the shouts of the mob which destroyed Birney's property and sought his life." One other phase of his attitude is shown by this graphic sentence of Professor Hart: "If Garrison and Wendell Phillips were the typical, genuine abolitionists, Chase was never an abolitionist: Garrison was for an aggressive warfare on slavery in the slave States; Chase was for warfare everywhere, except in the slave States: Garrison kept himself and his followers out of politics; Chase was the great organiser of political anti-slavery: Garrison was for disunion, so as to get relief from responsibility for slavery; Chase was for making the Union free, so as to destroy the disease altogether." Chase remained in his party, however, until Harrison was elected. When the inaugural indicated a refusal to interfere with slavery, he wavered; and when the death of Harrison made futile any reliance on the Whig Party, he definitely withdrew from it. Having appeared as counsel in the Matilda Case, the Watson Case, the Van Zandt Case and many others, Chase became known as the "attorney-general of the fugitive slaves." He thus typified as much for Ohio as did Adams and Sumner for Massachusetts. Equally with them was he a strong representative of this new development when he met them at Buffalo and joined in the work which offered to the voters the names of Van Buren and Adams on resolutions concluding: "That we inscribe on our banner 'Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labour and Free Men,' and under it will fight on and fight ever until a triumphant victory shall reward our exertions."

In view of present needs, it must be conceded that the particular service rendered by these writers is the clear, and at times brilliant, exposition of the conditions under which and out of which the germs of the Republican Party developed. The work of these leaders in those days, however, was comparatively inconspicuous; and it was not until later that, as Senator, Secretary and Minister, they wrought in such a way as to place them above party and to establish their rank as statesmen of the new nation. For such work the decade of the fifties was for Chase and Sumner a time of further preparation; while Adams, after the natural outcome of the election of 1848, devoted himself to the editing of the papers of his grandfather, not again coming into public life until in December, 1859, he entered the House of Representatives for his only term. For his co-workers in the cause of freedom the decade was far different. The course of the Van Buren Democrats of New York in 1849 made it impossible that the abnormal combination represented in the Buffalo convention should become the basis of a permanent national organisation. But the local strength acquired in the campaign was of practical political use, in that it enabled the freedom men to make combinations which brought Chase to the Senate in 1849 and Sumner in 1851. For one term Chase served in the Senate, as did Giddings in those days in the House, as the champion of the anti-slavery cause. With Seward he opposed the Compromise of 1850. With Sumner and Giddings he fought the Kansas-Nebraska Bill and joined in the "Appeal of the Independent Democrats," raising their standard of freedom and proclaiming that "the cause of freedom is the cause of God." Chase left the Senate in March, 1855, having distinguished himself also by his scrupulous attention to economy in national finance, but having during the period failed to realise the impossibility, either by a "Free Democracy" or by some other means, of building a new party on the ruins of one of the old parties. On his nomination, in July, 1855, for Governor by the Anti-Nebraska Republicans, and on his election over

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Joseph Medill, the forces at work seemed more apparent, and the need for an untrammelled party of freedom was recognised in the following year.

Already Sumner had led the way, and in 1852, the year when both parties agreed to a quiet "finality," he refused to be thus balked. He forced the Senate to listen to his arraignment of the Fugitive Slave Law, and deliberately but fearlessly took a position, made possible by the unpledged and unhampered way in which he was elected to the Senate, by which he became "the acknowledged representative in the Senate of the moral forces opposed to slavery—the embodied conscience of the antislavery movement." With measured thought and purpose, but with words often unmeasured, the lonely apostle of freedom redoubled his attacks, and cleared, as well as electrified, the atmosphere of the Senate in preparation for the final grapple. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill he called "the best bill on which Congress ever acted, for it annuls all past compromises with slavery and makes any future compromises impossible. Thus, it puts Freedom and Slavery face to face, and bids them grapple. . . . It opens wide the door of the future, when at last there will really be a North, and the slave power will be broken." The progression is steady, though frightful, to the scholarly blackguardism of his "Crime against Kansas," and to its natural sequence. The tragic climax in the remarkable career is well known. Through this and the years when Massachusetts left empty his seat in the Senate the author takes his reader as if with Sumner, and rounds out his graceful narrative by an inspiring relation of Sumner's war work, as chairman of the Senate committee on foreign relations, and of the days when he broke with Grant and finally found himself ostracised politically, a leader without a party. Sumner's stand upon the *Trent* affair, his consistent attitude to the Fugitive Slave laws and to discriminating suffrage laws, his refusal to be ruled by the expediency of party demands or by the policy of an imperious Executive, and such incidental conflicts as that on his Battle-flag Bill, all go to illustrate and enforce the characteristics which earlier he had exhibited and which his later career demonstrated to have been a part of the man himself and not strokes of accidental genius aroused by policy or ambition. This Mr. Storey makes one realise, and he makes one realise it with an enthusiasm which forces one to grant that the praise and spirit of the author are none too great. It is an inspiring subject, and it is an inspiring biography.

The war-time career of Chase is familiar; but no such fact can detract from the usefulness of Professor Hart's scrupulous patience in working out into attractive form and with valuable substance not only the purely political features of the man's effort, particularly his relations with Lincoln and his Presidential ambitions, but also his tremendous labours with the many phases of the financial problems of the war, and his share, as an executive and as a judge, in the equally momentous questions relative to the reconstruction of the Southern States. These chapters of national history have already been handled from a variety of viewpoints, but they gain a new charm when tinctured with a personal equation such as was that of the chief justice; and this is true in spite of the anticlimax which he brought upon himself, a Republican of Republicans, by seeking a Presidential nomination from the hands of Tilden and the younger Van Buren.

The services of Sumner in the Senate and those of Chase in the Cabinet cannot be said to surpass in importance and in influence the work accomplished at London by Mr. Adams. Confronted from the beginning with a situation extremely delicate, it became his onerous task to hold England to a recognition of her duty. With no cable, with few real friends, surrounded by difficulties never before experienced, hampered by obstacles both official and private, the minister throughout bore himself with real courage, with firm patience, with aptness and dignity, and with such spirit and resourcefulness as finally to win a position no less triumphant than that of Grant himself. No more critical incident has arisen in our national history than that of the *Alabama*, followed closely by that of the Laird rams, of similar facts but opposite result. The complement of all this was his work in connection with the Geneva Arbitration, which for Mr. Adams was the "crowning mercy," and which, as Professor Moore has said, "whether measured by the gravity of the questions

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at issue or by the magnanimous and enlightened statesmanship which conducted them to a peaceful termination, was justly regarded as the greatest the world had ever seen." Upon all of this the author affords a real contribution to history; and the originality of it is not lessened by the fact that by Mr. Adams's generosity much of this material was made available for Mr. Rhodes in the preparation of his fourth volume. Amid it all the head of the house shows that for some it is given to be a faithful biographer without being a filial eulogist.

The volume, though by a man of affairs, will yield in no important particular to any of the thirty in the series. A Western critic has expressed his sense of shock at Mr. Adams's frequent recurrence to the card table as a wellspring of metaphors; but in a Puritan this rather should emphasise a modern breadth of view. It may be granted, however, that Mr. Adams at times uses his historical paragraphs quietly for the output of a personal opinion irrelevant to his discourse, as in his allusions to the "pernicious district system," to "homœopathic faith-cure" and to the Latin school. All these, however, can be welcomed from a man of ideas, and especially in view of his judicious use of the privilege. Speaking of his father's declination to become president of Harvard University, he writes: "The conclusion was not less wise than clear; and, Mr. Charles W. Eliot being the next choice, neither Mr. Adams nor the university had occasion subsequently to regret it."

Waiving small points of professional technique, and considering these volumes with reference to the needs of those for whom they are intended, it is apparent that the lawyer, the professor and the man of business have each in his turn woven around a massive figure a garment of strength and grace. Proportions have been well balanced. Sufficient material, other than biographical, has been introduced to give the subject its proper setting. Completeness and reality have been attained in a peculiar degree. And it is in no sense disparaging to the authors of the preceding twenty-seven volumes to congratulate the promoters of the undertaking upon successfully concluding the series with three volumes of worth and brilliancy by three authors who with such subjects have been able even to enhance their earlier repute.

*H. A. Cushing.*

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## LITERARY PARIS

Neither the Exposition nor the period of unprecedented heat through which Paris has just passed seems to have had any lessening effect upon the literary ardour of the French people. The budget of literary news is as heavy as the average, and much heavier, in fact, than it usually is at this time of the year.

The Academy has just *received* Paul Hervieu and elected the illustrious chemist Berthelot. The *séance de réception* in which Hervieu took his seat owed all its importance to the speech of Brunetière, who answered the new member, for Hervieu himself far from distinguished himself as an orator.

Faguet, who was elected on the same day as Hervieu, will not be received for quite a time yet. He was a few months ago the victim of an accident, in consequence of which his health is now in a condition that precludes all literary labour; so that his work as dramatic critic in the *Journal des Débats* is temporarily performed by René Doumic, and I sincerely doubt whether the readers of the ancient newspaper are seriously anxious for the return of the new Academician to his desk.

As for Berthelot, his election was unanimous—that is, no one dared to oppose him as a candidate. Those who did not like his candidacy had no way of showing their opposition save by staying at home, and I must own that many availed themselves of the privilege, as less than twenty of his new colleagues were present to cast their ballots when he was made an Immortal. His *séance de réception* will surely be the great literary event of the next season, and I know that his speech will be a bold pres-

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entation of the claims of Free Thought and a sharp confutation of the "Bankruptcy of Science" manifestoes.

Two other *séances de réception* have taken place recently, but not in the Academy. They were held in the open air, and are of especial interest to Americans, as they resulted in the acceptance by the French of two statues due to American talent and American money—those of Washington, on the Place d'Iéna, and of Lafayette, in the Cour du Louvre. The latter was the occasion of the delivery in French of a long and brilliant oration by Archbishop Ireland, which has just appeared in book form.

I wish I could say the same of Rostand's *L'Aiglon,* but nobody seems to know as yet when it is to come out of the press. One thing is sure, the delay in the publication of the book can no longer be ascribed to the author's illness, as Rostand has so far recovered that he is at work again, putting into shape an adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet,* which is to be produced at the Théâtre Français next spring. An amusing bit of gossip is connected with this coming Shakespearian event. When the brilliant *jeune premier* of the celebrated company, Monsieur Le Bargy, was married, not quite two years ago, it was rumoured that he would soon cease to impersonate passionate lovers on the French stage, and that he would devote himself thenceforth to teaching and, maybe, to literary production. Things have turned out quite differently. There is no longer any hint even at Le Bargy's retirement. Quite the reverse. His wife, formerly Mademoiselle Benda, is soon to make her *début,* and she is to play the Juliet to her husband's Romeo.

I shall not take leave from the Théâtre Français without adding that it is now generally admitted that the opening of the rebuilt house will be the last act of Jules Claretie's career as a theatrical manager. Only two names are mentioned for the position—those of Gustave Larroumet, who succeeded Sarcey as literary critic in *Le Temps,* and of Albert Carré, who now manages the Paris Opéra Comique. The chances are largely in favour of the latter. Although Larroumet himself disclaims being a candidate, his disclaimers are not taken very seriously by the public. But opinion in general seems to be that the present condition of the company calls for an expert in theatrical management rather than for a literary man, and Carré has for him the prestige of success in that direction. It is, moreover, remembered that Claretie's brilliantly successful predecessor, Émile Perrin, had, before managing the Théâtre Français, managed both the Opéra Comique and the Grand Opéra.

Before recording the books published during the last few weeks I ought to mention the untimely death of a literary worker from whom a good deal was yet expected, Professor Joseph Texte, of the University of Lyons. Professor Texte's first book, *Jean Jacques Rousseau et les Origines du Cosmopolitisme Littéraire* was welcomed as an important contribution to literary criticism, and recently received the honour of an English translation. I have it on good authority that had not Professor Texte's career so suddenly ended, a professorship of Comparative Literature would have been created for him at the Collège de France.

The field of literary criticism and literary history has been of late very actively ploughed up, and I have now a number of important new books to mention. They deal with classical and modern, with French and foreign literature. M. H. Duvré gives us a very thoughtful work dealing with classical Greece, *Les Formes Littéraires de la Pensée Grecque,* while to Professor Eugène Rigal we are indebted for an exceedingly valuable contribution to what may be called Hugo literature, *Victor Hugo Poète Épique.* Hugo's admirers all to-day admit that the epic element was a component part of his genius, and Professor Rigal has very keenly marked out in works that are in appearance lyric or dramatic passages and conceptions that truly belong to the domain of the epic poet.

Lovers of Hugo will be glad to hear of a forthcoming subscription work of a pictorial character, *Le Victor Hugo des Deux Cents Artistes.* It is to be published by Bernoux, Cumin and Masson.

The well-known series of *Les Grands Écrivains Français,* published by Hachette, has been enriched by an admirable volume on Pascal. It is due to the pen of Professor Émile Boutroux, of the University of Paris.

Two other writers have turned their

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attention to dramatic literature, but their subjects are as wide apart as can be. For nearly a century and a half before the French Revolution there existed in Paris a number of somewhat irregular theatrical organisations which made it their business to burlesque nearly everything. They were especially active at the times of great open-air fairs, and their object was to provide amusement and fun for the motley crowd that visited the booths bent on pleasure no less than upon business. Professor Maurice Albert devotes to them a very entertaining volume, *Les Théâtres de la Foire.*

To provide fun and amusement for his contemporaries has certainly not been the chief aim of Henrik Ibsen, whose works are very sympathetically studied in M. Ossip-Lourié's *La Philosophie Sociale dans le Théâtre d'Ibsen.*

The rules themselves of literary criticism from a special point of view form the subject of a very important work, *La Méthode Scientifique de l'Histoire Littéraire.* The author of the book, M. Georges Renard, has had a rather checkered career. He was a brilliant young professor when the insurrection of the Commune broke out after the Franco-German War. His socialistic opinions led him to take side with the insurgents, and after their defeat he had to leave France. He took refuge in Switzerland, where he ultimately became a professor in the University of Lausanne. Now, bygones are bygones, and he has just been called to a newly created professorship of the History of Labor in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers in Paris.

Two young men, M. A. Van Bever and M. Paul Léautard, have given us what we may well call a belated book, *Poètes d'Aujourd'hui, 1880-1900.* It contains biographical notes, criticisms and selections. How convenient such a book would have been for the American public if issued before M. Henri de Régnier's visit to the United States!

I may just as well state here that the French writer selected as Hyde lecturer for Harvard in 1901 is M. Gaston Deschamps, the literary critic of *Le Temps,* and a very gifted speaker. M. Deschamps comes from the École Normale, and is the son-in-law of the present head of the school, Professor Georges Perrot, well known by his masterly *History of Ancient Art.* M. Deschamps will, of course, speak in a number of universities. In Harvard his subject will be *Le Théâtre Contemporain.* Columbia has asked him to lecture on French journalism during the nineteenth century. He intends to stay three months in the United States. Another Frenchman of letters who is likely to cross the ocean is Hugues Leroux, who has several times been mentioned in these columns. But he is not likely to arrive before January, 1902.

In historical literature I have to mention no less than four works, two of which, *L'Histoire de la Liberté de Conscience en France,* by M. Bonet Maury, and *Un Janséniste en Exil, Correspondance de Pasquier-Quesnel,* deal rather with religious history. The other two, which deal more with art and politics, are an *Essai sur Laurent de Médicis, le Magnifique,* by M. André Lebey; the other, *Un Homme d'État Italien, Joseph de Maistre et la Politique de la Maison de Savoie,* by M. J. Mandoul. It is a doctor's thesis. The subject of the work, Joseph de Maistre, may be called an Italian statesman, but in literature he is known as a great French writer.

Summer without novels would not be summer. The novel of the season is *Les Mémoires d'une Femme de Chambre,* by Octave Mirbeau. The indefatigable Gyp is out with two volumes, *Trop de Chic* and *Le Journal d'une qui s'en Fiche,* the *Diary of a Woman who Don't Care a Rap.* I wonder what titles we are coming to! A charming volume of imaginary, but very realistic, conversations, *Une Fable,* by Jeanne Marni, is in nearly everybody's hands. Then we have a new novel by Jules Verne, better for the young than all the above, *Seconde Patrie,* and two translations, *Quo Vadis,* and *Contes Choisis* by Mark Twain.

I should also mention that the second volume of Sarcey's *Quarante Ans de Théâtre, Molière et la Comédie Classique,* is out.

*Adolphe Cohn.*

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# THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

## I.

A Boston correspondent writes as follows:

The reviewer of *Folly Corner* in your June number uses, apparently as a quotation, the epigrammatic Latin sentence *Ardet et odit.* I am unable to find this in any of the customary dictionaries of quotations, and do not know, therefore, whether it is really a quotation or whether it is original with the reviewer. Can you tell me about this, and also what dictionary of quotations you regard as the fullest and most desirable for reference?

The sentence in question is taken from a choral ode in the *Medea* of Seneca. Its general form suggests Ennius's *splendet et horret* and Juvenal's *laudatur et alget.* We think, as the result of actual experience and use, that the *Cyclopædia of Quotations,* published by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, is the best and most comprehensive work of its kind.

## II.

About once a year we get a letter very much like the following, and we always answer it, because it obviously comes from a new subscriber or reader who has not seen the same question asked and answered in previous years. The writer is a member of the House of Representatives of the State of Illinois.

*The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN.

I have just been enjoying the reading of the Letter-Box in the July number. I hope I may be pardoned for asking in all seriousness if the questions, as well as the answers, are written in the editorial office. I am forced to ask this question so that I may learn if it be true that curiosity in the human race runs so largely in the direction of trifles.

We can only reply, as we have always done, that we preserve the original letters which are addressed to the Letter-Box, and are always glad to convince any sceptical person who will give himself the trouble to call at our office and take a look at them. As to this gentleman's concluding remark, we would venture respectfully to remind him that neither in politics nor in literature, nor in any other sphere of human interest, are there any such things as trifles.

## III.

In the July number of this magazine we published a letter from a gentleman in British Columbia, who wanted to know how it was that in reading *To Have and To Hold* he experienced so curious a feeling of having previously read something like it. We couldn't tell him, but three different readers of THE BOOKMAN have come to his rescue, two of them taking it upon themselves to chide us gently for not giving him a serious answer. We print the essential parts of the three letters herewith. The first letter is from this city:

The incidents of *To Have and To Hold,* dealing as they do with blood, conflict and slaughter, are numerous and complicated; the plot is a very simple one, telling the story of how a man fell in love with his wife. The incidents, in their very nature, cannot be original, similar ones being scattered about profusely in Scott, Cooper, Kingsley, Crockett, Dumas, Rider Haggard and Stanley J. Weyman, not to mention a host of other writers. The plot will be found in a pleasant novel of New England life, by E. P. Roe, read by many about fifteen or twenty years ago. The title of this work is *He Fell in Love with His Wife.*

In her charming picture of early colonial Virginia life, Miss Johnston is, in my opinion, thoroughly original and without a peer. She has earned all the praises which have come to her. She also may have originated her plot, brilliant minds often thinking out the same thought.

The second communication comes from Chicago.

Have you read *The Head of a Hundred?* In your July Letter-Box a reader from British Columbia suggests, though not unkindly, that he has read something like *To Have and To Hold.* It just occurred to me that perhaps he had read *The Head of a Hundred.* Miss Johnston may have read it, too, and forgotten about it, as it was published several years ago. I do not mean to hurt Miss Johnston's feelings, for I enjoyed both books very much, and liked *The Head of a Hundred* so well I was glad to find another book just like it.

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Finally comes a letter written and posted in Silver Bay, New York.

In a recent number of THE BOOKMAN, a correspondent from Rossland, British Columbia, made the editor gasp by suggesting that Mary Johnston's book, *To Have and To Hold,* was similar to something he had read.

Will the editor please borrow a vinaigrette and kindly permit me to substantiate the British Columbian's statement and suggest that the story he probably has in mind is *The Romance of Dollard,* by Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood? It was first published in *Harper's Magazine* as a serial several years ago.

Now for the comparison. In both novels the heroes are pioneers who have been soldiers. Each has a faithful servant, who is friend and confidante as well. Both Captain Percy and Dollard find their wives in a marriage market. The heroines are alike in being court ladies fleeing from odious marriages at home, taking their chances with a shipload of girls in a new country. After a hasty wedding, each couple embarks for home in a small boat, and adventures begin almost immediately. In each story a warlike Churchman figures prominently. Bloodthirsty and treacherous Indians furnish the thrills for both tales. That *To Have and To Hold* ends comfortably and is placed in American-English scenery, while the *Romance of Dollard* is in French-Canadian setting and winds up tragically, is the only apparent difference in outline.

It will be observed that each letter suggests a different solution and names a different novel. It would now be interesting to have the gentleman from British Columbia inform us whether he had read any or all of the three novels mentioned.

## IV.

The lady up in Pittsfield to whose criticisms we devoted so much space last month is displeased with us. She has written another long letter to say so. Her letter came to us just as fast as the post could carry it after she had received her copy of THE BOOKMAN. We are sorry that we cannot this month spare her an entire column, but we don't mind summarising the contents of her note. She says that she had no idea that her former letter would rasp us to such an absurd extent; that Pittsfield is not a rural hamlet, but a place of 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants; that perhaps she was foolish to spend so much time over our editorial utterances when she might have spent the same time over other magazines; that we admitted that we had blundered in three instances which she mentioned; that she is no stranger to the partitive genitive; that we only give stock explanations; that she doesn't believe them, anyhow; that with regard to Baden-Powell's Latin couplet she doesn't need to call in anybody to scan it for her; that the people of Pittsfield are in reasonably good health; that, so far as she knows, none of them but herself ever reads THE BOOKMAN; and finally, that several other literary periodicals which she names are much superior to ours.

Well, well! This is just our luck. Whenever we try to be particularly polite and friendly, we are sure to get into trouble with somebody in our unintelligent, blundering way. Probably the best thing that we can do in this case is to keep very still and say nothing. We can't help mentioning, however, that the lady is wrong in her surmise that no one but herself in Pittsfield ever reads THE BOOKMAN, for we have just received a postal-card from one of the 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants of that flourishing place. Here it is:

The "critical reader" who asks about *than them* will find the locution fully discussed in the June number of *Modern Language Notes.* The article vindicates *than whom* and furnishes proportionate justification for *than them.* *T. U. S.*

## V.

Mr. Joseph B. Gilder of the *Critic* writes us with regard to a question asked of us in the July number about the expression "pouring out the child with the bath." Mr. Gilder quotes the German proverbial expression, "Das Kind mit dem Bade ausschütten," and very justly remarks that "throwing out" would be a better rendering of *ausschütten.* If we remember rightly, the lady who asked the question was aware of the German proverb, but did not know whether it was simply a popular expression or whether it had a literary origin; nor did we know. Perhaps Mr. Gilder will further oblige us.

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## VI.

A letter from Milwaukee:

*Editors of* THE BOOKMAN.

In the August BOOKMAN you write (p. 568): "As to Mr. Astor, we don't think that he is the American referred to in Mr. Kipling's story." I have been challenged so often for saying, "I don't think it is so," when I mean "I think it is not so," that I cannot refrain from calling upon you to defend this locution, hoping that you can furnish me with a satisfactory reply against my next need.

A locution, like an American citizen, is supposed to be innocent until it is proved to be guilty. When some one attacks the particular form of expression which you and we so frequently use, please ask him why he objects to it, and get him to write down his reasons, so that you can send them to us and let us discuss them. This will be a favour, as our own intellect is not sufficiently powerful to see any essential difference in meaning or in grammatical propriety between "I don't think that it is so" and "I think that it is not so," except that the latter is more forcible.

## VII.

A reader in this city quotes a remark of ours to the effect that *The Reign of Law* is the second novel of a semi-religious character to appear within the last few months, the other being *The Redemption of David Corson.* Our correspondent calls attention to the fact that *Deacon Bradbury,* written by Mr. Edwin Asa Dix and published on March 24, should have been mentioned in connection with the other two books.

## VIII.

The following letter is from Northampton, Massachusetts:

*To the Editors of* THE BOOKMAN.

A discussion has arisen regarding the proper usage of the word "setting," relative to a hen, and your opinion we have agreed upon to be an authority.

A insists that "setting hen" is bad grammar —that it should be "sitting hen," but the majority of us insist that "setting" used in relation to a hen is permissible and proper, at least by virtue of custom if nothing else. Will you kindly enlighten us on the subject, and if "setting" is proper, please state *why?*

We rather hesitate to decide questions that are referred to us in this way, for the reason that our personal opinions at times run counter to those of the lexicographers and other persons who are usually accepted as authorities on matters of language. Our own judgment in this case is that it is entirely proper to speak of a hen as "setting." In the first place, the usage is so general and of such long standing as to give it a certain sanction; and in the second place, there is a good reason back of this usage and one which, no doubt, has unconsciously influenced the minds of those who employ this particular form of speech. If we adhere exclusively to the expression "sitting," we have no means of differentiating between a hen engaged in incubation and a hen who is simply sitting down to brood over her young or to rest her legs. We should, therefore, say that we ought to speak of a "sitting" hen when we are colloquially referring to a hen in her hours of relaxation, but of a "setting" hen when we are technically describing a hen in the discharge of one of her professional functions.

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# *STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE**

## By JOHN URI LLOYD

### CHAPTER XLII.

On a knoll back from the road stood a colonial mansion, an hour's ride from Stringtown. Before it stretched a woodland pasture that gently sloped from the house. Great sugar-maple and venerable walnut trees shaded this spacious lawn, which was artistically ornamented by clumps of Yucca and groups of cedar, pine and juniper trees. A picturesque drive led from the door of the mansion, down the slopes, through the grounds to the front gate. A dense osage orange hedge bordered the opposite side of the road.

In an easy-chair on the porch of the house sat a white-haired gentleman; a party of happy, young people was preparing to enter a large carryall that stood on the drive before the porch. Two of the pleasure seekers—young ladies—kissed the man and said: "Farewell until morning, papa!" Then the party drove down the avenue on to the public road and disappeared from sight. The man on the porch in the shade of the trees leaned back in his easy-chair and watched the sun go down; gently rocking, he puffed a cigar, the curling smoke of which could be seen by one with good eyes from the distant hedge that bordered the street. Behind this hedge, facing the mouth of the avenue that led to the house, commanding a full view of the solitary figure, three faces, hidden in foliage, peered through the hedge, two of them black, the other white. Twilight deepened, and from the log cabins behind the house came another vehicle, a spring wagon, laden with negroes dressed in gay-coloured, holiday attire. The three figures drew back at their approach and concealed themselves behind the thick part of the hedge.

The wagon passed down the avenue, turned out into the road and disappeared in the direction of Stringtown. The heads of the three figures promptly returned to their places of outlook. The lone man on the porch, the sole occupant of the deserted mansion, unconscious of their watchful eyes, puffed his cigar. He was, as he believed, destined to pass a solitary night; but what cares a Kentucky gentleman, with cigars in plenty and a well-filled decanter, for other company?

Evening drew near; the dew and the shadows of night fell together. The man threw the stump of his cigar into the lawn, entered the house, lighted a lamp and without drawing the curtain seated himself at a table and began to read an historical record of Kentucky. Thus he sat alone until deep darkness brooded over all things without the house.

Unrest tormented him. Dropping the book and lighting a cigar, the uneasy watcher threw his feet upon the arm of a tall chair, dropped his head upon the back of the rocker, faced the window and gently puffed his cigar. The air without was still as a moonless, dew-breeding Southern night could bring; the air within the room was motionless; the man, excepting the lip movements, was very still. Not often do surroundings such as these occur to further meditation concerning the past. The mind of the man turned backward. With lips pursed together, he threw a thread of white smoke into the room and dreamily gazed upon it with half-closed eyes. The deep blue that curled upward from the tip of his cigar contrasted sharply with this vapour-mixed cloud. The circle of smoke sped to the ceiling and shattered itself against a projecting decoration. Another ring, moving like creeping cotton, followed the first; trembling, weaving, seemingly undecided as to whether it should move up or down, the phantom balanced itself in the air, then collapsed and disappeared. A third followed the second; softer, whiter, more perfect than the others, it moved upward more gracefully. The thin thread of blue from the tip of the cigar between the forefinger and thumb of the nicotine dreamer followed this retreating circle; it thrust itself into the centre of the vortex ring, then lapped over it, and before the combination burst spread as a revolving sheath from above its upper edge.

Into the stillness and the silence passed another fairy ring; a feather's touch would have crushed it, an upstarting puff of air would have been fatal. Slowly moved this fifth wreath upward; drawing the blue thread from the cigar's tip into its depths, it balanced itself exactly in the torpid air, and then, just before collapsing, the man who faced it saw from the inner circle where blue and white

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mingled a pair of eyes, blue eyes, spring into existence and gaze down into his own.

The hand that held the cigar dropped, but the man was unconscious of the movement; his mind turned from the picture above to a scene of other years, when a pair of living eyes, eyes exactly like these, gazed beseechingly into his own. These phantom orbs from out the burst fairy wreath had reflected a glimpse of other days. Then his glance dropped to the night-black window; there, set in a face of darkness quite different from the blackness about it, hung two white eyes that gazed in upon him who dreamed as waking men sometimes dream. The startled watcher turned back to the sun-white wreath above; it had vanished. He dropped his glance to the black face in the window; the eyes were gone. Not a word did he utter, but grasping the decanter by his side, turned it up and drank deeply of the amber liquid; then, as if to test the correctness of his senses or to face the spell that bound him, threw his head back, gazed intently upward, drew a deep inhalation from the cigar, and then a wreath softer than a cobweb and as white as snow sprang into existence. Floating in space as only vortex rings can float, enlarging, drawing from above and below, from without and within, growing larger and softer and purer as it expanded, this thing of beauty, alive to the sight, but dead to the touch, expanded to the size of a child's face; then from out its depths a portrait from the past sprang again into life, a child's face, a baby face with great, beseeching eyes. Startled as he had never been before, the gentleman shrank from the airy vision above, dropped his cigar upon the carpet, and his gaze fell again to the window; there, close against the glass, gazing in upon him intently, as had the wreath-face from above, peered beseeching eyes like those he had just seen. That same face looked upon him from out the night; brightened by the lamplight, set in the frame of blackness, this imploring face was older, sadder, yet identical with that framed by the fairy wreath.

Springing from his place, the man threw the door wide open; for an instant the contrasting darkness stunned his eye, and when he pierced the depths naught was to be seen but the streaming light that from the window marked its way across the drive and into the clump of trees beyond.

Neither the pair of eyes hanging in darkness, nor the imploring child's face that reflected the vision in the wreath, had now an existence. He slammed the door, turned the key, sprang to the window and snatched down the Venetian blind. The slatted shade fell to its place almost with the turn of the key, so rapidly did he move, but simultaneously with its rustle a heavy knock sounded on the door, a knock that made the silent house echo. Notwithstanding the experiences through which he had just passed, without any hesitation whatever the man turned the key and again threw the door wide open. A flood of light streamed across the porch, showing three figures, one a child that stood in front of the open way. Into the room they stepped without bid of voice or gesture, and stood before the man, who broke the silence with the angry words: "What the devil do you want?"

The intruders were our three friends, Cupe, Dinah and Susie. Cupe courtesied low.

"An' hab yo' fo'got de ole man, Ma'se?"

The gentleman looked searchingly at the woman, then at the negro man. "Cupe and Dinah."

"An' Susie, Ma'se, an' Susie."

"Who is Susie?"

"Doan yo' know de chile?"

"No; and I don't care to know her. When did you get back, Cupe?"

"Look at the honey gearl," said the negro, ignoring the question. "Look at de chile ag'in, Ma'se."

Something in the earnest tone of the old negro led the gentleman to respect the request. He put his finger under the chin of the child, turned her face up to the light and gazed down into her wondering eyes. The eyes in the smoke wreath were on him again, the face in the window was now a face in the room. A twinge of pain that did not escape the quick eye of Cupe passed over his countenance; memory served the man truly, and in a memory flash he beheld a child in the arms of a beseeching woman. In that same room those eyes, then a baby's eyes, looked into his own. And he remembered, too, that together mother and child had passed out into the night, out of his sight, out of his life. And out of his life they must stay.

"No, Cupe, I do not know her," he said, and turned to the negro. "Now answer my question. When did you get back?"

Again the negro drew the attention of the man to the girl. "Doan yo' 'lect de muddah ob de chile?"

"No; and I care nothing for either the child or its mother. What brings you here tonight?"

Glancing about the room, the negro caught sight of a hand-mirror, left on the table by one

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of the young ladies. Picking it up, he handed it to the man. "Look inter de glass, Ma'se; see de eyes dat look back in yoah face an' den look at de eyes ob de chile."

A flush spread over the face of the man; he raised his clenched fist to strike, but the negro, making no motion to evade the blow, said in a low, respectful tone:

"Deed, Ma'se, Cupe doan mean no disrespec'. Look at de eyes ob de chile, an' look in de glass an' den look at de face ob de chile an' t'ink ob de woman yo' lubbed in York State, an' who follud yo' back ter Kaintuck. She tramped out inter de night, a lone woman, wid yoah chile in her arms, from dis same room."

The hand of the man trembled; he dropped the glass and sank into a chair. The negro closed the door and locked it, gazing constantly at the man, who for a moment made no effort to renew the conversation. The black man continued: "Ole Sukey, who buy her freedom, saw yo' in Sar'toga wid de muddah ob de chile. She wah bright an' pritty, an' de smile wah on her face."

Mr. Manley clenched his hand and shook his fist at the black. "Cupe Hardman, when morning comes your back will answer for this night's work. Out of my house, you impudent vagabonds. Back to Canada, back with that brat, or by the gods I'll—"

The negro sank upon his knees and held up his hands in supplication. "Cupe an' Dinah raised yo', Ma'se, on de ole Hardman fa'm. Dey lub yo' now es ef yo' wah dere own chile. Min' yo' not de story ob yoah life?"

The man made no reply.

"Lis'n ter Cupe befo' yo' dribe dis little chile 'way. Yoah muddah and fahdah once libbed in Stringtown; dey wah poo' people, Ma'se, an' yo' wah a wee babe. Den de sickness come to yoah house an' den deff. Bof yoah mammy an' yoah pap wah carried ter de grabeyard. An' den ole ma'se say: 'Dinah, kin yo' raise de orfin Stringtown chile?' and Dinah say: 'Es easy ter raise two chillun es one.' An' ma'se brung yo' home nex' day, a little boy wid great eyes—no uddah chile but yoah own kin hab sech eyes—" and Cupe glanced at Susie. "An' yo' grew up 'long wid de chile I lub so well, de boy whose muddah die long 'go. But dah wah no youse tryin', yo' two boys wah cross-grained an' tough, yo' fight an' bite an' raise de debbil, an' at las' sep'rate—yo' know why. De fa'm wah not big nuff fo' bof ob yo'. Ef ebah yo' had stepped foot on de ole place ahftah de las' act yo' did, Ma'se Hardman 'ud hab killed yo' suah. But he keep his mouf ter hisse'f fo' de honah ob de fam'ly. Ma'se Hardman gib yo' dis fa'm when yo' tu'n 'way; de lan' wah rich an' yo' wah smart; et am a biggah fa'm now. Yo' am a fine gem'n an' a rich man, Ma'se."

"Why are you here, Cupe?" said Mr. Manley, the adopted brother of the dead Corn Bug, for it was indeed he. "Why are you here to-night? Do you want help, money?"

The negro shook his head.

"What is it, Cupe?"

Pointing to the child, the black, still kneeling, said: "Look at de Susie chile, doan look at Cupe."

"I have never seen the girl before, Cupe; I swear by the Lord—"

Cupe held up his hand: "Doan swar' et out, Ma'se." Then he added: "She hab no muddah."

"Well."

"She needs a fahdah."

The man raised his fist, but Cupe again held out his defenceless hand and continued: "She needs de *name* ob her fahdah."

"What devilish scheme is this?" demanded the now infuriated man. "Nigger Cupe, by the gods I'll stretch your neck on the old elm in the back pasture sure as Heaven lets me live till morning. Out, out of the room! When daylight comes the hounds will be on your track."

No movement was made by the kneeling negro; with upstretched hands, uncovered head, he looked beseechingly upward. Down the cheeks of his wrinkled face a tear trickled.

"You shall be thrashed until your back is bloody as sure as the Lord—"

He was again interrupted by the kneeling black, who held up his hand, the palm exposed. "See yo' de scar in de han' ob Cupe?"

"What is that to me?"

"Dah am no feah fo' de flesh in de hea't ob de man who b'l'ebes in de sign. Save de honah ob yoah own chile, Ma'se, an' den cut de back ob de nigger."

"I care nothing for your signs; go!" He pointed to the door.

"Gib de Susie chile her name," pleaded the negro; "the yinnercent gearl hab axt, 'Am I *only* nigger Susie?' Lis'n, Ma'se Manley, please lis'n. In de cole Canerdy lan' Susie libed wid Cupe an' Dinah, who take her out ob Kaintuck. De yeahs come an' go, an' et wah cole near 'bout all de time. Cupe wo'k in de day an' Dinah stay wid Susie, an' no ha'm come ter any ob dem—but et wah not like libin' in de ole cabin in Kaintuck. Cupe come home one night, an' Dinah say: 'Susie ax a quistion terday.' 'An' yo' ansah et, Dinah?' 'No.' 'What

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wah de quistion?' 'She say, "In de school I sit in de seat wid Mary Jones, an' in de uddah seat sit An'e Moo'e, an' in de nex' seat sit Lucy Smith." "'Zacly," I ansah. 'An' den I tu'n de subject by sayin': "De teachah am a kind man ef he do weah a coa'se, woman-like dress an' a string ob beads." She say: "Yes; but he ax my name ag'in, an' I tole him, 'Susie.' 'Susie what?' 'Jes Susie.' An' den he say: 'Tole de folks yo' lib wid ter sen' de uddah name ter-morrer, an' tole 'em I'll call ter see 'em soon.' Am I *only* Susie, Aunt Dinah?" she ax, an' a tear come inter her eye.'

" 'Dinah,' say Cupe, 'Dinah, when de mahn'n comes, back we'll start ter ole Kaintuck, back fo' de name ob de chile.' An' heah we am, Ma'se Manley. Dah am nuffin mo'ah ter say."

No reply was made by the man, but his anger seemed to have been somewhat soothed by the words the negro spoke.

After an interval Cupe continued: "Dah wah bad signs on de way back an' dah hab be'n ebil omen sense de good ole lan' wah reached, but heah de chile am at las' in de home ob her fahdah. Look up, Susie."

Obedient to the order, the child raised her face, and gazed into that of the white man. Those appealing great eyes he knew so well for the fourth time that night were upon Mr. Manley.

"She doan ax fo' money, she doan ax fo' lan', er dresses, er rings. She doan ax fo' nuffin money kin brung, er fo' what doan b'long ter her; de yinnercent chile ax fo' de name she am 'titled ter an' ax et ob de big, rich man who tu'ned a lone baby out inter de worl' outen a name. De debbil nebbah did nuffin worsah."

"You insulting scoundrel—"

But Cupe broke in: "Cupe an' Dinah lub de gearl an' lub de lan' ob Kaintuck bettah dan all de worl' b'side. But fo' de good ob de chile, ef yo'll take her inter de house an' open yoah hea't ter de yinnercent orfin, an' gib her de name she needs an' yo' owe ter her, we two ole niggers'll tu'n back to de cole Canerdy lan' an' nebbah look on her face ag'in. Please, Ma'se Manley, an' de Lawd'll bress yo' in de day ob jubilee."

For reply Mr. Manley pointed to the door.

"Fo' de lub ob yoah chile, yoah own chile, Ma'se."

Still he pointed to the door. "Go!"

The old man arose. Dinah for the first time moved to the front; she stood to the right of Mr. Manley, Cupe to his left.

"Will yo' damn yoah own chile by stealin' her name 'way? Bettah steal her money er cut her froat."

Mr. Manley raised his clenched fist, his eyes snapped viciously. "Dog of a nigger," he muttered, "you lie, you lie!" but his voice was interrupted by the movements of the two negroes, who sprang forward simultaneously. Cupe wrapped his long arms around Mr. Manley, clasping him tightly. Dinah jerked forth a strong strap, and before the prisoner realised their object drew his ankles together. Then, moving far more rapidly than seemed possible, with another strap she bound his arms close to his side. The movements of the actors were unexpected, the strength displayed was unlooked for, the expertness with which they did their work was amazing. The prisoner became a prisoner without realising the fact until he was bound, and then, when he should have been the more excited, he instantly regained his natural calmness. It was evident that he expected soon to be master again and proposed to bide his time. He certainly felt no fear as to the result of the night's experiences. Indeed, the final act of violence by the negroes seemed to disturb him less than did the charges Cupe had presumed to make.

"You'll be flogged in the morning until your back is raw, Cupe," he quietly said.

But Cupe before replying set the helpless man in his easy-chair, then said: "De lash am not so painful es de brand ob de fiah. Cupe kin stan' dem bof. Ma'se, de Lawd knows Cups lubs yo' yit, but he lubs de Susie gearl mo'ah. Yo' hab done wrong ter yo'selb, Ma'se, an' yo' hab done wrong ter Susie, yoah own chile."

"I have not, Cupe. The Lord knows—"

Cupe again interrupted him.

"Two times befo' yo' call on de Lawd. Do yo' wan' ter lebe de mattah ob de truff ob yoah words ter de Lawd?"

"The Lord witness that I have had no part in wronging that child."

"De Lawd mus' be de witness; yo' hab called de 'zact numbah ob times on de one who kin prube de right. De Lawd shall be de jedge." Slowly, earnestly, as if uttering a sacred command, he then said:

"Brung de o'deal bean, Dinah, brung bof de o'deal bean."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

Something in the tone of the old man struck the prisoner to the heart. A chill crept over him. Raised as he had been with the negroes, he realised that unless the intruders had been

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reckless of personal danger or sure of the success of their undertaking they would not have been so rash as to commit such an outrage on a Kentucky gentleman. It might mean death to the intruders.

That final command of Cupe, "Brung de o'deal bean," was uttered in a tone that boded no good. For the first time in his life Mr. Manley felt the sensation of fear. Too well did he realise the extent to which a fanatical fatalist, such as he knew Cupe to be, would carry his measures, did be believe it a duty imposed by supernatural power.

"De bean, Dinah, gib me de bean."

Unbuttoning the bosom of her dress, the woman drew forth a leather bag. Cupe opened it by means of a draw-string and poured into his palm three kidney-shaped beans, each about half an inch in diameter and two inches long. Holding them before the prisoner he spoke as follows:

"Ma'se, ef Cupe had be'n bo'n in de hot Afriky lan' he'd hab be'n a king. Dis is de bean my gran'dad, King ob de Gol'coast ob Afriky, brought ter America. Et wah raised on a sacred vine dat only kings could grow. No uddah man wah 'lowed ter touch de precious bean." He reverently raised one of the nuts between the tip of his forefinger and his thumb; holding it before the eyes of the prisoner, he said in an undertone: *"Et am de sacred o'deal nut."*

"And what is the ordeal nut?"

"Et kin tole ef a man am lyin'. Ef a man am s'pected ob killin' anuddah man de o'deal nut kin prube de fac'. Ef a man am s'pected ob hoodoo work, de o'deal bean kin show ef he be a hoodoo man. De woman what act de witch kin fool de doctah an' her husban', but she kin not fool de o'deal bean. De o'deal bean am God's bean, an' only de son ob a king kin make de o'deal test. Cupe am de son ob a king."

"God Almighty, Cupe, you are carrying your superstition too far! What do you intend doing?" said the deeply disturbed man.

"Nuffin. De Lawd am goin' ter prube ef yo' hab be'n tellin' de truff 'bout de Susie chile."

"That devilish bean has no power; it is senseless."

"De o'deal nut kin do no ha'm to de yinnercent, but et am suah deff ter de guilty man. Yo' need hab no feah ef yo' hab tole de truff, but de man who take de o'deal test had bettah say his prayers ef de lie am on his lips." He turned to the woman: "Make de drink, Dinah;" and Cupe handed her one of the beans.

Dinah was not a stranger to the abode she now was in. Well did she know the house. Often had she been called to assist in that mansion during parties and celebrations given in other days. Straight to the kitchen did she go, crushed the bean and pounded it into meal. Then she poured cold water over the powder, set the pan on the wood embers still glowing in the stove, stirred its contents slowly and watched the liquid until it simmered. During the period she mumbled strange words, made curious passes and motions over the decoction with her hands, and once with her husky voice she sang a weird air such as no civilised musician ever cast into notes. At last the task was done. Cooling the decoction by holding the pan in cold water, she next poured the potion into a tumbler, artfully decanting it from the dregs. Then she carried the tea to Cupe, who sat facing the helpless man.

The little girl in the meantime had fallen asleep and rested on the sofa, but she now opened her eyes, gazing listlessly at the persons before her.

"Ma'se Manley," said Cupe, taking the glass of tea in his hand, "et es wid sow'er dat Cupe, who lubs yo' so deahly, feels de 'cessity ob honorin' yo' on dis yocasion. But yo' make him do et; free times an' one extra yo' call de Lawd ter witness de fac' yo' swo' to. De word ob a fine gem'n am great, but de powah ob de o'deal bean am greatah. Yo' may drink ter de glory ob de Lawd." He held the cup to the ashen lips of the man, who made no movement.

"Drink de o'deal tea, an' ef yo' hab tole de truff yoah res' 'll be sweet an' yoah wakin' pleasant."

"You black scoundrel!" answered the helpless man; "you fanatical lunatic! never will I swallow a drop of your cursed stuff."

"Yo' call' on de Lawd an' yo' mus' drink ter de Lawd. Et pains Cupe ter 'blige yo' ter op'n yoah lips, but he hab drenched ho'ses an' mules, an' kin drench a man. Drink, er Cupe'll poah de sacred tea down yoah froat."

"Cupe, do you propose to murder me? Dinah" (he turned to the old woman), "Dinah, when I was a child you held me on your knee, you have told me stories by the cabin fire, you have dressed me in the morning, watched over me during the day, and put me into bed at night. Dinah, am I not the orphan child you raised?"

"Cupe am de son ob a king."

"Dinah, I gave you money to buy tombstones for your children."

"De sacred o'deal come from God, cussed be de pusson who bre'k de cha'm."

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The man turned an imploring look on Cupe, who answered: "De o'deal bean am ha'mless ter de yinnercent."

"Don't poison me, Cupe; I ain't a dog. Shoot me. A man should not die by poison." The negro shook his head. The prisoner made one last appeal.

"My children, my two girls," continued Mr. Manley. "Forbear for their sakes."

"Dah am free girls."

The man shook his head.

Cupe pointed to the sleeping child.

"No."

"God help yo', Ma'se. Down wid de o'deal."

There was no hope now; that *no* had steeled the negro's heart. By a method that must have been taught the mixer of the ordeal by one who was expert at forcing a liquid down the throat of a struggling person, Cupe and Dinah forced the prisoner to drain the strange potion to the dregs. Not a drop was spilled. Then Dinah went to the kitchen, washed the glass and pan, removed every evidence of disorder made by herself, and returned to find Cupe still facing the now very frightened man.

"Cupe," he said, "I feel strangely. There is a whirling in my brain; you have poisoned your old friend, Cupe."

"De o'deal am ha'mless ter de yinnercent."

"Cupe, I know nothing about the mother of the girl. I have never seen the girl before."

"De woman who carry de chile in her arms say dat yo' dribe her out inter de night. She wrote et all down, an' she swo' ter dat papah befo' de Stringtown jestice ob de peace."

"My daughters!" moaned the man, who now realised fully his position—poison in his blood, disgrace in the future. "Cupe, I beg you not to let that paper come to light—I beg you."

"Et hab be'n read by de Stringtown clerk."

The man's mind wandered; the deadly African ordeal was burning out his nerve power.

"Save me, Cupe, save the honour of my children," he implored. "In the drawer of that secretary you will find diamonds and pearls."

Cupe shook his head. Too well did he know the symptoms of that fearful ordeal, from which no man ever recovered. All who drank that potion were guilty.

"De jewels doan all b'long ter Susie."

"Take them all, but burn that paper. You mean to doubly murder me, Cupe?"

"De Lawd am yoah jedge, not Cupe."

The eyes of the man were now fixed on vacancy, his breath came spasmodically, his skin turned ashen white. "God help me, God save my children!"

No sign of sympathy was exhibited by the witnesses to this fearful tragedy. Standing by his side, they coldly watched his spasmodic struggles until the life of the miserable man went out.

Then Cupe said: "Dinah, de Lawd hab be'n de jedge. Bressed be de name ob de Lawd!"

## CHAPTER XLIV.

In the grey of morning the merry frolickers returned to the mansion from which they had so recently bade farewell to the master of the plantation. In the cheerful sitting-room Mr. Manley sat in his easy-chair, his head bowed on his folded arms that rested on the stand before him. In his hand, between the forefinger and the thumb, he held the ashened stump of a deadened cigar. The lamp burned dimly, an open book lay face down on the table, beside which stood a decanter and a glass. Never did wearied man overtaken by sleep rest more naturally. There was no evidence of violence—*none*. Alone the frolickers had left him, alone they found him. The precious stone-set ring on his hand glistened in the lamplight, his well-filled pocketbook was still intact, his fine gold watch ticked in his vest pocket, but the heart beneath was still.

The doctor came, as doctors do, and gave his words, as doctors must. "Death was instantaneous. A painless touch at the heart, a drooping of the head, peaceable as an infant's sleep came his last call," said the learned man; and men believed his word as men believe that which learned men speak.

The preacher came, as preachers should, and said his lesson as preachers learn to say it. "A good man has passed away, his name honoured throughout the land that knew him. His every act was that of righteousness; never did the poor or wronged appeal to him in vain. The soul of honour, his course on earth was a just one. Typical of sincerity, his every act is clear to the world, his record is open to the inspection of whoever will. Peaceably, as death should come to one who stands ever ready to die, did death come here. Touched by the kindly finger of God, this upright man went contentedly to his final home in the bright beyond."

But as these words were said, from the outer group of listeners, many of whom stood with uncovered heads in the grass before the porch, one man could be seen to turn away. It was the village clerk, him of the drooping eyes and moustache, the man whom Cupe had once asked to read the manuscript written by the mother of Susie.

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## CHAPTER XLV.

While these words were being spoken over the form of him who rested on the bier, the two old negroes stood in the deserted cabin, their former home, near Stringtown. The door of the old log house was no longer on its hinges, the clapboard roof was shattered and one side of the comb was entirely gone. No window remained; the chimney, sprung from its seat, stood at one angle, while the house leaned in the opposite way. Tall horse-weeds surrounded the ruin, closing in to the very door. A weather-worn cedar-tree raised its ragged head aloft, torn, jagged and picturesque.

Animals had bedded on the puncheon floor, the doorstep was no longer in place, the chair by its side had disappeared, no friendly hand of tobacco hung by the jamb of the open way. The two occupants, gazing first one way and then another, were surveying the extent of the disorder. Then one of them, the man who stood on the spot where once the captive boy had sat, chanced to look out of the frameless window across the hill to the spot where that prisoned boy had seen the forms of the runaway slaves disappear in the night. Weeds, thistles, briars, matted themselves together about and within the dilapidated fence of the intervening ragged graveyard, beyond which stood a lad, a bare-headed lad with red hair, gazing across the briar-clad tombstones at a girl standing in the blue-grass near its outer edge.

Raising his arm, the old man pointed to the scene. "Dinah," he said, "Dinah, min' yo' de ebil signs ob long ago?"

The woman made no reply; none was needed.

He continued: "Man am a fool who t'ink he kin stop de wo'kin' ob de spell. Dinah, see yo' de Red-Head Boy an' Susie?"

## CHAPTER XLVI.

The bell on the pole in front of the Stringtown schoolhouse had sounded the ending of the afternoon recess. Boys and girls together in struggling disorder crowded through the door into the room. In a few moments the noisy group had been distributed, and the majority at once became absorbed in the lessons that were to end the task of the day. Professor Drake had called the class in history to the recitation bench and had even asked a question of the head student, when the proceedings were interrupted by a knock.

Every head in the room was raised, each pair of eyes were fixed on the entrance. "Open the door, Sammy Drew," came the order from the teacher, and I sprang to do the honours of the occasion. Before me stood Mr. Nordman, the old gentleman who lived on the Stringtown pike, south of the village. With a pleasant nod he passed me by and in his genial manner reached out his hand to Professor Drake. But I did not close the door, neither did I move in nor out. Close behind him, and now facing me, stood a boy about my own age. Our eyes met; the devil could not, it seemed to me, have leered more sinister than did he as his gaze caught mine. His turned-up nose grew more pointed, his thin, red lips drew tightly and stretched over his gums until I saw impressions of his teeth marked in white through their very substance. His hat was held in his hand—a hand as red as the foot of a duck; his mop of red hair glistened in the sunshine like oak leaves after a frosty spell in autumn—red as are the leaves of the autumn oak, red as is no other shade of red.

Then occurred an amazing thing; while yet I faced the boy his impish eyes flashed and created sensations in my mind that words could not have done. "We two are enemies," he said, but spoke not. Perhaps my own eyes answered his stare. Be this as it may, all the viciousness of my nature uprose, and back into his face I leered as insolently as did he in mine. His lips turned whiter still as he drew them more tightly over his closed teeth, and sure as truth can be written do I now record fact when I say that his crimson ears wagged back and forth and mocked me. Then while yet they waved before my eyes, the scalp of his head began to creep backward; it drew upon the crown until his elongated forehead reached near to his ear tips, after which the flexible skin flipped suddenly back and gyrated round and round, then back and forth, moving, as it did so, that mop of hair, which, as the movements of the scalp ceased, rose up as do the bristles on a wild hog's back. Never before had I seen such gymnastics; never since have I seen his equal.

But an instant did it take for these things to come and pass. I alone saw him, and he alone saw my face, for my form closed the jar of the door. We raised our fists as by a signal, and then, just as the teacher's voice broke upon the air, we sprang at each other as do boys who hate each other. Boys fight with teeth and fists and finger nails and feet, and so did we, to the credit of the most vicious. Unmindful of blow or bruise, of bite or finger clutch, we fought in a manner worthy of those who fight in behalf of a good cause, but neither good nor bad cause had we for which to fight. It was

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simply fight. The bruises made by the stony pavement on which we rolled were unfelt, the blow of the fist that "smashed" my nose and bloodied my face and garments gave me no pain, the bite that left the print of two sets of teeth on my arm did not concern me. I gave as good as I received—that point alone was my ambition—and when we two combatants were parted by Professor Drake and Mr. Nordman it would have been difficult to say whether either had been punished more than the other. "A devilish good fight on short notice," said Mr. Nordman, in a tone that bespoke no ill will; but Professor Drake seemed not to take so gracious a view of the matter. A gross breach of discipline had been committed and a strict rule of the school broken. No fighting was allowed in the Stringtown school during work hours. That fact I well understood.

We two boys were led inside, and then Professor Drake chalked two small circles on the floor. Side by side, each in his ring, stood the Red-Headed Boy and myself, both defiant, each more vicious than before. My blood was scattered over his garments, and clumps of his red hair were sticking between my fingers. The eye next me was closed, the ear on the same side was lacerated and bloody. "A devilish spunky pair, I say," added Mr. Nordman, who now occupied a chair on the rostrum beside Professor Drake. But the indignant teacher made him no reply.

"Samuel Drew"—he spoke severely—"explain to me the cause of this disgraceful affair."

I made no answer. There was no "cause" to explain.

"Did this boy say anything to warrant you in striking him?"

"No, sir."

"Did he strike you first?"

"No, sir."

"Had he struck you previously?"

"No, sir."

"Did he give you reason to fight?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he do?"

"Nothing."

"*Nothing!* and yet gave you reason to fight him," said the teacher ironically.

"Yes, sir," I answered.

Turning to the other boy, Mr. Drake asked:

"Did Sammy say anything to you?"

"Nuthin'."

"Did he strike you first?"

"No."

"Have you and Sammy fought before this time?"

"No."

"Why did you fight?"

"Fer nuthin'."

The eyes of Professor Drake dropped to the floor. As they did so, the lacerated ear of the Red-Headed Boy, the ear toward me, moved up and down, back and forth. The young devil was mocking me again. I could not answer him in the same way, but I scraped a tuft of his hair from between my fingers, and as he eyed me, slyly I twirled it before his gaze. The war was still on.

Then spoke Professor Drake: "Severe punishment is necessary in a case like this. A heinous breach of discipline has occurred before my very eyes."

"It will do no good to flog these boys," said Mr. Nordman, who it could be seen was not disturbed over the combat.

"I am not in favour of physical punishment," answered the professor, "and did not refer to the lash. I do not whip boys. Discipline, however, is necessary. I *must* punish them severely." His eyes dropped again to the floor and he placed his hand on his brow, as was his custom when in deep meditation.

"Professah," spoke Mr. Nordman, "will you permit me, sah, to make a suggestion?"

"Certainly. I shall value it."

"I am an old man and have learned some things as I have passed along. Blood is blood, sah, and blood counts. Young folks are not old folks. I cannot say that I can see anything wrong about what these boys have done, unless it be in the place selected for the fight. It wah fair on both sides, and neither of them showed the white feather. School is for study, I'll admit, but not all of it can be study and, by Gad! when the time comes that American boys are punished for an innocent tussle and taught never to fight, sah, the prospect for our country is devilish bad, Professah!"

The professor flushed.

"I am an old man, Professah Drake, and you will take kindly what I have to say. Don't punish the boy who faces the music, but him who runs away. If you'll persuade Sammy to fight no mo'ah during school hours, I'll ansah for that chap," and he pointed to my antagonist. "But unless something strongah than yoah rules prevent, they will fight it out yet, sure as shooting, Professah."

Professor Drake mused a moment and then said: "Sammy, take your place at your desk." Looking about the room, he selected a vacant seat, separated quite a distance from my bench, and ensconced the new boy therein. His actions indicated that he had acquiesced in the advice

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given by Mr. Nordman, who bowed and left the room.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

As I sat at my desk that afternoon, after the events just cited, my mind reverted to the past. I recalled that it had really been predicted that this boy and I were to be antagonists. Then, as my meditating mind drew a still clearer view of the past, I recalled the exact words of the black omen-reader who had warned me to "Beware of the Red-Head Boy!" Back and forth ran fragments of the long-neglected prediction, until at last I caught another sentence: "Et say dat de Red-Head Boy'll die sudden, an' dat yo' an' Susie'll be de cause; an' dat yo'll die sudden, an' dat de Red-Head Boy an' Susie'll be de cause."

There sat the evil object of the omen-reading seer; and then, as the last part of the sentence ran again through my mind, I glanced over among the girls, at one who came among us in the early part of the present session. I remember that morning well. She was accompanied by old negro Cupe, who stood with bare head beside the open door while her name was being recorded and her bench place selected. Every morning thereafter had the black man brought his charge to the door, every evening when school was dismissed he stood patiently waiting outside. A little, shrinking bit of a girl was she, strangely dressed, neat, clean, starched and prim. I recall her timid look as she stood that morning before Professor Drake —the shy glance she shot about the room, the shrinking, drooping eye that fell to the floor as she met the gaze of those about, for all eyes were fixed upon her—a new scholar.

"Your name, child?" asked Professor Drake, who with pen in hand was prepared to enter the name on the school record. It was a question of formality, I will add, for all of Stringtown knew the girl, all of Stringtown knew her history, how she had disappeared when the two negroes did and returned again with them from Canada.

"Susie," was the low answer.

"Your other name, please."

"I am only Susie."

I who sat near caught the flush on her cheek as her eyes drooped.

The teacher seemed inclined to ask another question. Then, perhaps because he too noticed the cheek flush, forbore and motioned her to be seated.

"Children," he said, speaking to the school, "we have a new scholar to-day, one long absent from Stringtown, but whom I have wished since her return to number among us. This child"—and he looked at Susie—"deserves to be treated with the utmost kindness. She is my especial charge in that she has excited my personal interest. While no favouritism can be shown by me for or against any pupil, still I wish it to be known that whoever mistreats this child will merit my severest displeasure; and that those who aid and favour her will please me very much. Let the older girls take an interest in her welfare by assisting the little girl in every way possible, and in making her school-days pleasant." Then looking about the room, he said: "Her place will be at the desk with Jennie Manley." Jennie Manley was the youngest daughter of the talented planter who died suddenly one night a few months previously, about the time the two negroes returned from Canada with Susie, and who was highly cultured. Mr. Manley was the adopted brother of the dissolute man who made his will in favour of Susie.

And so Susie came shrinkingly into the Stringtown school in the commencement of this session, the school I had dumbly attended all my school life, and to which, as has been seen, came now the Red-Headed Boy of Nordman. We three were at last together in the same room.

The words of the old seer sprang again to my mind, recalling the "passing of the sign." I turned my gaze toward Susie; demurely she sat with eyes riveted on her book. I glanced at the new boy; his eye had begun to blacken and was now much swollen, but the other peeped about, and as I gazed upon him that bloody ear moved again, as if to taunt me.

But let these things pass. The girls of our Stringtown school gave Susie a warm reception; they opened their hearts to the waif, and soon the wild child was made to feel at home among them. Bright and cheerful, grateful for little kindnesses, she made for herself a place in each heart. No need had Professor Drake to ask further favours in behalf of Susie. Those great, soft eyes—never since have I seen such eyes, unless I except those of her deskmate—are in my mind now, as linked with her form is the desk before which the child sat. But enough of this, enough.

Not so warm was the reception the boys of our school gave "Red Head." His introduction had been such as to merit their admiration, and his subsequent deportment was defiant enough to please any Kentucky-bred boy. But he made no friends, neither asked he for any. Alone to school he came each morning,

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alone he left when study hours were over. During recess, if the weather was fair, he sat on the fence and whittled, taking no part in the games of the boys; if the weather was bad he sought a lone spot inside the room. His sarcastic face leered at all who approached him, but soon his impudent scowl was reflected back into his own face; the boys gave him "mouths" and grimaces in plenty. Within a week no boy spoke to him, he in turn gave no word to others, and an occasional cat wail could be heard when his back was turned. But no other boy sought a direct quarrel. By common consent, it seemed, the field was left for him and me—we two who were conspicuous in that we never looked at each other and alone gave no taunt when accident brought us together; too deep was the hatred that down in our natures spoke from each to the other, rendering no taunt necessary. War had been declared when first we met, and it seemed evident that no peace could come between us until the fight had been finished.

And so the "Red Head" came and went; never did he seem to look at any girl, surely he did not speak to any boy. As I recall those days I perceive, as I could not then, that if ever a boy stood isolated in the world that Stringtown boy was alone. And as I think of the dreary part our school was to him, I cannot but question, had I not met him half way and struck that blow, would he have struck me? If we had not fought that afternoon in the old Stringtown schoolyard, would the chain of events that followed have been diverted? Had the boys and girls of our school sought to befriend him, as we might have done, and should have done, would the evil in his makeup have strengthened as it did? Would goodness and grace have upstarted and displaced the pernicious emotions that seemed to then dominate his life? I cannot answer, and these musings are not pleasant, for it is evident now that there was cause to seek for evil in myself.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

Memory is not less vivid than is sight. I can see that uncouth boy now as plainly as I saw him then. Sitting on the line fence that separated our school from the neighbour on the south, his favourite place was a conspicuous locust post, that near the pike line gave a good view both up and down the street. His employment consisted in watching this road, whittling a stick and sharpening his great horn-handled knife. I might say that his main object seemed to be to scan the pike; for even while whittling his bright, little eyes were ever glancing about as though he were expecting some one. Watchful, may better express the sensation that comes now to my mind as I reflect over his method and deportment. That knife needs also a word, for it was ever in his hand. It was not an ordinary pocket-knife, but big enough to "stick a hog." True, the blade closed into a rude buckhorn handle, still it was not such a clasp-knife as merchants carry in stock. It seemed to have been rudely made by a blacksmith. Be that as it may, Red Head knew how to use it. Indifferent to our games or pastimes, he held himself aloof, knife in hand, perched upon the fence, gazing up the pike. Yet occasionally he did take part in some boyish turn.

We were playing at hop-skip-and-jump, we schoolboys. The game had drawn itself down until the two rival jumpers of the school confronted each other. Every boy but Red Head had taken part, and he, indifferent, sat on the fence idly gazing first up the pike and then down upon the striving contestants below him. A sneer from some boy met his ear, but sneers were not new to him.

"Afraid to jump, Red Head?" cried one.

"Who's afeard?"

"Red Head!" piped in another.

Slowly climbing down from his perch on the opposite side of the fence from us, the mountain boy closed his knife, and with a run and a jump sprang straight toward the tall fence. High into the air his lithe form rose, drew itself into a knot as the top of the fence was reached, doubled a somersault in the air, then over without touching, over and far beyond was he when those heels struck and marked the soft earth. Never before had such a jump been made in the Stringtown school yard—or rather, I should say, into the Stringtown school yard. We village boys stood amazed at the feat of the youth from the mountains, who gave us no word, but went back to his post, climbed the fence and turned his gaze again toward the south.

Some time after that we were shooting at a mark, the weapon being a rifle of small bore (a squirrel rifle), the object a sheet of paper on a plank against a distant tree. "Strange amusement that for children!" some may say. True, but I speak of Kentucky in the sixties. Again some defiant boy singled out Red Head and challenged him to join us—yes, *dared* him to shoot. Indifferent as he had been in the jumping contest did he seem in this. Leaning the gun we used against the fence, he stepped to the line, and before we could anticipate his

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object, from an inside pocket of his jacket he drew a bright revolver. Raising it, without aiming, he fired and waited the result. Several boys sprang to the mark; there was the bullet hole in the plank far above the wildest shot we had made. A cry of derision, a series of cat mews, a chorus of sarcastic jeers, rang upon the air.

"Better get a rest," sneered one.

"Fools!" he said, "thet's the mark ter shoot at. Ef yo' war raised in the moun'ns, an' would shoot at a whole sheet ov papah, they'd take yoah gun away an' drive yo' off. Thet's the mark, I say—one bullet hole fer the centre an' five in a ring jest 'roun' et." As he spoke his arm was raised again, and as fast as the trigger could be pulled came five shots. Again we sprang to the distant mark, and there, in a close circle, equal distances apart, was a ring of little holes. I recall the exact words he had used, "One bullet hole fer the centre an' five in a ring 'roun' et."

But, alas! our challenge resulted in disaster to the expert marksman. No boy of the Stringtown school was permitted to carry a pistol. That weapon was positively prohibited by Professor Drake, who considered the carrying of a pistol by a boy to be sufficient cause to warrant him in being expelled. We had been deeply absorbed in our sport, and as the hand that held the spent revolver dropped, the boy who held it was taken by the shoulder in the firm grasp of our teacher, who, unperceived by us, had from behind joined the group, every eye of which had been fixed on the mark.

Red Head was led away by his captor, while we who had been the cause of his arrest, but who had escaped, hung our heads.

In a moment the bell calling us to the room rang, and knowing that trouble was in the air, we sought our places. There sat the teacher; near him the empty revolver lay on the table, and before him stood the captive child awaiting the outcome of the crime he had committed in thus breaking the strictest rule of our village school.

Then spoke Professor Drake, addressing the culprit. "It is against the rules of this school to carry concealed weapons. Some years ago a boy was killed by his classmate in this very yard, and since that no pistol has been allowed in school. I must punish you severely, but before doing so it is but just that I should ask why you have disgraced yourself by breaking this rule?"

"I hain't disgraced myself an' I hain't hurt nobody."

"But you surely know that it is wrong to carry a weapon like this."

"Et ain't wrong fer *me* ter carry et."

"It is never right to carry a pistol in a civilised community."

"Teachah, ef yo' knew my story yo' wouldn't say et's wrong fer *me* ter carry a gun. Ef yo' hed been through what I hev, an' looked fer what's comin', yo'd carry one too."

This was said half persuasively, half defiantly. The head of the boy was raised proudly; no appearance of shame bespread his face, no drooping glance. "I hed the gun in my pocket when I fought thet feller" (he pointed to me), "an' didn't use et. I don't intend ter shoot boys. I hain't but one use fer et, an' when the time comes I'll need the gun awful bad, teachah."

"Tell me your story."

"Et's too long, an' don't consarn nobody but me."

"Tell me why it is right for you to carry a pistol. I command it. Tell me all."

## CHAPTER XLIX.

[A Cincinnati paper comments on a remarkable coincidence in the famous Baker-Howard feud in Kentucky. On July 2, 1859, forty years ago, the Governor ordered out the State troops to quell the feud between the Baker and Howard factions. On July 2 of this year Governor Bradley ordered out the State troops for the same purpose. Forty years is long enough for any family quarrel.]

"I'm from the moun'ns, I am. I don't know jest how we-uns came ter live thar, an' et don't make no differ'nce. We always lived in the moun'ns ov East Kaintuck. Our house w'an't no great shakes, et jest hed two rooms an' a mud chimney. Thet's all.

"Dad said, said he, one day when I war a little thing—an' he pinted back over the hog-back hill b'hind the cabin—'Don't none ov yo' children cross the divide. Keep this side ov Bald Hill, fer thar's a feud 'twixt Holcombs and we-uns.' I can't remember when he fust said this, et war when I war too little ter remember, but he said et often. An' we never crost the hog-back hill, none ov us, fer dad said thet the feud war off till the Holcombs er we-uns broke et by cross'n' the divide. An' es we grew bigger, Brother Jim an' me, mam kept us up in the story ov the feud.

"'Ef et ever happens thet the feud es on ag'in,' sez she, 'thar won't be no end ter et es long es thar es a Holcomb er a Nordman livin'.' She said et hed been one ov the bloodiest feuds

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ov the moun'ns, an' more'n a dozen hed been killed on each side, an' she showed us the row ov Holcombs on one side ov the graveyard an' the row ov we-uns on tother side. I axed her what the feud war 'bout, but she said, said she: 'I don't jest remember. Et b'gun befoah I come inter the family, but et don't make no differ'nce 'bout the beginnin', thet don't consarn us.'

"An' dad, he didn't talk much 'bout et neither, but when Brother Jim an' I could hold a gun he taught us all 'bout shootin'! 'Et air fer bus'ness p'r'aps,' he said; 'ef the feud begins ag'in yo' boys'll be in't.' There ain't no mo'ah ter say, teachah, 'bout the feud, an' I don't know nuthin' mo'ah. Jim an' me l'arned ter shoot, an' et didn't make much differ'nce what et war we shot at, we hit et. An' dad grew monstrous proud ov us, an' one day I heerd him say ter mam thet he didn't care now ef the feud war on ag'in. But he kept tellin' me'n Jim ter keep this side ov Bald Hill, an' we did. Jim war 'bout two years older then me, teachah.

"But one day we started a young deer, an' et run fer the divide. We hedn't no guns, fer we war out fishin', but es et war a leetle critter, we started ter try an' ketch et runnin'. We didn't notice whar et run, an' befoah I knew et, we war goin' down the moun'n tother side ov Bald Hill. Jim war ahead an' mighty close on the deer when bang went a gun in the thicket, an' Jim dropped."

Here the boy stopped, hung his head and drew his coarse sleeve across his eyes. " 'Scuse me, teachah," he said, "I ain't used ter talkin', an' et makes me tired ter speak so long."

In a moment he resumed: "I run ter Jim an' raised his head, but et war no use, he didn't know me. He war dead. A Minie ball hed gone in jest above one ear an' out jest below tother. I couldn't do nuthin' fer Jim, an' so I drapped him an' started ter sneak fer the thicket. I wanted ter see who done the shootin', an' I did see, too. I didn't go straight fer the spot, but snook ter the right an' got inter a hollah, an' then I crept up till I come near ter the place the smoke come from, but thar wa'n't no one thar. Jest then I looked back, an', slippin' 'long the hillside, I saw a man stooped over, tryin' ter keep the laurel thicket 'twixt Jim an' hisself. He got 'twixt an old stump an' Jim an' cocked his gun an' looked up. He war a monstrous tall man, Old Holcomb. He could see Jim a-layin' thar, but he didn't seem ter care fer him, an' I saw thet he war lookin' fer me. Lord, teachah, ef I hed only hed my gun then!

"But es I didn't, I jest laid low an' then slipped inter the briars, an' sneaked 'roun' the hill an' made fer home.

"Mam an' dad an' little Sis war sittin' at the table eatin' supper when I stepped inter the door. 'Whar's Jim?' mam axed.

" 'Shot!'

"Dad got up an pinted ter Bald Hill. 'Hev yo' boys crost the divide?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Es he dead?'

"I jest put a finger on each side ov my head. 'Minie ball,' war all I said. 'He's lyin' jest over the hog back.'

"Dad turned ter the fireplace an' took down his big gun—the big bar gun—'I'll bring Jim home. Yo' folks keep in the cabin till I come. Don't yo' go out.'

" 'The feud's on ag'in,' war all mam said. But she blew the coals up an' commenced ter run bullets fer the big gun an' she set me ter cleanin' up the rifle an' revolvers.

*(To be continued.)*

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# BOOKMAN BREVITIES

M. Camille Flammarion has the courage of his convictions. How many scientific writers would care to risk their reputation for sanity by asserting that the immortality of the soul can be scientifically proved? M. Flammarion not only declares it, but fearlessly sets out to do it. To this audacious end he has, for nearly forty years, ever since the time when he was a pupil at the Paris Observatory, collected from various sources instances of psychic manifestation, and these he now gives to the world in his book, *L'Inconnu,* issued by Harper Brothers under the title of *The Unknown.* There is something impressive and very fascinating in these letters—the incidents are given mainly in the form of letters, well fortified by names and dates. M. Flammarion has carefully sifted them and grouped them according to their special bearing, making comments and drawing conclusions as he goes. One group deals with manifestations from the dying, received by persons at a distance. Psychic action in all branches—the transmission of thought, mental suggestion, and so on—is exhaustively treated, and there is a long and absorbing chapter on dreams. M. Flammarion does not, it will be noted, touch upon the matter of communication between the dead and the living. That he promises to do later; *L'Inconnu* is designed simply to give evidence that the soul is an entity, independent of the body; that it can, without the aid of the senses, act upon other souls far away. The tales in this book are passing strange, but we cannot sweep them aside utterly—a sense of the mysteries that surround us is too deeply engraved upon the human mind. However one may disagree with M. Flammarion, his attempt to bring within the realm of natural law things vulgarly called supernatural is interesting, at least.

A book of quite another sort is Horace Fletcher's *Glutton or Epicure*—though, after all, there's a connection, for the soul, however independent of the physical, has certainly a tendency to be seriously affected by long residence in, say, a dyspeptic body. Mr. Fletcher's message to the world might be epitomised in the answer to the conundrum, "What English poet is named in the command of the rude man to his greedy son? 'Chaw, sir!'" But Mr. Fletcher gives it the more euphonious term, mastication, proper attention to which in our eating, he says, would soon render doctors an extinct race. I fear few Americans would have the persistence of the author, who relates that in a tussle with a young onion once, he chewed a morsel of it seven hundred and twenty-two times before the juices of the mouth would make it fit for the stomach! Fortunately, most foods are more amenable, and require but from thirty to fifty "acts of mastication." Seriously, *Glutton or Epicure* contains a lot of hard sense, couched in decidedly entertaining form. It consists of two parts, *Nature's Food Filter* and *What Sense? or Economic Nutrition,* prettily bound in one, and published by Herbert S. Stone.

Out of the hurry and the swift demand of newspaper life are born some of our best bits of humour. The latest are the *Georgie Stories* by S. E. Kiser, first printed in the Chicago *Times-Herald,* and now done into book form by Small, Maynard and Company. They haven't the quaint philosophy of Mr. Dooley's utterances, but, then, Georgie is only a boy, and could hardly be expected to possess that vast wisdom which is the fruit of Mr. Dooley's long and observant life. One has, at times, a suspicion that the humour of the *Georgie Stories* lies somewhat in the spelling, which is truly wonderful. Bad spelling, though, has been a recognised weapon of the humorist ever since the days of Josh Billings. Spelling and all, Mr. Kiser's work deserves to be ranked with the best of newspaper humour. It is no small trick to catch a boy's point of view, and delightfully true to life is Georgie's artless recording of Paw's little idiosyncrasies, and Maw's remarks upon the same, and the adventures of the Pupp.

From the press of Moslier, Callahan and Company we have Thomas O'Hagan's *Studies in Poetry.* This book is inscribed to "all who dream and build and dwell in the enchanted realm of Poesy." The preface is real pretty. As Mr. O'Hagan uses up all his flowery language in composing this, the *Studies* have little to recommend them save that really, with the preface off his mind, he

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does settle down and give us some simply written, appreciative commentaries upon eight or nine of the world's well-loved poems. Browning's "A Death in the Desert," Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," Gray's "Elegy" and Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" are among those considered. Protestant readers may be a trifle astonished at Mr. O'Hagan's discovery that Tennyson's "In Memoriam" contains "much that coincides with Catholic dogma." Still, the book is not sectarian, and the estimate of the various poets is fair enough until, indeed, Shelley is reached—poor Shelley, the scepticism of whose "Prometheus Unbound" is very painful to Mr. O'Hagan.

English historical novels continue calmly to appear. Here is *The Gentleman Pensioner,* by Albert Lee, a romance of the times of Elizabeth, those stirring times when the partisans of Mary Stuart were giving the Virgin Queen a deal of trouble. Fairfax Flamsteed, the hero, has a trust to execute for his queen, and he passes through more thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes than there are pages to the book. In the end his loyalty is crowned with success, and he is happily married to his faithful sweetheart, who has shared many of his dangers. D. Appleton and Company are Mr. Lee's publishers.

As absorbing, in its way, as the novel is *Nature's Miracles,* the second of those delightful science primers written by Professor Elisha Gray, and issued through Fords, Howard and Hulbert. In this, Professor Gray talks about the great elemental fact of energy, and the subject in all its fascinating ramifications—heat, light, sound, electricity—is clearly elucidated. The book is, indeed, a good example of how science may be made popular without seeming to be made puerile; and it should serve as a model to other writers who may come after.

McClure, Phillips and Company offer a little book that will interest many people. It is *Dwight L. Moody,* by Henry Drummond, with a long introduction, a personal tribute, by George Adam Smith. It is odd how Professor Drummond, so different in many ways, can write of Mr. Moody with such reverent admiration. He and Dr. Smith between them give a brief yet full account of the boyhood of the great evangelist, of his early religious work, his mission to Great Britain, and of the founding of his schools at Northfield—all, and especially the personal anecdotes and impressions, written in a spirit of the deepest and most loving appreciation.

*European Travel for Women,* by Mary Cadwalader Jones, from the press of the Macmillan Company, and *Going Abroad?* by Robert Luce, published by Robert and Linn Luce, are books well worth the study of any one contemplating a first trip on the other side. Both of them tell you with the greatest particularity how to get ready, how to go, how to stay, and it is hard to imagine any emergency that either has left unforeseen. There are tables, references, lists of everything, from foreign money and useful phrases in foreign tongues to the books one ought to read by way of preparation. Mr. Luce, writing for both sexes, naturally devotes less attention than does Miss Jones to the feminine outfit, shopping in Europe, and the peculiar difficulties likely to beset lone women in a strange land. On the other hand, he gives fuller directions for cyclists, and tells us, too, how it is possible to get about in England and on the Continent pleasantly, or, at least, bearably, and to see much, for a comparatively infinitesimal sum.

From Longmans, Green and Company comes *Jane Austen, an Essay in Criticism,* by Walter Herries Pollock. Mr. Pollock's criticism is pure praise, but lovers of Miss Austen may feel that this is inevitable in dealing with her books. Of course, he can find little to tell us about her life that is new, though by dint of much browsing he has collected one or two facts hitherto unpublished. Nothing concerning her is too small to interest him. He even devotes himself to puzzling out the meaning of some "family gibberish" with which, it appears, Miss Austen and her sisters were wont to amuse themselves when corresponding with one another. Mr. Pollock touches also upon the novels of Miss Austen's contemporaries—Miss Edgeworth, Miss Burney and Miss Ferrier—to whom allusion is made in a sub-title of his book.

Single Taxers and other admirers of Henry George will be pleased to learn that Henry George, Jr., has written a biography of his father, which is to be published shortly by Doubleday, Page and Company.

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The same firm also have in preparation *The Theatre and Its People,* by Franklin Fyles, the dramatic critic of the *Sun; The Lane That Has No Turning,* by Gilbert Parker; *The Stickit Minister's Wooing,* by the industrious Mr. Crockett, and *The Lady of Dreams,* by the new writer, Una L. Silberrad.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley has about completed his promised volume of new verse. His last collection, *A Child-World,* was published in 1896. Mr. Riley quaintly remarked recently, when asked why there had been so long an interval, "I have an excellent reason: it is because I use the rubber end of my pencil so much more than the other end."

It is expected that Mr. Charles Major, the author of *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* will have the manuscript of his new novel ready for his publishers during this month. The story, like its popular predecessor, will be an historical romance. The scene of action is in the time of Charles II.

*Alice of Old Vincennes,* a story of the George Rogers Clark campaign in the West during the American Revolution, will be among the important autumn publications of the Bowen-Merrill Company. The author is Mr. Maurice Thompson and the illustrator Mr. Fred C. Yohn.

The fact that he had previously written good fiction with plenty of humour probably explains a quality in Prof. Henry A. Beers's *English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century* that makes it popular. Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, who are putting it to press for the third time, have just heard from the author that he hopes to have his *English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century* ready in the spring of 1901. Though he had this book largely mapped out when the earlier volume was published, he has been elaborating it with much care, and it is not expected to appear until two and a half years after its predecessor.

The animal kingdom continues to receive attention at the hands of authors. Miss Helen M. Winslow's book *Concerning Cats,* which the Lothrop Company have brought out in a very attractive form, is being widely circulated, and now a book entitled *My Dogs* is soon to appear. The author, the Rev. Edgerton R. Young, has been a missionary to the Indians in a section north of Lake Winnipeg, where the principal mode of conveyance is a dog-sled. In his lectures, Mr. Young has been most interesting when telling what he knows about trained dogs, and in the book he describes the unique experiences and thrilling adventures which he has had with his canine friends.

Another book on dogs, of quite a different character, is *All About Dogs,* by Mr. C. H. Lane, a well-known English judge, breeder and exhibitor. Mr. C. H. Moore has illustrated the volume with portraits drawn from life. The book, which bears the imprint of John Lane, will prove of value to all concerned in the training of dogs.

Now for books on China. The John Murphy Company have just published *The World-Crisis in China,* by Allen S. Will, of the Baltimore *Sun.* The publishers announce it as an "up-to-date" account of the situation in China. It is, therefore, quite fitting that a newspaper man should be the author.

Another book on China to be published immediately by the Lothrop Company is *China's Open Door,* by United States Consul-General Wildman, of Hongkong. The introduction is by Colonel Charles Denby, ex-minister to China.

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## THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

**LONDON SOUVENIRS.** By Charles W. Heckethorn. New York: The A. Wessels Company. $2.00.

One of the most prominent and wholly admirable of our American critics and essayists, discussing the many pleasant days and nights he had at different times passed in the ancient capital of Normandy, said that in his liking for Rouen he was not in the slightest degree attracted or impressed by those orthodox historical associations which the guide-book points out as being the chief interest of the city to the conscientious traveller. He had, of course, dutifully gone over the scenes of these great historical events. He knew

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very well the little square in which La Pucelle d'Orléans was burned by the English—but Jeanne d'Arc and all the other figures of the long wars between France and England from the time of the Conqueror to the day, in the reign of Queen Mary, when Calais was wrested from English rule, were simply meaningless names. Rouen for him was the city in which Gustave Flaubert laid so many of the scenes of his greatest book. Most of its charm and its reality centred in the dim cathedral from which Madame Bovary issued to meet Léon, and in the streets and quays and adjacent country roads followed by the *fiacre* on their subsequent ride together.

There are certain writers and certain books that will always owe their charm, to a great extent, to the cities in which the writer lived or the book was written. Indeed, there are many cases of this kind where to take from the book the background of the city and the inspiration of its streets and its byways would mean its complete oblivion. On the other hand, the charm of the older Paris or of the older London we owe not to the archæologian, but to the novelist and the diarist; the historian of manners and the chronicler of small talk and petty scandal. Thus, the Paris of the fifteenth century is preserved to us by Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame.* The Paris of the time of Louis XIII. and Richelieu and Mazarin and Le Grand Monarque means the scenes of *Les Trois Mousquetaires, Vingt Ans Après;* and Le Vicomte de Bragelonne and Pierre Gringoire and Quasimodo and Esmeralda and Captain Phœbus and D'Artagnan and Athos and Aramis and Porthos and Uncle Toby and Squire Western and Sophia and Joseph Andrews and Parson Adams are alive to-day, whereas the personages of history are not.

It is rather curious and pleasing to ponder over the question as to why some writers are linked with their cities, whereas others of a talent often equally as great and a fame quite as enduring are utterly dissociated from the scenes of their books. Thus, in the present century the London of Dickens means a great deal; the London of Thackeray something and yet not so much; and the London of Bulwer Lytton or of Charles Reade nothing at all. Mrs. Rawdon Crawley will very likely outlive Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller and Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, and yet when Curzon Street, where stood and still stands the little, narrow, tar-coloured house in which she received the Marquis of Steyne, and Park Lane and Berkeley Square and all the rest of that aristocratic West End of London which Thackeray knew and described so well shall have gone to decay, there will always be found lovers of Dickens to hunt out the sites of Bleeding Heart Yard and Tom All Alone's and the Marshalsea Prison. Very few novel readers will be found to dispute the peculiar and mysterious charm which the very name of the Marshalsea seems to exert. Dickens himself felt it very keenly. The prison had ceased to exist years before the writing of *Little Dorrit,* and it was not until the book was finished that he made his pilgrimage over London Bridge and down the Borough High Street in search of its remaining walls and pavements. Nor was Dickens the first to make use of the Marshalsea in fiction. Back in the eighteenth century Smollett described it with great humour and vivacity in *Roderick Random.*

To one who really loves London and who has felt its charm, its so-called show places have very little significance or interest. Trafalgar Square and Regent Street and St. James's Park and Buckingham Palace—those guide-book attractions of which the normal Londoner so ridiculously and vainglorioously boasts—he will pass imperiously and scoffingly by. They may be all very well to excite the admiration of the cockney and the wonder of the visiting rustic. But for him there is another and very different London, a London of quaint streets and too often foul alleys in which are linked the present and the past. This is a city which he may people and costume as suits himself. The great railroad terminuses may be whisked away and replaced by the quaint structures from which the more primitive stage-coach starts on its thirteen-day journey to Edinburgh or its five-hour jaunt to Brighton. The traveller will have no gorgeous Savoys or Cecils at which to break his journeys, but will fortunately have no trouble in finding many very respectable and hospitable inns where the joints are juicy and smoking and the ale is of honest brew. About some of these old taverns the author of *London Souvenirs* has much of interest to tell us.

These old taverns form architectural squares, the buildings surrounding a yard, furnished on three sides with outer galleries to the floors above. This form of construction was adopted because the yards were thereby rendered suitable for theatrical representations. Access to the yards was obtained either through the part of the tavern facing the street, or through the gateway, through which the coaches and other vehicles passed. The stage, erected behind the front portion of the square, faced the galleries at the back and sides of it. Thus,

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the yard itself was the pit, and the galleries the boxes of the theatre. Very often the bar of the inn was also in the yard, and the noises made by its visitors, combined with the constant coming and going of coaches and wagons and the shouting of carters, must have sadly interfered with those guests who wished to enjoy honest and peaceful sleep. When looked at from the standpoint of the comfort which we enjoy at the present day these taverns, picturesque as they were, appear wofully inhospitable and cheerless. And yet inn life must have had its charm; physicians met their patients and apothecaries there, lawyers their clients, business men their customers, people of fashion their acquaintances. Doctor Johnson declared that the tavern chair was the throne of human felicity.

One of the oldest of these London galleried inns was the Saracen's Head on Snow Hill, where Nicholas Nickleby and his uncle waited on Wackford Squeers. Its antiquity was beyond dispute. In 1377 the fraternity founded in St. Botolph's Church, Aldersgate, in honour of the body of Christ, and of the Saints Fabian and Sebastian, were the proprietors of the Saracen's Head Inn. In the reign of Richard II. they granted a lease of twenty-one years to John Hertyshorn of the Saracen's Head, with appurtenances, consisting of two houses adjoining on the north side, at a yearly rent of ten marks. In the reign of Henry VI. Dame Joan Astley (sometime nurse to that king) obtained a license to refound the fraternity in honour of the Holy Trinity. In the reign of Edward VI. it was suppressed, and its endowments, valued at £30 per annum, granted to William Harris. The courtyard to the last retained many of the characteristics of the typical old English inn: there were galleries all round leading to the bedrooms, and a spacious gateway, through which the mail coaches used to pass in and out. The Saracen's Head was torn down in 1863, when the Holborn Viaduct improvements were undertaken. Even more famous among the inns connected with Dickens's London was the White Hart, in Southwark, just beyond London Bridge. Jack Cade and some of his followers put up at this inn during their brief possession of London in 1450. The original inn was destroyed in the great fire of 1676. It was rebuilt and was in existence until a very few years ago. Another famous Southwark inn was the Boar's Head, the haunt of Sir John Falstaff and his scoundrel following. The premises comprised a narrow court of ten or twelve houses, and two separate houses at the East End, the one of them having a gallery to the first floor. The Boar's Head was taken down in 1830 to widen the approach to London Bridge. The Tabard, in the Borough, made famous by Chaucer's rhymed tales, was originally the property of William of Ludegarsale, of whom the Tabard and the adjoining house, which the Abbots made their town residence, were purchased in 1834 by the Abbot and convent of Hyde, near Winchester. The pilgrimage to Canterbury was said to have taken place in 1383. Henry Bailly, Chaucer's host of the Tabard at that time, was a representative of the Borough of Southwark in Parliament during the reigns of King Edward III. and King Richard II. The Tabard and the Abbot's house were sold by Henry VIII. after the dissolution of the monasteries. The original inn was in existence as late as the year 1602. The house was repaired in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and from that period probably dated the fireplace, the carved oak panels and other portions spared by the fire of 1676. These were still to be seen at the beginning of the present century.

One of the quaintest and most interesting chapters of this very interesting book is that which tells of the queer London clubs of former days. Of these organisations there was probably none with which the reader of to-day is so familiar as the Mohawks or Mohocks, with whose singular diversions we are continually meeting in the literature which treats of the early half of the eighteenth century. For about ten years they kept London in a continual state of alarm. Their haunts were in the neighbourhoods of Clare Market, Covent Garden and the Strand. They seldom ventured into the city. Some of their more refined, civilised and delicate exploits were boring out the eyes with their fingers, and running their swords through the legs of unoffending strangers. In the end their conduct became so alarming that a reward of £100 was offered by royal proclamation for the apprehension of any one of them. There have been many curious stories current as to the origin of this society. The Marquis of Torcy, Secretary of State to Louis XIV., and a famous diplomatist, attributes the organisation of the Mohawks to a suggestion which came from the Duke of Marlborough. On the other hand, Swift, in his *History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne*, claimed that the society was founded by Prince Eugene in order that a means might be found to make away with Treasurer Harley. The Mock-Heroes Club, composed chiefly of young shopkeepers and attorneys' clerks, was

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so called because on admission each member assumed the name of some defunct hero, and was ever afterward at the meetings called by that name. The Man-Hunting Club was composed of young law students, who diverted themselves by hunting men over Lincoln's-Inn Fields and the neighbourhood at night. The Split-farthing Club was made up chiefly of misers and skinflints. The Quacks' Club, as its name implies, was composed of medical men. The No-Nose Club, a horrible idea in itself, flourished only during the lifetime of its founders. Other societies of this nature were the Club of Beaus, the Man-Killing Club, the Surly Club, the Atheistical Club, the Club of Broken Shopkeepers, the Lying Club, the Beggars' Club, the Hell-Fire Club, the Savoir Vivre Club, the Calves' Head Club, frequented by the immortal Pepys, and the Everlasting Club, so called because its hundred members divided the twenty-four hours among themselves in such a manner that the club was always sitting, and a member not on duty himself could always find company.

From clubs of this character it is naturally only a very short step to the subject of rogues, of which members of society the present volume has considerable to say. The Annual Beggars' Carnival, which was held at the Rookery in St. Giles, recalls the festival held in the *Cour des Miracles* by the outcasts of Paris described by Victor Hugo in *Notre Dame*. Mr. Heckethorn relates that one of the annual carnivals was attended by George IV. when he was still Prince of Wales.

The chairman, addressing the company, and pointing to the Prince, said: "I call upon that 'ere gemman with a shirt for a song." The Prince got excused on his friend agreeing to sing for him, who then sang a ballad called "The Beggar's Wedding; or, the Jovial Crew," with great applause. The Beggars drank his health, and he and the Prince soon after managed to make good their retreat.

In the last century London was full of retreats for criminals; many of these retreats existing until comparatively recent years. There was Field Lane, the home of Fagin and "the Artful Dodger." The Dog, a low public house in Drury Lane, was known as "The Robbers' Den." There was a Rogues' Lane at Bermondsey and another in the very centre of London, close to Temple Bar. In Ship Yard, close to Shire Lane, there was a block of houses which were rented to vagrants, sharpers, smashers, thieves and the like, and through the vaults of this rookery there existed a continuous passage, so that easy access could be obtained from one to the other, facilitating escape or concealment in the event of pursuit. In one of these houses every room had its secret trap or panel.

It is astonishing, and shows us the hollowness of the pretence to civilisation and decency set up on behalf of the velvet-dressed, lace and gold-bedizened aristocrats of those days, that persons, not only of respectability, but of rank and title, could live in such close quarters with thieves and vagabonds of the lowest grade. Yet, as already mentioned, the Kit-Kats had their club in Shire Lane; in 1603 there was living in it Sir Arthur Atie. in early life secretary to the Earl of Leicester; Elias Ashmole also inhabited the Lane; so did Hoole, the translator of Tasso, and James Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, who died worth £130,000.

Besides private retreats of this character, the rogue of old London had his public refuges where even the officers of the law could not molest him—the sanctuaries at Westminster, St. John of Jerusalem, St. Martin's-le-Grand, Whitefriars and the Mint, and Montague Close in Southwark. Some of these retained their privileges to the middle of the last century.

It was Charles Fox who said of gaming that the greatest joy in life was winning and the second greatest, losing. Thackeray in one of his novels puts this witticism into the mouth of one of his characters with the addition that "the third greatest pleasure is looking on." It was at Brooks's that Fox lost such colossal sums. Almack's, the original Brooks's, was opened in Pall Mall in 1764. Some of its members were Macaronis, the fops of the day, famous for their long curls and eyeglasses. "At Almack's," says Walpole, "which has taken the *pas* of White's, . . . the young men of the age lose £10,000, £15,000, £20,000 in an evening." When the play was at its height there was generally £10,000 in gold on the table.

The gamesters began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze garments or turned their coats inside out for luck. They put on pieces of leather to save their lace ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light, and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims, and sometimes masks to conceal their emotions. Almack's afterward was known as the "Goose-Tree Club"—a rather significant name—and Pitt was one of its most constant frequenters, and there met his adherents. Gibbon also was a member, when the club was still Almack's, which, indeed, was the name of the founder and original proprietor of the club.

Brooks's succeeded Almack's in 1778. Lord Carlisle, as well as Fox, was a heavy loser at its tables. During the early years of the present century the most notorious gaming club

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was Crockford's, in St. James's Street. The club-house was erected at a cost of more than a hundred thousand pounds, and surpassed in elegance anything of the kind ever seen in London. The highest play was encouraged at the tables, especially at the hazard tables, where Crockford nightly took his stand, prepared to do battle with all comers. Crockford retired from the management of the club in 1840, and died four years later, leaving behind him a fortune of £700,000. The club was soon afterward closed. Watier's club was established in 1807 at the instigation of the Prince of Wales, and high play was the chief pursuit of its members. Another famous gambling centre in its day was Arthur's Club in St. James's Street. It was there that one of the greatest noblemen of England was detected in cheating at cards. From this detection and the subsequent trial is dated the decay of gambling in English society.

*Arthur Bartlett Maurice.*

**JOHN RUSKIN.** By Mrs. Meynell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

In her brief introduction to this volume, Mrs. Meynell says that it is intended primarily as a handbook to Ruskin. It is not, however, a beginner's handbook, nor is it by any means a complete guide. Mrs. Meynell presupposes a fairly thorough acquaintance with her author, and devotes herself to commenting on points here and there, covering in this informal way the whole body of Ruskin's work. But while the volume will not arouse any new interest in Ruskin, nor aid to a better appreciation of him by the average reader, it will be a welcome volume to those who already know and love him.

Mrs. Meynell is well aware that the task she has set herself is full of difficulty, and that the result cannot be wholly satisfactory. In her chapter on the second volume of *Modern Painters* she says:

> The latter part of the second volume is principally a treatise on "Imagination"—Associative, Penetrative and Contemplative—a great work of true intellectual passion; and the poverty of any words that try to present the argument by way of mere sketch must discourage me from the attempt; howbeit the task I have set myself is no less than this almost impossible summary, the reader will do well to be more than ever on his guard in order to take the citations as signs and fragments of the perfect life of the work.

In fact, the whole volume is one of "signs and fragments," with little more general comment and criticism than is made at the beginning of the paragraph quoted above. There is no large interpretation of Ruskin's life and work; nor is there a complete enough summary of any particular book to give an adequate impression of it to one not intelligently familiar with it. Mrs. Meynell gives the impression of knowing her Ruskin almost too well. One feels that she has taken a marked edition of his works and gone through it, pen in hand, writing out such comments and culling such quotations as appealed to her on the way. Occasionally one passage suggests some other, but this rather adds to the haphazard effect than unifies the particular thought in hand.

The comments are such as a more than usually intelligent and interested reader would naturally make for himself. Hence the appeal is to the reader of Ruskin who is intelligent and interested, but who prefers to have his comments made for him by one who is capable of judging. For this type of reader the volume before us has the advantage of not presenting a distinct point of view. It is always Ruskin, not Mrs. Meynell's Ruskin, who is before him. But this gain is at the sacrifice of all consecutive interest. When nothing new is being presented, and the ready-made interest in Ruskin is all that is relied upon to draw the reader from page to page, the lack of a clear, concise and complete presentation becomes disheartening. But although Mrs. Meynell has a little of Ruskin's own tendency to tell us what to admire, still it is her constant excuse that she is not writing for the slothful reader, nor for one who would like to get an intelligent understanding of an author without the bother of going to his works.

As to Ruskin's style, Mrs. Meynell makes her comments whenever in the course of her survey a passage of commanding beauty rises before her. Here, as everywhere, her feeling is reliable and right. Her only distinctive comment, however, is made in noting Ruskin's tendency to confine all attempts at style to the ending of his paragraphs, where "an overabundant eloquence—a pure style but somewhat prodigal—adorns his argument with a cadence, a group of beautiful warm words, as it were alight and in time, 'musical' and 'pictorial,' the vital, just and brilliant phrase that afterward took the nation."

Mrs. Meynell has done her work thoroughly, if not with that completeness and precision which would have made the book in its first impression more telling. After her introduction, which barely touches on Ruskin's life and mind, she addresses herself to an analysis of

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all his important works. His poems are passed by with the comment that they were never more than mediocre; their value as throwing some light on the spirit of Ruskin is entirely ignored. Such books as *Ethics of the Dust* and *The Pleasures of England* are treated with the same cold contempt; while the *Elements of Drawing,* though justly criticised for its peculiar side comments on modern poets, receives a whole chapter to itself. It is in such ways as this that Mrs. Meynell reveals her point of view somewhat in spite of herself. No one can make so thorough a study as Mrs. Meynell has done without having a point of view, and the value of trying to conceal it is at best doubtful. When she tries to be thoroughly impersonal her utter impassionateness seems forced; it is when she comes out of her analytical shell and defends or disputes her author that she is at her best. There is not the real value in all the seventy pages devoted to *Modern Painters* that there is in her brief chapter on *The Two Paths.* Here the argument is stated with directness and simplicity, and Ruskin is defended in the large against his critics, while some of the particular contentions of *The Two Paths* are shown to be "disastrous exaggeration." Ruskin "declares roundly that from the moment when a perfect picture is painted or a perfect statue wrought within a State, that State begins to derogate. . . . India . . . is a nation possessed of exquisite art, but given over to every infernal passion—cruelty and the rest. Scotland is a nation full of the dignity of virtue and possessed of no art whatever except that of arranging lines of colour at right angles in the plaid." Mrs. Meynell's comment is far-sighted:

> To despise life is, Ruskin teaches, the first and ultimate sin. Well, then, asks his reader, are they to be held innocent of that sin who, having before their eyes the living proportion of common plant-growth, and the form of rock, less vital yet erect in all the gravity of natural law, yet turned their eyes away and ruled the lines of their tartan; who, having in sight the soft gloomy purple of their heather and the soft brown of their streams, chose to put that yellow line between that blue and that red—the hardest colours of all men's invention? I want such a phrase as Ruskin alone could give me to denounce the hatred of nature and the contempt of life which the plaid could be made to prove.

In general Mrs. Meynell is in sympathy with Ruskin's attitude toward art. "The least thoughtful reader," she says, "has by rote the accusation against Ruskin that his teaching on art abounds in errors and 'inconsistencies.' The present writer finds no such abundance of faults in the great argument." She proceeds, however, to note one—that no falsehood was ever beautiful. This "fault" is explained by the fact that Ruskin was no musician. "He who has not the ear lacks the strongest of the proofs that the arts are not interchangeable. The able eye will not do so much." How an ear for music would enable one to realise that a falsehood may be beautiful, and what that has to do with the non-interchangeability of the arts, Mrs. Meynell does not make quite clear. But Ruskin's lack of music always seems to bother her, and she returns at the end of the chapter from which I have been quoting with the rather startling question, "If he had been learned in music . . . would he have made it the centre of his argument on painting?

Except that all the volumes of *Modern Painters* are treated first, Mrs. Meynell maintains a strictly chronological order. By this means she endeavours to reflect the development of Ruskin's mind. In only one instance is the change directly noted. That is where, in the first important book in which he turned from art to economics, *Unto This Last,* Ruskin's interest in things more vitally human led to "his conversion from the young passion of *Modern Painters* for solitudes and its contempt of potato-patches."

In treating of Ruskin's social and economic hopes and theories, Mrs. Meynell seems as much impressed with their practical side as with their nobility. She sees only stupidity in their rejection at the time they were advanced. Very few to-day will be disposed to deny the nobility and general sanity of Ruskin's economic ideas, but it is going rather far to attribute to his influence such specific advances as "technical and elementary education by the State; government workshops; fair rents; fixity of tenure; compensation for improvements; compulsory powers of allotment; the preservation of commons; municipal recognition of trades-union rates of wages. . . ."

As to Ruskin's more popular books, *Sesame and Lilies, The Crown of Wild Olives* and *The Queen of the Air,* Mrs. Meynell has nothing new or interesting to offer. The five chapters devoted to the Slade lectures from 1870 to 1874 are treated to greater advantage; and the last works, though more than ever impossible of exposition, are treated with a largeness of sympathy which atones for much that has gone before. The chapter on *Fors Clavigera* gives the first real insight into Ruskin's soul.

*Henry David Gray.*

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# NOVEL NOTES

**THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX.** By Henry Harland. London and New York: John Lane.

A very pretty and romantic rendering of the old, old story is found in *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box*. Peter Marchdale, while at a theatre in Paris, sees a woman whose beauty makes her his ideal. He sees her several times in as many years, not knowing who she is nor even of what country she may be, but only that she is beautiful with a beauty that touches his imagination and finally his heart; and he writes a novel, of which he makes her the heroine, giving her all the qualities of mind and nature that he feels to be consistent with her outward self. When he shuts himself in his room to write, he fancies that they are alone together and the world shut out, and the woman whose face he has seen and whom his imagination has created becomes inseparable from him and more and more the mistress of his mind and heart.

Several years later he rents a villa in a quiet little Italian hamlet, where he hopes to find in its restfulness and beauty an incentive for his work. On the afternoon of his arrival, while admiring the landscape as viewed from his garden, he hears a voice, and, looking up, beholds the exquisite face and form that have haunted him through all these years. Peter is confused, not to say dazed; and she introduces herself as his landlady. He learns from his servant that this personage is the Duchessa di Santangiolo, and from a friend to whom he writes for information, that she is English, "the daughter of a lord, the widow of a duke and the niece-in-law of a cardinal—and, as if that were not enough, a bigoted Roman Catholic besides." She also writes for information, and, having been told that Marchdale is a writer, sends for his books and becomes intensely interested in the one of which we have spoken, and, incidentally, in its author.

She longs to convert him to the true faith, and asks the advice of her uncle-in-law, the Cardinal, who suggests that she invite Peter to dinner, and promises to give his support on that occasion, if not in the matter of the conversion; whereupon the Duchessa presents him with a silver snuff-box. Peter has not the faintest idea that the Duchessa is trying to convert him, and it probably would make no difference if he did; for, although he realises that his Protestantism would separate them, other things being equal, he cannot change his faith at will, and he is not the man to simulate a belief even to gain a life of happiness.

Marchdale's servant Marietta becomes ill, and the Cardinal makes frequent visits to the house. He never speaks to Peter of his religion, but as Peter sees him day after day and grows to know him and to love him, as all must do,

> —whenever he thought of Cardinal Udeschini, the same strange feeling of joy would spring up in his heart which he had felt when he had left the beautiful old man with Marietta, on the day of his first visit. In the beginning he could only give this feeling a very general and indefinite expression. "He is a man who renews one's faith in human nature." But gradually, I suppose, the feeling crystallised; and at last, in due season, it found for itself an expression that was not so indefinite.

And, finally, when the Cardinal arrives, Peter touches his hand in a mute appeal; and the Cardinal's eyes "searched Peter's face for a second, keenly interrogative. Then they softened; and a wonderful clear light shone in them, a wonderful pure, sweet light. 'Benedicat te omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus,' he said, making the sign of the Cross."

One cannot help feeling how much more effectual than all the sermons in the world was the daily contact with this man, and that to come under his influence would convert one to any faith which he might choose to follow.

Of course, Peter and the Duchessa marry. There isn't anything else for them to do. It is not the story that makes this book attractive; it is the telling of it. The description of the picturesque little village with its cross, and shrines, and pink houses, the quaint, sweet garden and the pomegranate-blossoms, and the vista across the blue green river, put one in just the humour for a love story. The conversations are witty and the situations piquant; and one reads the book to the last page without wishing to put it down.

We must remark, however, that the wit of Peter and the wit of the Duchessa are the wit of just one person. If the repartee of the Duchessa came from the mouth of Peter and *vice versa*, the remarks would be equally characteristic. That, perhaps, is consistent, inasmuch as Peter found in the Duchessa the ideal woman of his imagination, and a man's ideal never strays far from his own mental attainments.

*V. R.*

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**THE SWORD OF THE KING.** By Ronald Macdonald. New York: Century Company. $1.50.

It is usually more or less of a misfortune to a youthful aspirant in any honourable field to be the son of one who has won a crop of laurels therein unusually plenteous, and we felt, therefore, not a little "timorsome," in reading, in the publishers' announcements, how the author of this new historical novel, *The Sword of the King,* was the son of the veteran novelist, Dr. George Macdonald. It is true that Dr. Macdonald's stories have never sold by the hundred thousand; he is, on the contrary, a writer who has, during the course of a long and beautiful life, slowly built up (one may say edified) a constituency who love, not merely his works, but himself, and who read and re-read, pondering each word and weighing every sentence, to extract therefrom all that they contain of vatic inspiration.

But it was, at the same time, with a certain hopefulness that we took up the attractive-looking volume, a hopefulness by no means doomed to disappointment. The *Sword of the King* is a brisk, breezy tale of the latter part of the English revolution, beginning with a *résumé* of the events of Cromwell's time, and ending with the arrival of William III., who is still only the Prince of Orange when the story closes. It is the love story of Mistress Philippa Drayton, as told by herself, beginning with her earliest meeting with her lover, when she was five and he eleven years old, and, though a little of the first portion is a trifle heavy, in its youthfully conscientious accuracy of historical detail, the story has, despite this, the important quality of interestingness.

There are, to be sure, always rocks ahead when a masculine author undertakes to write in a feminine character, and these snags Mr. Ronald Macdonald does not wholly escape; yet, on the whole, the character of Philippa is well done, half boyish, and yet quite womanly as she is. There are also youthful crudities, and the influence of Dr. Macdonald is not altogether absent, being visible chiefly in a tendency to use unusual words, and also in the character of Sir Michael Drayton, who seems to serve as a vent for a filial reverence and devotion debarred the outlet of direct portraiture.

That a young writer should adopt the prevalent tone of the times is too natural to need comment; hence is this story historical. As a matter of fact, the author's turn of mind seems rather toward the drama than the novel; the latter part, beginning with the drill of the raw recruits in the courtyard of Drayton Hall, needs but little labour of the playwright to develop into a very charming three-act comedy—let us say, from the tragic threatening of the second act, a melodramatic comedy. Indeed, so strong is this tendency that our author, under its influence, almost forgets the needful realism; for we are quite sure that no maiden, however warlike in her own person, would have left her lover engaged in a life-and-death duel while she departed to set the stage, even for the coming of the Prince of Orange. But the swiftness of action, the accumulation of dramatic situations, hold the attention of the reader, and would charm an audience, while we can perfectly see the closing tableau: Philippa fastening the broken sword to the wall, the grouping about her of the other personages, and the drawing of swords and turning on of red fire that follow her exclamation that this is "The Sword of the King!"

Almost we hope that Mr. Macdonald will give himself to the drama rather than the novel; good, pure, spirited work such as this is precisely what the stage wants and the people desire; but whatever line he may select we can feel at all events sure that he has chosen seriously and conscientiously, and we may confidently expect from him, therefore, excellent work.

*Katharine Pearson Woods.*

**THE WEB OF LIFE.** By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Mr. Herrick has chosen a title for his book which is a story in itself. Before opening the book we seem to see the net in which the great mass of human beings are caught. We see them struggle as the web becomes more tangled and resign themselves ultimately to the inevitable. It is beyond them to unravel the great mysteries of life, and Mr. Herrick doubtless considers it beyond him to solve these mysteries. He does not waste his energies in attempting the impossible.

*The Web of Life* is a story of Chicago life filled with feeling and with colour. Upon this background we see here and there the phases of that life. We enter the home of Colonel Hitchcock, the wealthy merchant, who came from a little village in Maine and whose wife was "breathless over every manifestation of social change," and whose daughter "handled her world with perfect self-control." Here is the scene—the background. In this home are gathered the men who have made money in mines or lumber or pork. Some day they

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hope to migrate to New York. We go through the streets and hear the murmur of the mob who followed Debs in the great Pullman strike. We realise the pathos of the life of a public school-teacher, a mere isolated atom in a great American machine. And then we turn back to the hospital of St. Isidore, where we see the sickness and the suffering quite beyond the aid of human skill. The story itself is a blending of these different conditions. The woman, Alves Preston, has lived and suffered and sought in vain for happiness. She had a husband, a drunken brute, who deserted her. She found him one day lying in the gutter fatally wounded. The man, Dr. Sommers, operates upon the husband, saving his life, but leaving him a victim of paresis as a result of the operation. The months which follow are sad ones for Alves and for Dr. Sommers, who has learned to love this woman, persistent in the doing of her duty. In time the husband dies and Dr. Sommers wants to marry Alves. But she refuses to go through a ceremony—dreading the thought of marriage—and in her blind way thinking that she could make passion endure forever.

That night they escaped from the world with its fierce cross-purposes, its checkerboard scheme. The brutality of human success, the anguish of strife—what is it when man is shut within the chamber of his joy!

But in time she learns what every woman must learn:

The man had his work, his ideas—the children of his soul; and the woman had the children of her body. Each went his way and worked his life into the fabric of the world. Love! Love was but an episode, an accident of the few blossoming years of life. To woman there was the gift of children, and to man the gift of labour. . . .

And what had she given him? Love—every throb of her passionate body, every desire and thought. Was this enough? There sounded the sad note of defeat: it was not, could not be, would never be enough! No man ever lived from love alone. Passion was a torrid desert. Already she had felt him fading out of her life, withdrawing into the mysterious recesses of his soul. He did not know it; he did not willingly put her away. But as each plant of the field was destined to grow its own way, side by side with its fellows, so human souls grew singly by themselves from some irresistible inner force. And she was but the parasite that fed upon this soul.

And so reasoning, Alves makes the sacrifice of her life to the love which she bears this man. Being a representative of the average type, he mourns sincerely and deeply, and then marries Louise Hitchcock, whose point of view and whose little social world were at one time distasteful to him. She has never thought much nor loved much, but she is agreeable and cheerful and well bred, and doubtless makes an excellent mother for his children. In spite of it all, however, Dr. Sommers commands our respect. His firm convictions in regard to the distribution of his father-in-law's wealth are commendable as well as practical. He does not look into the past nor trouble himself about the future. He makes the best of things.

Mr. Herrick has done excellent work in *The Web of Life*. He refrains from idealising his characters, and better yet, he refrains from idealising Chicago. He is pleasantly realistic and thoroughly human.

*Flora Mai Holly.*

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# THE BOOK MART

## EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, August 1, 1900.

Publications for July were naturally light, and but few of them are attracting any particular attention. *The Reign of Law,* by James Lane Allen, was brought out early in the month, and the advance orders, together with the subsequent ones, immediately placed it as the leading seller for the month. *Eben Holding,* by Irving Bachellor; *The Web of Life,* by Robert Herrick, and *Up in Maine,* by Holman F. Day, were among other new books published during July.

Fiction continued in steady demand, and represented the bulk of the month's business. *The Voice of the People, The Gentleman from Indiana, Unleavened Bread, The Farringdons, Philip Winwood* and *The Redemption of David Corson* showed no sign of falling off in popularity. *Billy Baxter's Letters* and *Fables in Slang* have taken a prominent place in the summer's reading, and the call for them seems rather to increase.

Works on China show much activity. *China, the Long-Lived Empire,* by E. R. Scidmore; *The Break-Up of China,* by Lord Charles Beresford; *China in Transformation,* by Archibald R. Colquhoun, and *Village Life in China,* by Arthur H. Smith, were readily salable. Much interest was also manifested in maps of China, of which a considerable number brought up to date were issued.

Paper-bound novels have been in less demand during the present season than for many years past, and while some of the copyright titles in this form have had fair sales, there

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has not been even one which reached any marked sale. The most popular are *Concerning Isabel Carnaby,* by Ellen T. Fowler; *Diana Tempest,* by Mary Cholmondeley, and *The Copper Princess,* by A. C. Gunter.

Outdoor literature in general and European guide-books practically ceased to be a feature of sales during July, and this season's demand may be said to be over. Works on golf, however, still sell readily, Whigham's *How to Play Golf* being the accepted authority in this country.

Political literature is increasing steadily in both cheap form for popular distribution and in more substantial books for those who wish to go into the different phases more thoroughly.

A matter of much interest to those connected in any way with the purchase and sale of books has been the recent formation of an association by some of the publishers for the purpose of considering and, if possible, correcting some of the existing evils connected with the present modes of selling books. So far little has been accomplished other than the general organisation.

July business compared favourably with the same month in previous years, and the outlook for the coming fall is encouraging for a continuance of good trade. This is particularly evidenced in the announcements for fall publications.

The most popular books of the month past are as follows:

The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Billy Baxter's Letters. By W. J. Kountz, Jr. 75 cents.

The Redemption of David Corson. By Charles F. Goss. $1.50.

Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. $1.50.

The Voice of the People. By Ellen Glasgow. $1.50.

The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By Henry Harland. $1.50.

Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.

Deacon Bradbury. By E. A. Dix. $1.50.

The Heart's Highway. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.50.

Fables in Slang. By George Ade. $1.00.

Philip Winwood. By Robert Nelson Stephens. $1.50.

## WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, August 1, 1900.

July is usually vacation month for booksellers, it being the quietest period in the whole year. Last month was no exception to the rule of quietness, although, considered relatively, its record was by no means unsatisfactory. Summer fiction was in demand right through the month, and the leading novels especially went exceedingly well. Standard books, or staples, as they are generally called, were also satisfactory in point of sale; in fact, taken as a whole, the month's business was slightly better than the average of the last few years.

Campaign literature is not in much demand yet, although books upon the trust question and economics generally are having more than ordinary call. Books on China met with a ready and increasing sale right through the month, and most booksellers are now finding it necessary constantly to replace their stock of books upon this subject.

The book of the month, taking numbers sold as a criterion, was James Lane Allen's *Reign of Law,* which at once upon publication took precedence of every other title. With the good start it has had, the book should do well in the coming season, as Mr. Allen's work is always very popular in the West. The success of the aforementioned book did not, however, prevent other popular titles, such as *To Have and to Hold, David Harum, Richard Carvel, Janice Meredith, When Knighthood Was in Flower,* etc., etc., from meeting with large sales. Boy, by Marie Corelli, went fairly well, while another recent book, *The Web of Life,* by Robert Herrick, which has aroused considerable local discussion, sold extensively in this city.

*Unleavened Bread, The Gentleman from Indiana, The Redemption of David Corson* and *McLoughlin and Old Oregon* are books for which the demand is growing, and indications point to a brisk call for these during the coming months.

The display last month in this city of autumn books by publishers' representatives did not produce any noticeable departure from the conventional. The publication of copyright fiction will be heavy, more so, perhaps, than usual, and there will be an enormous number of books published in other classes. Holiday books of the old-fashioned kind will be few, and are gradually disappearing, as only a few publishers care to risk bringing them out nowadays. Sales for future delivery were reported as being fairly good, and it is extremely likely that they would have been better had the so-called samples of forthcoming important books been more complete.

Considerable local interest is taken in the recent formation at New York of the American Publishers' Association, and it is earnestly hoped by booksellers generally in this city that one of the first things attempted will be a remedy for the reckless price cutting of popular books which usually prevails during the autumn season.

The best-selling books during July were:

The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.

Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.

McLoughlin and Old Oregon. By Eva Emery Dye. $1.50.

Boy. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.

When Knighthood Was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.

The Redemption of David Corson. By Charles F. Goss. $1.50.

Sophia. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

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Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
Deacon Bradbury. By E. A. Dix. $1.50.
Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.
Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
The Web of Life. By Robert Herrick. $1.50.

## ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, June 20 to July 19, 1900.

Trade has slackened considerably during the past month, and, as is usual after the spring output, a dull period has ensued, which, in accordance with the experience of former years, will probably last until the holiday season is over and the autumn season arrives. The intensely hot weather has doubtless had an effect upon the market, making any concentration of thought an effort to be avoided. The South African campaign, in so far as it affects the book trade, is now only a matter of history, and although China has loomed large during the past few weeks, there has up to the present been only a moderate demand for works descriptive of that immense but little known region. Lord Charles Beresford's *The Break-up of China* has probably been the most sought after, and a fair demand has been experienced for Scidmore's *China, the Long-lived Empire,* Colquhoun's *Overland to China,* Krausse's *China in Decay,* and a cheaper edition of Shiel's *The Yellow Danger.*

Guide-books have flourished vigorously and been much in request, still chiefly, however, for home resorts. "Process" work has produced quite a revolution in this class of literature, and many of the shilling handbooks descriptive of country and seaside resorts are issued in such an artistic manner that they are quite worthy of purchase for the sake of the illustrations alone. Handbooks to Paris, varied as they are, seem to hang fire, and there is little indication of their attaining the popularity expected, in spite of the attractions of the great exhibition.

There have been several additions to six-shilling novels, but although some have obtained a measure of success, there are none, judging by the extent of their circulation, which have laid hold in any decided degree upon the public taste. Among the most recent are *The Increasing Purpose,* by J. L. Allen; *Robert Orange,* by John Oliver Hobbes; *The Strong Arm,* by Robert Barr; *The Man Stealers,* by M. P. Shiel, and *The Uttermost Farthing,* by B. P. Neumann.

Quite a number of sixpenny reprints have appeared, and the sales in this class have been very brisk throughout the month. Among the most recent are *When a Man's Single,* by J. M. Barrie; *School for Saints,* by John Oliver Hobbes; *Garrison Gossip,* by J. S. Winter; *Tom Ossington's Ghost,* by Richard Marsh, and *The Rebel Chief,* by Hume Nisbet.

The various magazines and illustrated periodicals continue to secure an extensive circle of readers, and form a considerable item of trade.

The following are the books which have sold most freely during the past month:

The Break-up of China. By Lord Charles Beresford. 12s. (Harper.)
Overland to China. By A. R. Colquhoun. 16s. (Harper.)
China in Decay. By Alexis Krausse. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
China, the Long-lived Empire. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
The Yellow Danger. By M. P. Shiel. Cheaper edition. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
The Increasing Purpose. By J. L. Allen. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Farringdons. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Little Anna Mark. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Nude Souls. By B. Swift. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The West End. By P. White. 6s. (Sands.)
Boy. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)

## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between July 1, 1900, to August 1, 1900.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

### NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. A Friend of Cæsar. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

### NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Unsocial Socialist. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.

### ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Meloon Farm. Pool. (Harper.) $1.00.

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ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. Black Rock. Connor. (Revell.) 25c. and $1.25.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Senator North. Atherton. (Lane.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. China, the Long-lived Empire. Scidmore. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribners.) $1.50.
4. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Banker and the Bear. Webster. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Joy of Captain Ribot. Valdés (Brentano.) $1.25.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. An Unsocial Socialist. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.
4. The Yellow Danger. Shiel. (Fenno.) $1.00.
5. China, the Long-lived Empire. Scidmore. (Century Co.) $2.50.
6. Written in Red. Montague & Dyer. (Brentano.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
3. A Friend of Cæsar. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Banker and the Bear. Webster. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Boy. Corelli. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Boy. Corelli. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. Biography of a Grizzly. Thompson. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Boy. Corelli. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

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DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.

HARTFORD, CONN.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. Black Rock. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. Our Native Trees. Keeler. (Scribner.) $2.00.
5. How to Know Wild Flowers. Dana. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Sweepers of the Sea. Wetmore. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
5. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Diana Tempest. Cholmondeley. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Passing of Thomas. Janvier. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. Jimmy-John Boss. Wister. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Meloon Farm. Pool. (Harper.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Monk and the Dancer. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Distributing Co.) 75 cents.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Up in Maine. Day. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.00.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. To have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

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5. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Robert Tournay. Sage. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Distributing Co.) 75 cents.
5. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Monk and the Dancer. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.
3. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. China. Scidmore. (Century Co.) $2.50.
6. Overland to China. Colquhoun. (Harper.) $3.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Sophia. Weyman. (Longman.) $1.50.
5. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. As the Light Led. Baskett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Publishing Co.) 75c.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75c. and $1.50.
3. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Musson Book Co.) 75c. and $1.25.
4. Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75c. and $1.50.
5. Boy. Corelli. (W. J. Gage Co.) 75c. and $1.25.
6. Fables in Slang. Ade. (McLeod.) 75c.
   The Farringdons. Fowler. (Morang.) 75c. and $1.50.

## BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.

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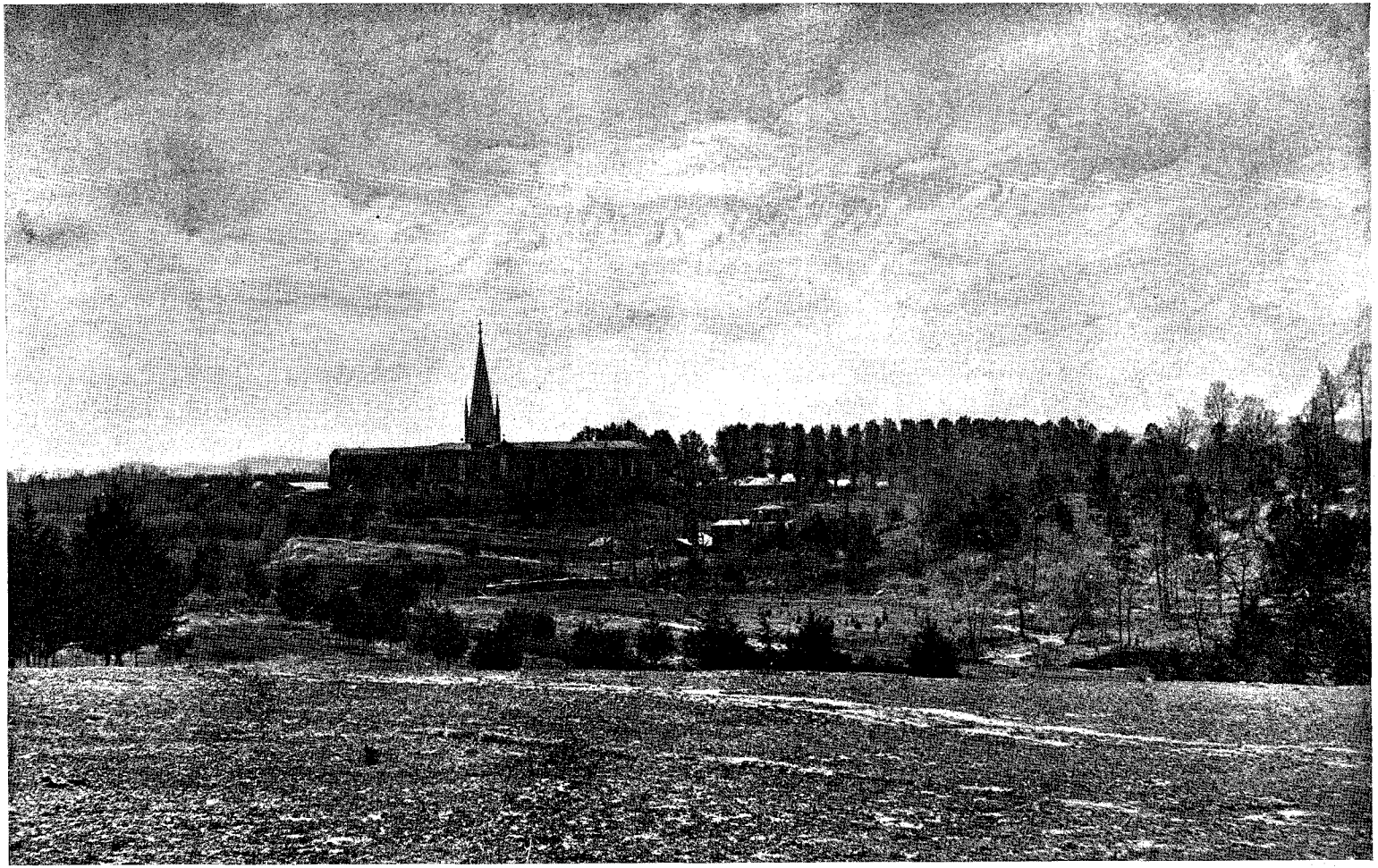

"IN A SHADOWY, SOLITARY VALLEY OF SOUTHERN KENTUCKY, AND BESIDE A NOISELESS STREAM, THERE STANDS TO-DAY A GREAT FRENCH ABBEY OF WHITE-COWLED TRAPPIST MONKS."—"THE WHITE COWL."

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